DECEMBER

REDBOOK MAGAZINE

25 CENTS

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Beginning

PETER B. KYNE'S

Great Love Story of Sky and Sea

ISLAND OF DESIRE

This Christmas, Parker offers

A Gift Pen

having

TWICE THE VALUE

at no extra cost . . . and Guaranteed for Life

Actually—the new convertible Parker Duofold is twice as useful as the usual fountain pen. Those to whom you give this streamlined beauty can change it back and forth at will from a pocket model to a Desk Set Pen. Hence you are virtually giving them two Pens in one.

Later on, as many as wish can get a Parker Base and have a complete Desk Pen Set. With the Base, we include at no extra cost, an attachable taper to convert the Pocket Pen you have given.

Saves the Price of a Second Pen

Because all Parker Duofolds are convertible, Parker Pen owners are the only ones who can have a Desk Pen Set without having to buy a special pen. And these days everyone wants, in addition to a Pocket Pen, a handsome Parker Desk Pen Set that saves pen-dipping and ends desk-disorder.

So in choosing Christmas Pens, be sure to insist on the Parker. Do so, too, in selecting Pencils to match. For Parker Pencils also are convertible.

Ask for Pocket Cap with Desk Set Pens

Likewise, to everyone to whom you give a complete Parker Desk Set you really give a Pocket Pen—for we include a pocket cap with clip to change the Desk Pen into a pocket model. This pocket cap, now free, was $1.00 extra.

Parker Desk Set owners are the only ones who do not require special pens or pencils for pocket use.

Stop in at any dealer's and see how the Parker is converted—see also the lovely array of new Parker Duofold Bases for Christmas.

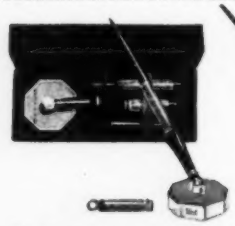
But be sure that this $10,000,000 imprint is on the Pen—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." This means it holds 17.4% more ink than average, writes with Pressureless Touch, and is *Guaranteed for Life!*

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis. Offices and subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Canada; London, England; Berlin, Germany.

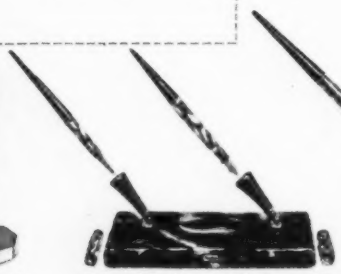
Parker Duofold

PENS $5 $7 $10 **BASES $3.75 to $250**

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE



Inlaid enamel set with Travel Case, complete with convertible Parker Moire Pen, $8.

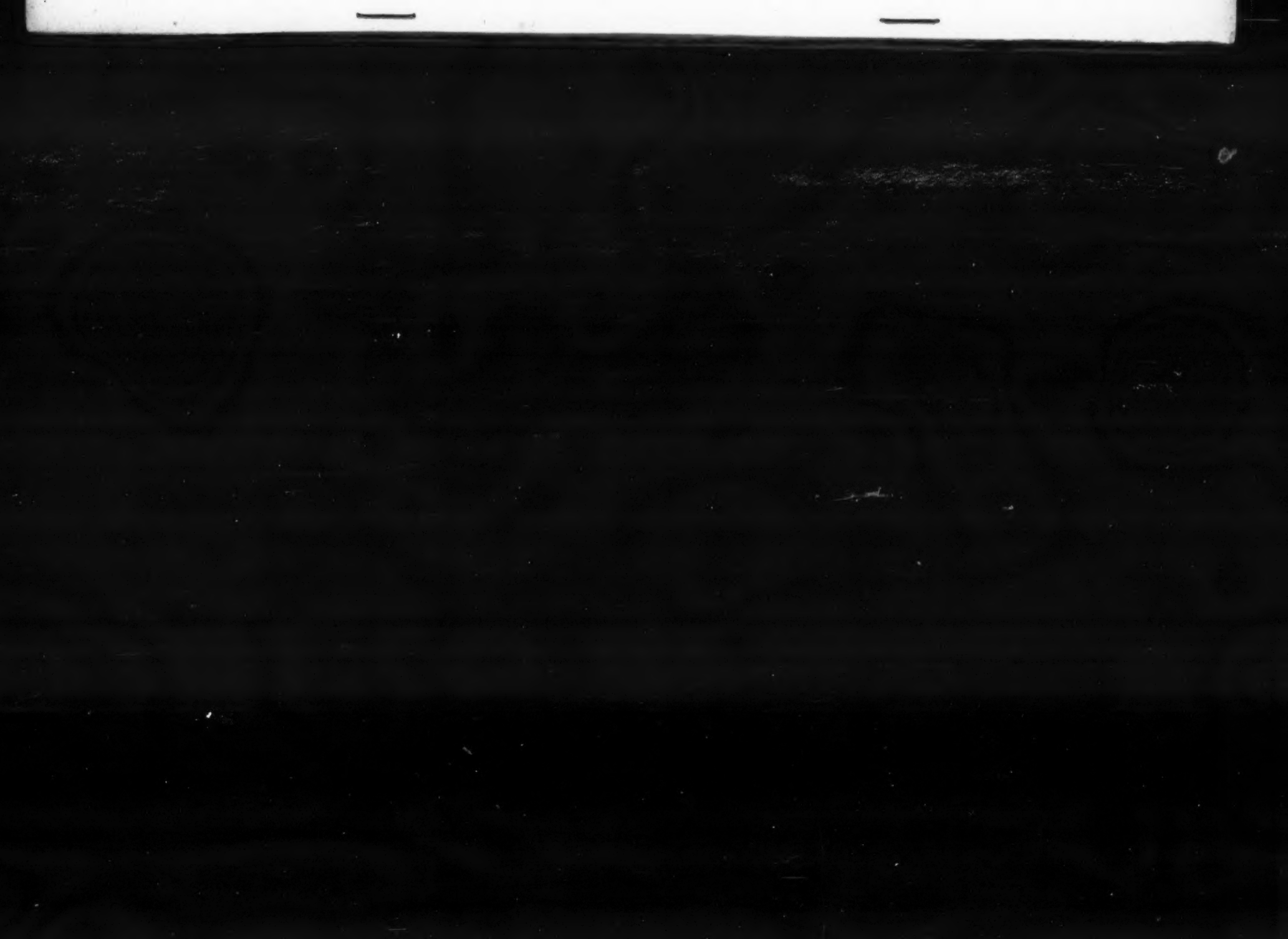


Polished Italian marble Base with twin sockets, $20; complete with convertible Duofold Jr. (deluxe) Pen and Pencil, $32.50.

Polished Onyx Base, $5; with convertible Duofold Jr. Pen, $10.

Enamel inlaid chromium Base, $5; with convertible Lady Duofold Pen, $10.

Beautiful Onyx Base with double sockets and Lamp, $26; with convertible Duofold Jr. (deluxe) Pen and Pencil, $38.50.



No, *thank you,* Mother, no "Pink tooth brush" for me!

THIS NEW GENERATION:—Mother, you've been buying your kind of tooth paste for me again!

MOTHER: *But you've always used that kind. Ever since you were a child.*

T. N. G.: Not lately. Not since I went to the dentist last fall and found out about *gums.*

MOTHER: *But tooth paste isn't for your gums. It's for your* teeth.

T. N. G.: Now that's just where you admit you're a wee bit old-fashioned, mother dear. The best really *modern* tooth paste can be used as a gum massage, too—to prevent "pink tooth brush."

MOTHER: *"Pink tooth brush!" I never heard of it!*

T. N. G.: Isn't your tooth brush ever pink when you clean your teeth?

MOTHER: *Come to think of it, I believe it is. My gums are tender, I suppose. And bleed rather easily.*

T. N. G.: That's why I massage my gums—with Ipana Tooth Paste on my brush. So *mine* won't become tender and begin to bleed. I don't want to get gingivitis or pyorrhea or gum trouble like *that.* And I don't want to discover sometime that a few of my precious teeth aren't as sound as they *look!*

MOTHER: *You mean that "pink tooth brush" can be as serious as that?*

T. N. G.: Unless you *stop* it, it can. For our gums do need massage. We don't eat coarse foods any more. We eat mostly *soft* foods. And our gums don't get the stimulation they need. They grow lazy and flabby—and tender. And, first thing we know, they begin to bleed.

MOTHER: *I suppose I'll have to take lessons from you—and begin to massage my gums, too.*

T. N. G.: That's the girl. And, just to make sure you will, I'm going to stop in at the drug store this afternoon, and get two tubes of Ipana—one for me, and one for you. Ipana has ziratol in it. That's a preparation dentists have known and used for a long time because it's so effective in toning and invigorating tender gums. And hereafter, every time you clean your teeth with Ipana (aren't mine nice and white since I've been using it?) put some more Ipana on your brush and lightly massage your gums with it. And if your gums aren't as healthy and firm in a month as *mine* are—Well, they will be.

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Make a question mark (?) if you don't know whether the subscription is new or renewal. Write additional subscriptions on separate sheet. JV 33

Buy an alarm clock with that $3 it saves

An alarm clock is merely one suggestion for spending that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

When will you wake up to this fact?

25¢ is enough to pay for tooth paste

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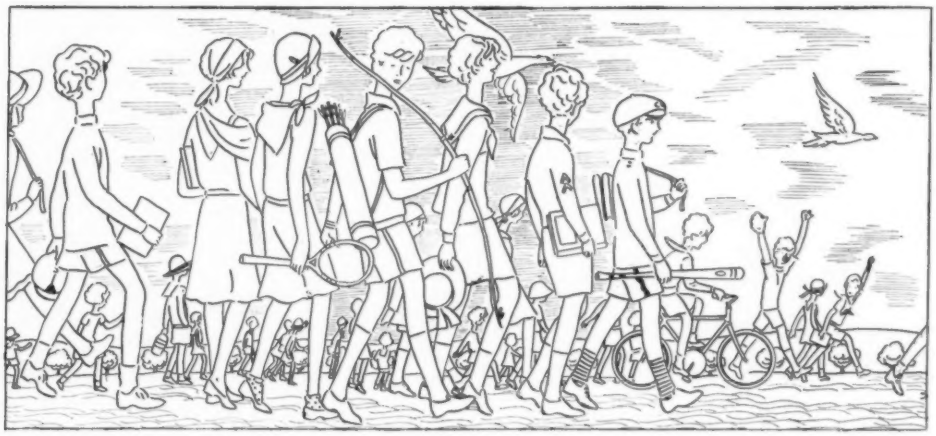

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M. MERCER KENDIG, *Director, Department of Education*

REDBOOK MAGAZINE

230 Park Avenue, New York

To those who wish to know more about summer camps and their value in modern youth training we recommend "Camping and Education: Camping from the Camper's Viewpoint" by Bernard S. Mason, a book which makes fascinating reading for anybody who is interested in boys and girls. This book was recently awarded the Redbook Magazine's Camp Literature Prize by a distinguished Committee of Educators. The price is $3.00 and it may be ordered through this Department. If you wish to use "Camping and Education" as a Christmas gift orders must reach us before December tenth.

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*

REDBOOK
Magazine

DONALD KENNICOTT, *Associate*

for DECEMBER 1930

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THE FOOTPRINT *of* CINDERELLA

is made on the eve of a royal marriage — when an American *heiress* is about to wed a Prince. A new type of *romance* is told by

PHILIP WYLIE

The *brilliant* young author of *"Gladiator"*

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PIERRE

Beauty adviser to smart New York warns . . .

"don't experiment with beauty"

Another famous beauty specialist approves Palmolive Soap for home cleansing of the skin

In a cosmopolitan city, and with a sophisticated clientele, Pierre has made for himself an enviable reputation as a beauty specialist. His salon occupies a prominent position on Fifty-Seventh Street, New York's street of superlatively smart shops. To this salon come many distinguished women for Pierre's valued counsel.

"WOMEN now and then have a mistaken notion that they should use no soap on the face," says Pierre of New York. " 'The trouble,' I reply in all such cases, 'is that you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive—a soap that is effective but gentle in its action.' "

Pierre speaks from experience. For over thirty years he has been one of New York's leaders of beauty culture. His smart modern salon, in the fashionable Plaza district on 57th Street, is visited by women of social distinction who entrust all their beauty problems to his expert care.

To them Pierre says: "Don't experiment with beauty. It is too precious. Use Palmolive Soap to keep your skin lovely."

This preference expressed by the famous Pierre you will find is repeated by 23,723 leading experts all over the world. Of all cleansing agents, these experts find Palmolive safest and best for regular home use. And this is why.

23,723 beauty specialists in this country and abroad advocate home cleansing with Palmolive as a basis for professional treatments.

Nature's finest cosmetic oils

There are certain oils which, for generations, have been proved the finest natural cleansers. These are olive oil and palm oil. And it is these oils of which Palmolive Soap is skilfully blended. This facial soap contains no free alkali to irritate sensitive skin. It is not artificially colored. It requires the addition of no heavy perfumes. No wonder experts advise its daily use. This is the treatment recommended:

With both hands massage rich Palmolive lather into the skin. Rinse with warm water, followed by cold. And now you're ready for make-up.

Just try that simple 2-minute treatment tomorrow. Use Palmolive for the bath, too. See how refreshing it is. Then you'll use it every day, as millions of others do. At 10 cents the cake it is the world's least expensive beauty treatment.

"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate. They make a soap that is safe for sensitive skins. A soap that produces no harmful irritations, but leaves the skin smooth, clean and lovely."

Pierre

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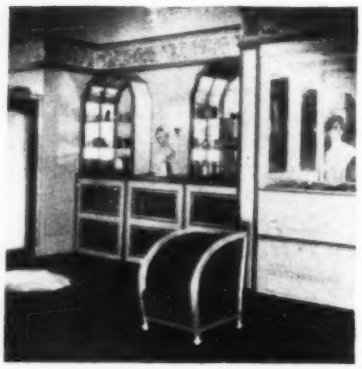

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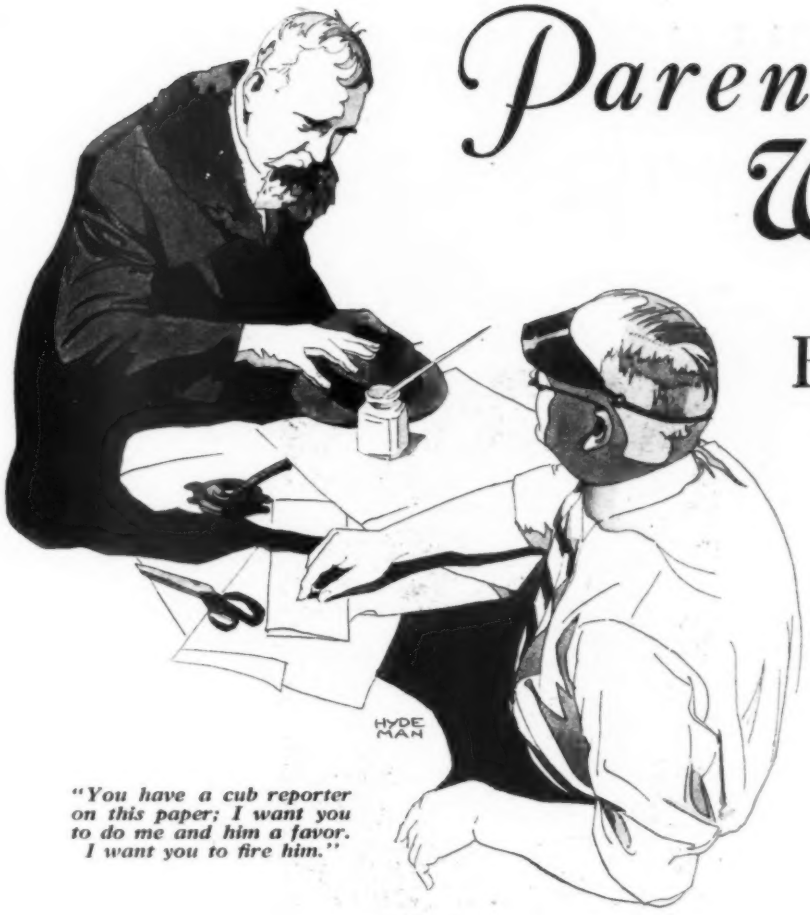
Parental Worry

by

Bruce Barton



"You have a cub reporter on this paper; I want you to do me and him a favor. I want you to fire him."

TWO of my good friends are William G. Shepherd, the author, and Floyd Gibbons whose articles you have read and whose voice you have heard over the radio.

When they were youngsters Gibbons was working on the Minneapolis newspapers of which Shepherd was the city editor. Gibbons was fascinated by the newspaper game and thought he was making a great success. To his utter consternation, Shepherd sent for him one day and shouted: "You're the worst reporter in the world. You're fired. Get out of here and never stick your head into a newspaper office again."

Gibbons promptly found another newspaper job, but he and Shepherd never met again until they both became famous. They happened to be lecturing in the same town, and rode away in the same car.

As they settled into their seats in the drawing-room, Shepherd asked: "Do you remember when I fired you?"

"Do I!" Gibbons exclaimed. "I've been waiting for this minute for twenty years."

"Then I'll tell you the inside story," Shepherd continued. "I had a caller in the office that morning, a distinguished-looking man with a red beard and a fur coat. He said to me, 'You have a cub reporter on this paper and I want you to do me and him a favor. I want you to fire him.'

"I said to the man, 'Who are you?'

"He answered, 'I'm a newspaper man and I don't want that kid to be one. I happen to be his father.'"

In a certain New England family there were two daughters named Mary and Abigail. Mary, the elder, was wooed by a promising young man named Richard Cranch, and her parents approved him highly; Abigail's lover was an awkward lad named John, of whom the parents thought nothing.

The girls were married in a double wedding and, according to the custom of the time, each chose a Bible verse as a sort of life motto and recited it at the ceremony.

Mary, looking proudly at her man, said: "Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her." Little Abigail raised her brave chin and recited loudly: "John came neither eating nor drinking and ye say he hath a devil."

The last name of Abigail's John was Adams. She was the only woman to become the wife of one President of the United States and the mother of another.

But her father, like Floyd Gibbons' father, worried and tried to save her from what seemed to the wise eyes of old age a very serious mistake.

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The Tempo of Our Times—

Fidelity

painted by

John La Gatta

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! For the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.—*Matthew Arnold*

At a safe distance from the ship he turned to look at it. There was nothing he could do, nothing anybody could do.

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso

Where a girl has been *cast away* —the *goal* of three men, *adventurers all* and *deadly* rivals.

ISLAND *of* DESIRE

by Peter B. Kyne

IT seemed to Robert Kilgore, late captain Air Service, United States Army, that in his person he constituted Exhibit A in support of the chemical truism that if certain acids are mixed an explosion will result. He told himself, as he gazed moodily out the window of the Inter-Oceanic passenger-plane in which he was traveling to California, that it was not his fault he was no longer a captain in the air service. Decidedly not! The fault was entirely his father's, who, being a Celt, had married a Frenchwoman.

Robert Kilgore, Junior (now that his father was dead he decided he would drop the *junior)* was quite certain that erudite old monk Mendel knew what he was talking about when he laid down the biological law of the manner in which like will produce like. A man and a woman, each endowed with considerable temperament,—and temper,—plus a fair amount of pugnacity, had married, and the result had been a son with more temperament, temper and pugnacity, than either of his parents had possessed. Having inherited fifty per cent of these qualities from each parent it was obvious that Robert Kilgore was one hundred per cent temperamental, quick-tempered and pugnacious. Added to that he had inherited from both parents a racial inability to withstand injustice—and when Fate and the War Department had placed over him a lieutenant-colonel but a few years his senior and who could fly just enough to draw flying pay; a man who was a martinet, a bully and not very intelligent; a man who had spent his service in the infantry and was a slave to regulations, which all intelligent soldiers never hesitate to abandon for common sense—well, that moment the skids, so to speak, had been greased for Robert Kilgore.

There are in this world certain persons who, upon meeting certain other persons, hate them instantly. It was thus with Kilgore and his commanding officer. Kilgore had never failed in respect, in prompt and willing obedience, but nevertheless he found himself presently, in the terminology of the service, "under the C. O.'s hammer." He knew this in innumerable ways; in the minor excuses upon which the lieutenant-colonel seized to "rawhide" him; in the cold and contemptuous manner in which the lieutenant-colonel always spoke to him; in the extra duty that was always thrust upon him.

So he had grown to loathe that lieutenant-colonel and his hate had grown until it threatened to consume him. He had, therefore, applied for a transfer and the commanding officer, whose duty it was to make the first endorsement, had endorsed it unfavorably. So his transfer had been denied. Thereupon Kilgore had called upon the lieutenant-colonel and said: "Sir, you dislike me exceedingly and I dislike you because you dislike me. This is very foolish of us both. I am a capable officer. I was shooting down Germans in France when you were a railway transportation officer in the Service of Supply. I've forgotten more about my job than you will ever know about yours; it is breaking my heart to soldier under you and it is a grave annoyance to you to have me under your command. I ask you, as man to man, to write a favorable endorsement on a new application for transfer which I am about to file with your adjutant."

"You will stay," said the lieutenant-colonel, "and like it."

The explosion had occurred that very afternoon. The lieutenant-colonel had a number of civilian guests at the field and, in order to entertain them, had ordered Kilgore aloft to perform stunts.

"My combat-plane is in the shop, sir," Kilgore had replied coldly. "The motor is being overhauled."

"Take that SH-2, sir."

"It's an antiquated ship, sir, and never meant for stunt flying. It is an obsolete observation-plane, and unsafe. I beg the colonel to excuse me or give me some officer's combat-plane."

"You will fly as directed," the C. O. had replied firmly.

Kilgore had gone up in it. At five thousand feet he made a barrel roll, then pointed the ship upward to make a loop. Before he could complete his maneuver, his motor stalled and he slid back into a tail dive and turned over on his back; as he was pulling the dead ship out of it, a wing crumpled and the plane headed for the earth in a terrific nose dive. But Kilgore did not wait. He bailed out, miraculously cleared the falling ship, pulled the rip-cord of his parachute and landed within ten feet of the lieutenant-colonel and the latter's guests. The plane fell and burst into flames a hundred yards away.

Kilgore had slid out of his 'chute and walked over to the lieutenant-colonel. "How was that for a stunt, you fat-head?" he shrieked—and struck the lieutenant-colonel furiously on the nose. He followed it with a left to the chin; he smacked his superior officer hither and yon. "So you'd send me up in that crate!" *Smack!* He cut the lieutenant-colonel to strings and ribbons and knocked him out. When one of the C. O.'s civilian friends interfered, Kilgore had thrashed him far more expeditiously than he had the colonel. And then the red mist faded and he stood there, trembling, for he knew what he had done, knew all too well the inevitable consequences.

He had picked up his parachute and carried it to the hangar; then he had gone to his quarters to await the order of arrest he knew would reach him the moment the lieutenant-colonel regained consciousness. The order did not come, but in the morning he was directed to report to the commanding officer.

"You may have your choice, Kilgore," that individual told him. "A general court-martial for thrashing your commanding officer, or resignation from the service."

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"If I'm court-martialed I will, of course, be dismissed without honor from the service. On the other hand, you will not escape with a whole skin, although you will not be dismissed. I'll put a blot on your efficiency record. However, I'll resign. I suppose you will be decent enough to telegraph the adjutant-general requesting that my resignation be accepted immediately?"

"For the good of the service," the lieutenant-colonel had replied casually.

A brother officer had flown him to the landing-field of the Inter-Oceanic Airways Line, and his squadron had escorted him. There, as a courtesy to an ex-officer of the Air Service, the traffic manager had given him a pass on the large passenger ship just about to leave for Los Angeles.

It had all been over in twenty-four hours!

And now he was flying West to reconstruct his life—and meanwhile blaming his troubles on his mercurial parents! He wondered what he would do—what he *could* do if an opening in commercial aviation should be denied him. Flying was all he knew, but he knew about all of it that was to be known. Up until the moment he had laid violent fists upon the sacred person of his commanding officer, his record in the service had been flawless. What a fool he had been not to resign with honor long ago when he knew his own weakness! He had spent long years learning to control his temper and had laid the flattering unction on his soul that he had succeeded; yet, in an instant he, like his ship, had gone out of control, nose-diving to ruin. He wondered if, with the acceptance of his resignation for the good of the service, his license to fly ships had automatically been canceled; wondered if, in civil life, he would be unable to secure another license. If that happened he was undone indeed. And he was only thirty years old.

His trained ear caught a momentary miss in the left wing motor of the big passenger-plane. "The tank that's feeding that one is probably empty," he decided. "Well, the other tank will come on in a moment and she'll pick up again." But again the motor missed; then it sputtered and the ship listed. "She'll cut out entirely in a minute," Kilgore decided. He knew from long experience that in this type of ship when one of the wing motors goes out it means a landing in short order.

They had been flying across the desert, gaining altitude to cross the San Jacinto range at ten thousand feet. To go on now would be madness, so the pilot turned and headed back for the level floor of the desert, there to land and do a little trouble-shooting.

"This will be dirty," Kilgore thought, for they had been flying above an area overhung with a low thick fog. "Unless he can find a hole to bring her down and fairly good landing-ground, this ship is going to land hard and crack up considerably."

He rose and made his way swiftly to the lavatory in the rear. Once inside he closed the door, sat down on the floor of the small compartment, with his sturdy back braced against the wall and his feet against the door. Thus he waited. He knew that if the ship struck hard and at an acute angle the passengers would be hurtled forward against the bulkhead between the passenger space and the pilots' cockpit; if the ship turned over in a complete somersault, which was very likely, the occupants would be thrown to the roof and then down across the backs of the seats.

There was a bright metal towel-rack screwed into the wall just above Kilgore's head, so he reached up and grasped this; if it held and he held, the chances of his being scrambled, braced as he was in the tiny compartment, were considerably reduced. He had seen many ships come down as this one was doing; he had seen photographs of dozens whose fall he had not seen—and the majority of them showed the tail of the ship up-ended and sometimes not greatly damaged, whereas the front third of the ship was a mass of splintered wreckage.

They struck. Even in that brief horrifying moment Kilgore was aware that the left wing had touched ground first, for the ship was jerked violently around; then the wheels struck and the ship bounded high in the air and struck on its nose; a split second later there was the roar of a terrific explosion that threw the ship over on its side.

Although considerably jarred, Kilgore, thanks to his precautions, was unhurt. He stood up. In brackets on the wall was an ax. He seized it and smashed furiously at the side of the ship towering above him. He knew better than to attempt to open the door of the lavatory; in all probability it was jammed and he could not waste valuable time trying to escape that way. Indeed, he knew he could not escape that way—knew that the whole forward portion of the wrecked ship must now be an inferno of flames, for the lavatory had suddenly grown insufferably hot.

Kilgore pulled the rip-cord of his parachute and landed within ten feet of the guests.

The frail woodwork yielded easily to his ax; when he had a hole big enough to jump through he climbed on the ledge, with his overcoat wrapped around his head, paused an instant and leaped down about eight feet into the sand. He fell to his knees and rolled over and over, as fast as he could, away from the scorching heat; then he got up and ran for his life.

At a safe distance from the ship he turned to look at it. There was nothing he could do, nothing anybody could do. . . .

Ships coming down in flames were no novelty in his life; he had had to stand by helpless, when men died, but never when a woman was doomed—and of the four passengers aboard one had been a woman. That hurt. However, he

"How's that for a stunt, you fat-head?" And he struck the colonel on the nose.

could not do anything about it. So, from a distance he exercised his professional curiosity to estimate the cause of the explosion.

It was quite obvious. The right wing had struck a tall rocky spire that rose full thirty feet from the floor of the desert. The impact had torn the wing loose, burst a tank and gasoline had gushed down over the hot motor below. That accounted for the explosion. The flaming gasoline blown over the ship by the force of the explosion had set it afire instantly. Within a second the entire ship had been enveloped in flames that roared thirty feet into the air, and Kilgore knew the passengers had, in all probability, been dead before the ship settled on her side. Well, they hadn't suffered much, ghastly as had been their finish. . .

Kilgore sat down and watched until the fire subsided into little guttering spurts of flames. Meanwhile the dry sage of the surrounding desert had caught fire and a westerly wind was sweeping it madly away from him; he thought it would burn for miles. The flames destroyed even the evidence of his escape from the ship . . . . Well, praise, be, he was a flyer and had learned, in a hard school, to keep his head when the wing of Azrael touched him.

His hand-baggage had been consumed, of course, and with a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach he recalled that before leaving for the West he had drawn from the bank his savings of years—a trifle over two thousand dollars, for he had ever been a prodigal man. As a flyer he had not bothered to save as much as he might have. Of what use to save when he was never free from the feeling that he would never live to comb gray hairs? His ambition had always been to be the best, the most skillful, the most daring flyer in the service—not the oldest. He had drawn his savings in cash and had stowed the money, with the exception of about a hundred dollars, in his hand-bag. "Well, easy come, easy go," he told himself philosophically. He drew out his wallet and inventoried his few remaining possessions. In addition to the hundred-odd dollars aforesaid, it contained three citations from the Royal Canadian Flying Corps. Although an American, he had run away and joined the Canadians when he was eighteen years old. During the war he had transferred to the United States Army Air Service. His wallet contained also the two medals for gallantry he had won in the Canadian service and the D. S. C. he had won with Uncle Sam. It contained also the telegram from the Adjutant-General of the United States Army, informing him that his resignation from the air service had been accepted; and last—and least in importance—a love-letter from a girl he wasn't remotely interested in.

He had made too many transcontinental flights not to have a fairly accurate idea of his present location. There was a town about thirty miles south and east and some ten miles to the west a highway ran. The ship had been due in Los Angeles in less than two hours; when it failed to arrive, the Los Angeles traffic manager would query her past port of departure; if she was half an hour late, towns all along the route would be queried and ships would put out from the metropolitan airport to fly over the route in an endeavor to discover what mishap, if any, had occurred to the passenger ship. Naturally they would see the desert sage fire and suspect its origin; circling around at the beginning of that fire they would locate the wrecked ship. And the wreckage itself would have to tell the story, for quite suddenly Robert Kilgore had made up his mind not to tell it himself!

For all the stoicism with which he had faced the horror from which he had escaped, he was heavy of heart as he viewed his own desolate condition. As a civilian pilot he would have to start all over again to hoard flying hours and gain a commercial license. How was he to start and how was he going to support himself in the interim? However, granted he finally secured a commercial license, would he be enabled to secure remunerative employment? Would the executives of commercial air-lines be inclined to employ one whose resignation from the United States Army Air Service had been accepted for the good of the service? Well, some broad-gauge executive might, but—

It occurred to Robert Kilgore that he would do well to start his life over again. Granting that, where was the sense in starting it all over again as Robert Kilgore? He had a host of friends, but nearly all of them in the air service; he had no close relatives and he owed no debts. Life was all before him. He was mentally and physically intact. . . . To all intents and purposes he had perished in that flaming ship. . . . Well, perhaps not. He must estimate the situation.

A thought struck him. When his body should not be found and it was discovered from the passenger list that one of the passengers had been Robert Kilgore, late captain in the air force, a doubt as to the origin of the wreck would arise. It would be assumed that the ship had caught fire in the air, that the pilot had attempted to land in a hurry; that Kilgore, old and experienced in aviation, must have realized that there was no hope of escaping being burned to death and true to the tradition of his service, had leaped out of the ship while it was still in the air. Many a pilot in the A. E. F. and the Royal Flying Corps, shot down in flames, had taken this short-cut to a less painful death. Yes, undoubtedly it would be assumed that his body lay far out in the wilderness of sage. A search for it would be instituted, but it would, of course, be abandoned. . . . . .

"I'm dead," said Robert Kilgore to himself, "as dead as Rameses, unless somebody sees me hanging around this wreck. They'll never trace my footprints away from the wreck because a hard west wind is blowing up a moderate sandstorm and my tracks will be obliterated as fast as I make them. I'm free—free of my inhibiting past. Now I can go to some distant country and start all over again as somebody else. I'll go back to Canada, take a refresher course to throw dust in the air, as it were, blossom out into a brand-new pilot of great promise and, on the strength of my old discharge from the Royal Flying Corps—on my citations and decorations—I'll get a chance up there without having to fight too hard for it. I can do the same in Australia—in any of the British possessions. And I can still use my own name; nobody will know me— Yes, I have friends in Canada. I think I had better go to Australia. Commercial aviation is booming there and they won't care a hoot about my forced resignation from the United States Army Air Force. Those wild Australians never had much respect for army discipline, anyhow. They'll respect me for walloping that dog of a C. O. Well, here I go where the going is good!"

Chapter Two

OVERCOAT on arm, he set forth, skirting the area of burning sage. The blanket of fog still hung over the landscape and Kilgore knew that until the fog should lift the smoke of the fire would not be noticed. He was grateful for the low visibility now; grateful, too, that it was late fall and the heat of the desert was nonexistent, although he could have done with a drink of water. However, the matter of water was not a serious one. He had, perhaps, three hours of brisk walking to reach the highway to the west.

Before he had traveled an hour the fog was dissipated and far behind him he could see the flaming sage. Just as he reached the highway he heard the distant drone of two airplanes coming out of the west. He watched them swing out over the desert, attracted, as he knew, by the sage-brush fire; they dropped down within a few hundred feet of the earth and commenced traveling in wide concentric circles. So he knew they were the search-planes from Los Angeles.

An automobile with a man and a woman in it came along the highway and Kilgore stepped out and held up his hand, in an appeal for a ride. Since he was well-dressed and respectable-looking, he got it.

"Where you headed for, neighbor?" the driver of the car asked.

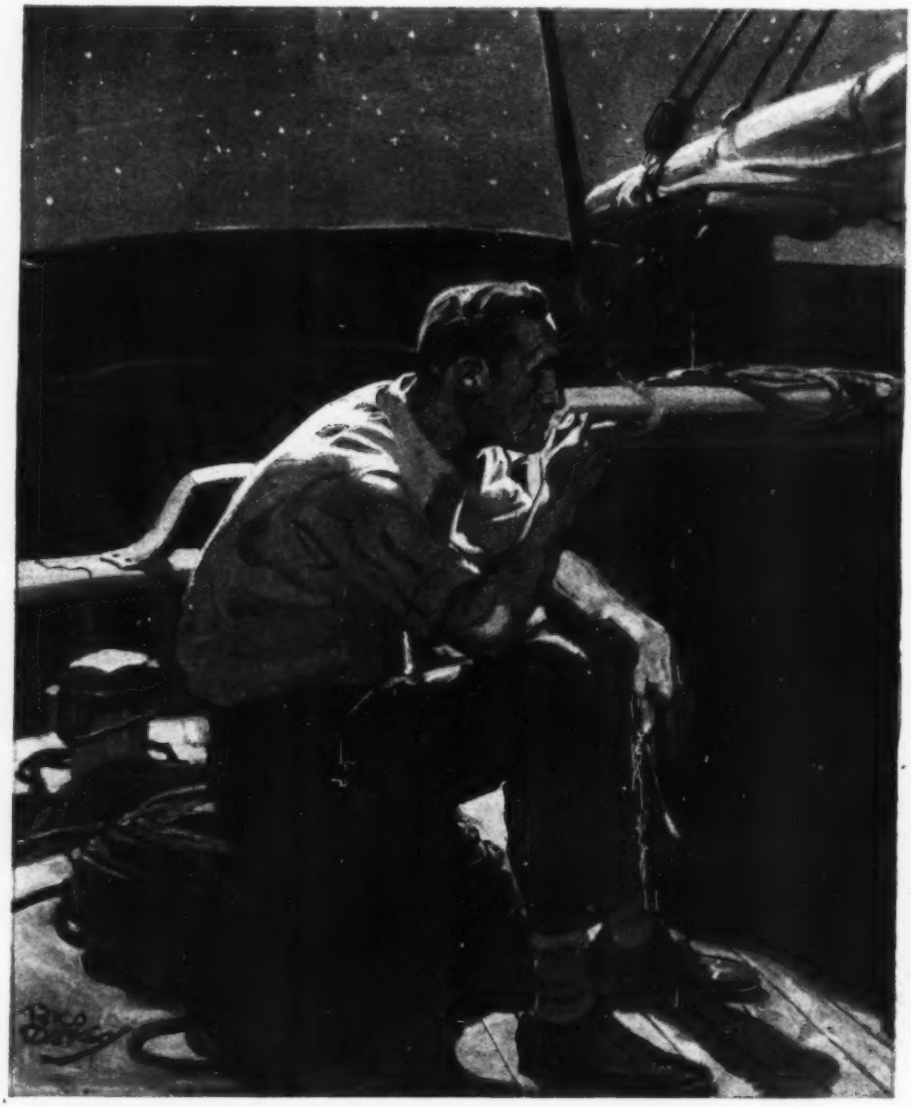
"To Los Angeles," Kilgore replied. "My own means of transportation quit on me a few miles back, so I abandoned it in the sage and decided to hitch-hike to the nearest railroad station."

"We'll take you as far as San Bernardino," his host replied. "You can take the train there."

They arrived in San Bernardino about eight that night and Kilgore had dinner in a little Greek restaurant on a side street. In a drug-store he purchased a tooth-brush and a comb, and found a night's lodging in a cheap ramshackle hotel patronized by laboring men—for he shrank from going to a first-class hotel, since it was more than probable that, in a day or two, his picture might be published and the clerk recognize it as that of the man who had registered without baggage.

In the morning he caught a train into Los Angeles, where he purchased a cheap suitcase, some shirts, underwear, handkerchiefs and socks, after which he registered at a small moderate-priced hotel, bathed, shaved, changed his linen—and sent downstairs for the newspapers. On the front page his own face stared out at him—a telephoto photograph, so vague and lacking in detail that he hadn't the slightest fear anybody would be astute enough to recognize him as the original of it. His death was duly chronicled; the fact that one body was missing from the scene had served to make what newspapermen call a big story; and as Kilgore had anticipated, local officers of the air corps, when interviewed, expressed the opinion that the missing body was that of Kilgore; that the ship had caught fire in the air and that Kilgore had jumped, preferring instantaneous death to the possible slow torture of fire. Men on horseback were searching the desert for a radius of ten miles surrounding the burned plane, seeking his body.

Kilgore had a distinct feeling that he was a scalawag for causing all this commotion, but not once did it occur to him to announce himself as among the living; to recount, for the sake of the glamour that would be his in every newspaper in the country, the tale of his remarkable escape. He had been born without that sort of ego and found no difficulty in shrinking from it. Had he revealed himself he realized that every detail of his life would be investigated by the press, ever hungry for some new sensation, and of course inevitably



"She should be lovely, eh, Mr. Larson?" Kilgore asked. "She is. Boots

the story of his forced resignation from the air service would become public.

Although he had come through the horrifying experience quite coolly, he discovered, now that he found time to rest, that he was suffering from a nervous shock. He could not sleep; when he did doze off he re-lived in his dreams every detail of the experience. He found himself trembling and jumpy and decided this was due to the fact that, although he had fought three years on the Western front, had been shot down twice and brought down once with his tail afire, he had always managed to flatten out and make a rough landing. He had never experienced a real crash before. He was sensible now of a half dozen aching bruises; he felt that it would be a relief if he could weep. Failing that, he wished he could find some whisky he could trust, in order to get drunk and forget it all for ten or twelve hours. Finally he decided to remain abed, which he did for three days, at the end of which period the vision of the burning ship grew dim and he slept from sheer exhaustion.

He remained in Los Angeles a week, getting himself fit; then went north to San Francisco on a bus. The friends he had in California never traveled on busses, but he might meet one on a train. Upon arrival in San Francisco he had thirty-two dollars left, which placed Canada, as an objective, entirely out of consideration. He would have to secure employment and save sufficient money for a ticket there. A job in San Francisco or environs was, however, out of the question, even if he could have secured readily one sufficiently remunerative. He had too many old army friends at Crissey Field, at the Presidio of San Francisco and in surrounding commercial airports and dared not risk meeting any of them.

"I'll go to Australia," he decided, "provided I can find a berth of some sort on a ship going there. If I can land a job as mess-boy or night-watchman or ordinary seaman, and run backward and forward half a dozen trips and save my money, I could jump the ship some day in Sydney and test my flying luck again."

He found himself a room, at fifty cents a day, in an hotel close to the waterfront and for a week scoured the docks, interviewing masters and mates, port captains and port stewards for a job, but was not successful. To secure even the lowliest position in the stewards' department he had to belong to a union and he could not afford the price of initiation into a union. Never having been even an ordinary seaman, chief mates turned a cold ear to his requests. He felt keenly the absence of sailing-ships from the Seven Seas, otherwise he might have contrived to get himself shanghaied aboard one bound for Australia.

On the eighth day he found himself on Filbert Street dock, looking down upon the decks of the first sailing vessel he had seen in port. She was a schooner about a hundred and thirty feet long, a cargo vessel, dirty, with blistered sides and emanating a medley of rancid tropical smells, that of copra predominating. An inspection of her stern proved her to be the schooner *Dashing Wave*, of San Francisco, and as she appeared to be quite deserted Kilgore decided she was crewless, which argued that, if she were going to sea again, a crew would have to be engaged. Here, apparently, was an opportunity for a job of sorts, so Kilgore took heart of hope, jumped aboard and made his way aft to the cuddy. He rapped loudly on the sliding hatch over the companionway and a rough voice from below cried out:

"Hello! Who is it—an' what's wanted?"

"It's me and I want a job," Kilgore shouted back.

"Are you crippled in any way?"

"No, sir. I'm as fit as a couple of wildcats."

"All right, you've got a job—sight unseen, aboard the fast an' commodious schooner *Dashin' Wave*, bound for the South Seas."

"Thanks. I accept it. Are you, by any chance, going to touch at Sydney?"

"More than probable, in the course o', say, six months. Figurin' on jumpin' the ship at Sydney?"

"I'll jump ashore or swim it."

"Don't try swimmin.' Sharks in Sydney Harbor. Come down an' let me have a look at you. Damned if you aint the first honest man I've met in years."

Kilgore descended into the cuddy. In an old wicker *chaise-longue*, much the worse for age and wear, a large man lay at ease. From a hollow recess in the right hand arm of the *chaise-longue*, a bottle protruded. In the recess on the left arm reposed a siphon bottle of soda; in the man's hand a highball was poised. He was a long raw-boned powerful man between forty and fifty years old, with a bleak weatherbeaten face and quick piercing eyes rather close to a high nose that reminded Kilgore of a predatory bird. He was in shirtsleeves and slippers; a magazine containing lurid "Western" fiction lay outspread on his knee. This individual gazed directly at his visitor for several seconds and then said:

"I'm afraid you won't do, Mister."

tried to get her last year, but she hid. He's going back this time to get her."

Kilgore found a seat on a settee that ran along the port side of the cuddy and replied: "A difference of opinion is always responsible for horse-races. I *will* do."

"Why?"

"Because I've got to."

The long stringy man appeared slightly convinced. "Best excuse in life, Mister. Know anything about sailorizing?"

"Not a thing; but I'm intelligent. I can learn. And I am a navigator.

"How come?"

"I navigate airplanes; at least I used to. New York to Havana, to Miami, to the Canal Zone, across the United States. I can get a fix by any well-known celestial body. I know a bowline from a granny knot, I do not get seasick, I'm healthy and hard as nails and can subsist on anything you can."

"Speak any furrin languages?"

"French and Spanish."

"I was mistook in you at first sight, Mister. You look too civilized. I need a hand that speaks Spanish, so he can translate for me, when we touch at Mexican or Central American ports."

"I suppose you're wondering why I want to ship with you as an ordinary seaman?"

"No, I never wonder about anything. You got a reason and a good one an' it's none o' my business. I'm not interested in any man who wants to disappear."

"Thanks. I get the job, then?"

"Not as an A. B. I'm no angel myself, but I won't berth you with scum, if you behave yourself. You're the bosun and your screw is seventy-five gold a month."

"I accept the nomination."

"Know anything about discipline an' ship's ettycatt?"

"I know army discipline and the etiquette to be observed toward the commanding officer."

"That's a help. Well, get your bag an' come aboard. At three this afternoon Larson will have rounded up a crew of A. B.'s an' a Chink cook an' I'll take you up before the Guatemalan consul and sign you on. This packet is registered under the flag of Guatemala. To hell with the Star-Spangled Banner; it interferes too much with the rights of a skipper, and I'm the skipper. My name is Boots Kendrick and I'm a Bluenose and a pretty bad man to monkey with."

"We should get along amazingly well, Captain Kendrick. I'm a bad man to monkey with, too."

Boots Kendrick smiled a thin smile. "You do your duty an' we'll get along fine together. Larson, my mate, is a whalin' fine seaman, but he don't know navigation—an' if I get sick it'll help to know I got a spare navigator aboard. Have a drink, Mister?"

"Gladly, but not with you, sir. I'm the bosun."

"If you'd accepted, I'd have booted you overside, Mister."

"No, you wouldn't, sir. I'd knock you out so fast you'd think when you came to you'd been in a hurricane. Are you called Boots Kendrick because you're handy with your boots?"

The Captain nodded. He appeared pleased. "You're a man after my own heart, Mister. What's your name?"

"Tompkins, sir—Bartley Tompkins."

"You lie. Tompkins aint an Irish name, and you're Irish. But it will do to call you by. Pop along now, my hearty, and get your dunnage. If I can get my crew aboard an' the ship cleared by five o'clock we'll get out o' here by six. The stores are all aboard."

In a waterfront outfitting store Kilgore purchased two pair of dungarees, a pair of cheap shoes, half a dozen socks, four cotton shirts and a cap; then he paid his hotel bill, packed his latest purchases in the suitcase, laid in a supply of tobacco and two pipes and reported back aboard the *Dashing Wave* absolutely without a cent. Kendrick showed him into a tiny stateroom which was on occasion used for passengers among the islands; then they went uptown together to the office of the Guatemalan consul, where Kilgore was introduced to Larson, a husky, middle-aged Swede. Larson had four nondescript wretches with him and they all signed the ship's articles before the consul. Then Larson took the four A. B.'s back to their waterfront lodging-house for their bags. He was aboard with them at five o'clock and immediately went below and started the schooner's Diesel motor, while Kilgore and the crew hauled in the bow- and stern-lines, which had been cast off by a dockhand.

Kilgore came on—and the Captain fired pointblank at him. Still he came on.

Off Lime Point Larson got the ship under all plain sail and cut off the motor; heeling slightly to a fresh nor'-west trade, they rolled away into the south, the new crew being in fair working-order.

The *Dashing Wave* was a filthy old packet and quite overrun with copra flies and cockroaches. It seemed to Kilgore that she could have had some money spent on her to advantage, particularly for paint and new sails. She moved along smartly, however, and was very stiff and dry; Larson said she was a splendid sea-boat and a witch in light airs. Kilgore learned from Larson that rather than carry a second mate Boots Kendrick stood a watch himself; the crew of four A. B.'s was divided into two watches, one man in each watch at the wheel and the other on lookout up forward. In the event more men were needed on deck the watch below was boiled out unceremoniously.

Although a Swede, Larson spoke excellent English with only the faintest bit of accent. He was a tremendous fellow with a somber hard face, but he spoke to the men quietly and appeared good-natured. He questioned Kilgore as to the latter's knowledge of the sea and did not seem cast down when he learned this was Kilgore's first cruise. "I'll teach you some real sailorizing mighty quick," he promised. "It isn't hard to learn, if you're interested and got some brains and want to learn; and you strike me as that sort of man. By the time we get to Papeete you'll be able to stand your watch on deck and the skipper and me'll get eight hours below instead of four. That's what the skipper had in mind when he hired you. He's smart. He can see a hole in a ladder. And now a tip to you, Mister. When Boots Kendrick sends for you, come on the jump. Be cheerful and willing and don't forget yourself and toss him a piece of your lip. He's no respecter of persons when his temper's up, particularly when he's drinking."

"He'll respect me," Kilgore promised lightly. "If he ever uses his boots on me it will be just too bad for Boots Kendrick."

"Well, take it easy," Larson warned. "He's a hard man. And don't forget you're not sailing under the flag of the U. S. A. The skipper is the law aboard this craft. If he chucked you overboard nothing would ever come of it. If somebody lodged a complaint against Boots for it, the complaint would be investigated *mañana*. Sabe *mañana?*"

For the first time in many days Kilgore laughed. He felt, of a sudden, free, responsible to no one. Rules were not; if they were, he did not know what they might be and he cared not a fig. After riding the skies for twelve years it was a pleasant change to ride the waves. Wanderlust, the super-call to adventure, need not be restrained now. For him life had done a complete about-face and he felt he was going to enjoy it to the full, Boots Kendrick to the contrary notwithstanding. There on the deck he did a little double-shuffle.

From the break of the poop, Boots Kendrick roared: "Hey, dancing-master! See anything about this ship that might improve her sailing?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do. If the rear boom—"

"The main boom, you farmer!"

"If the main boom were hauled in about ten feet it wouldn't spill so much wind—"

"Correct. You have an eye in your head." He went back to the wheel.

"We'll haul in the main-sheet—that's the rope and tackle that leads from the deck out to the end of the main boom," Larson directed. "Grab hold, you!"—this to one of the seamen. "Tail on to it, bosun, and pull like the devil when the skipper luffs her up into the wind. I'll show you how to make fast."

When that task was done, Larson indicated foremast, mainmast and foretopmast and maintopmast. *(Please turn to page 102)*

Maid of

Illustrated by Ruth Eastman

We drank and talked until two o'clock. She sat beside me on the day-bed and looked up for a good part of the time.

ONCE in a while a writer's fancy is foreshortened. Once in a while he has a desire to get himself into a story. Then he riffles through the pages of his cerebrum and perhaps digs up something like the young lady from Seattle who became very much of Manhattan. The sensation she created in allegedly opaque New York was very real to all of us a short time ago and I doubt that many readers will credit it. Yet it's true. If I changed the names herein, I might be liable to a number of the currently popular and slightly absurd suits for heart balm. It's so true that the mad course of Bernice and the uproarious indignation she caused ought to be printed with articles about Bolivia and the Disarmament Conference, and such items soberly fathered by fact.

At the time she descended upon the stately person of the houri who lies in the Hudson and whose name is New York, I was one of the bright young men on the staff of a bright young magazine. In those days the expert comprehension of such people as Katherine Brush had not yet given a model to us or made us at all self-conscious. I understand that since the welter of tough and ribald plays about newspaper reporters, all the leg-men have become tough and ribald. And it is inevitable that if we young men of Manhattan had been able to read such fascinating things about ourselves, we might have tried too hard to be the way we were and we would certainly never have accomplished it.

The young magazine was smart and sophisticated and satirical and urbane. Today it is successful and its advertising brings in millions. Then, it was a bit tremulous and sometimes pathetically over-eager. Its offices now are the finished handicraft of a famous interior decorator. In those days they were bare rooms with unpainted partitions and second-hand desks. Nevertheless the celebrated, the notorious, the clever and the wise often sat on the blistered varnish of its chairs. Heywood Broun came in there every day, and Alexander Woollcott, Dorothy Parker, Irving Berlin, Charlie Chaplin, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Marc Connelly, Gene Tunney, Scott Fitzgerald, Margalo Gillmore, Al Frueh, Miguel Covarrubias, Alfred Knopf, Christopher Morley, Peggy Joyce—everybody.

On the day I first heard of Bernice, Jimmy McCarthy and Herman Mathewson (who are coining gold in Hollywood today) and Louis from the make-up department and an actor whose first name is Kenneth and myself were shooting dice in the stockroom. My pay-check was on the ebb. Morton, who was one of the staff critics, sauntered down the hall and watched the game. There was a superior expression on his face. I've heard that it is an inferiority complex that makes a critic—but the fact of Morton has always made me hesitate to accept the notion. In his life he was never even momentarily deferential to anything—except perhaps Bernice. By-and-by the game slowed down for want of an even distribution of funds.

"A funny thing happened at the Pawnee today," Morton said.

The Pawnee was a hotel where the literati and cognoscenti forgathered. Even then books about the literati and cognoscenti had made *them* fairly self-conscious. We stopped the game altogether.

"What?" some one asked.

"A girl," Morton answered thoughtfully.

I could perceive the brains about me struggling for a *mot*.

Manhattan

by Philip Wylie

Glorious Innocence — *and* the lesson she *taught*

But Morton went on in time to spare us.

"A girl came down to breakfast in pajamas." This, remember, was not yet 1930.

"To the main dining-room!"

Morton nodded. "She came to the main dining-room. In pajamas."

"Sam Zolotow!" one of the late players exclaimed. Zolotow, as every one who knows, is a theatrical press-agent.

"That's what we thought," answered Morton, "until we looked at her. The poor child believed it was the smart thing to do. Thought that it was *chic*. She looked about—terribly scared—and when she discovered no one else in pajamas—well, she was pitiful. But she had nerve; ignored her own red cheeks and ordered breakfast as coolly as you please—the entire contingent staring at her."

"All eyes, what?"

"Sure. Pack of donkeys." Morton was aroused. Donkeys was a word he ordinarily reserved for a certain branch of the modernistic school in his favorite art. "She was just innocent—and trying to be *gaie*. She's probably read about the Pawnee somewhere, we guessed, and had come to see for herself, on the savings from some tedious hinterland job. Imagine such a girl in that wolf-pack!"

Mathewson chuckled. "I deduce that she was good-looking."

Morton had been leaning against something and he rocked away from it.

"She was beautiful!" he said. When Morton said "beautiful" about certain articles, the dealer's prices doubled.

"Just another girl," Kenneth murmured, "on the road to hell in the big city."

Morton swore as becomes a man. "Yeah. Only this time it's going to be stopped."

"Stopped?" we echoed. There were no knights in armor among us.

"Stopped. Why? I don't know. The first person to speak to her was Bliss Norman. Got up from his table in the corner and went to hers. Asked her something. I could see her smile and nod. Damn it, it wrung my heart. Here she was, the first day in New York and a big handsome man in a Brooks suit bending over her table. Such a sweet, grateful smile!"

"Will you endorse this?" Kenneth said, handing me my pay-check.

Morton went on to the dirge of my scratching pen. "You know what Bliss Norman is. He'd find out if she was new in town. Flatter her. Ask her if she wanted to go on the stage. Write a little part with a few simple stage-directions, and no lines, into one of his productions and start her off on a road-company. Then go with the company on tour. I'd like to know how many girls he's put on the stage for a tour that way."

"Seventy-one," Mathewson hazarded.

"How do you know she was new in town?" That pertinent question was my own.

Morton came about in the wind of it. "Because I spoke to her myself afterward."

"Aha!"

"She was fidgeting with excitement when he left. 'That's the famous Bliss Norman,' was the first thing she said to me after I introduced myself. 'I know it,' I said. 'And I've got a date with him,' she told me. She told me the rest too. She had come by train from Seattle. Wanted to see New York. Had read about it all her life. Somebody in her family had died—and she had a little money. Not much more than the fare home, I gathered. She had heard all about the Pawnee, so she registered there, last night. And Bliss Norman already on her trail."

Kenneth shrugged. "A quick way to

wisdom—Norman is. And she might as well learn. If she can act—he'll keep paying her a salary long after love is dead. He's fair that way."

Morton snorted; he was the snorting sort. "You're just a cheap actor," he said to Kenneth. "Acting is not an art. The author creates—he is the artist. The actor mimics. He is at best only a medium. He is to the playwright what paper and ink are to the novelist. And you are typical of the actor. Parasitic to the core."

The actor-boy chuckled. "Want to fight about it?"

Morton bristled. "You young moron—I'd be glad to take a poke at you any day—"

"No, no," Kenneth said. "I challenged. You've got to pick the weapons. And a critic is only skillful with one: mud."

That was pretty good—even in the stockroom of a smart young magazine where good ones were fairly common. We all knew that some columnist would print it the next morning, so we gave it the reverence of scornful laughter, and the fight didn't materialize because Kenneth had beaten Morton on his home grounds. So we went our ways. . . .

"When she discovered no one else in pajamas—well, she was pitiful. But she had nerve."

I was sitting in a speak-easy on Forty-eighth Street with a friend of mine named Oliver H. P. Gates, who is a youth descended from illustrious ancestors and who is by some devious consequence the little cousin to half the people in the Blue Book. Oliver is quiet and austere and handsome. He looks you straight in the eye, drinks liquor placidly, and has degenerated from the Four Hundred to the Fourth Estate, being a newspaper-man, and liking it. He has a great deal of money which he seldom uses, brown hair, a vertebra that elevates him to a height slightly over six feet, and shoulders. During his undergraduate days at Princeton he was noted for carrying a football amazingly long distances in the face of formidable obstacles.

The gridiron, however, is one of the few places where he was not retiring. He is ordinarily modest to the point of sheepishness and he quivers when city editors bellow at him—a nervousness that may be attributable to fine breeding. He is at the top of the Four Hundred, but in the Fourth Estate he is at the bottom. In fact, until Bernice came to town, his place in what he liked to think was the sophisticated world, was minute.

The newspaper had put him in charge of the morgue. It fitted his almost doleful silence—filing away thousands of stories from all over the world and from every important paper—dead stories that were not even gossip any longer. Only a very few people knew him well enough to like him. I was among the lucky. I knew that his courage had not died with his last touch-down or his brain solidified with the granting of his diploma. He wasn't very ambitious. He wanted to live. That was all. He couldn't help being the Timid Soul in the face of authority.

I was drinking with Oliver—our fifth old-fashioned cocktail. So I told him about Bernice, to pass the time away until osmosis had prepared the stomach for a sixth.

"H-m-m," Oliver said when I finished. Then the talk drifted to gang fights and Johnny who runs the beer racket on that block came over to our table and contributed to it. It's too bad Oliver couldn't print in his paper what Johnny said. The little anecdotes would have been pretty succulent to some one like Mrs. Willebrandt.

I met Bernice at Fritz's apartment. Fritz was doing some drawings for our smart young magazine that had the Ku Klux Klan up in white arms—not to mention the Fifth Avenue Association and the Police Commissioner. Fritz was a big man who looked like a Prussian General, who drew like an inspired devil and who had the soul of Machiavelli crossed with James M. Barrie. Bernice was beginning to go around a bit then, and some one had brought her to the binge.

She was little—little and with curves. She had that soft, lustrous, black and wavy sort of hair that poets dream about in conjunction with innumerable pillows on perfumed divans. Such hair sometimes gives bank presidents the same idea. Her eyes matched it—big and dark with tides of light in them. Her lips were a shade sensuous. I lasted about six seconds and then you could have heard the crash from Greenwich Village, where we were, to the Bronx, where we never went—the crash of my fall.

She liked me. I was pretty youthful in those days and most of the panting playboys who were bent on enclosing her in something at ten thousand a year along upper Park Avenue were well above thirty, gray about the temples, and taking daily handball or squash to keep even that gray stuck in its scalp. All I had to offer was what we will call my youth and a sort of dizzy adoration.

We had some drinks—she was drinking then. Morton had left town in anguish and stayed away for twenty-six hours, when she took her first drink in the wicked city. He came back to protect her again because he perceived that alcohol would increase her peril. How he missed that party I don't know, but there were plenty of other men there protecting her from each other. It was fashionable—that *ex cathedra* and self-made role of monitor of morals—

her morals. We sat around Fritz's gaudy apartment and drank and talked and played the phonograph until two o'clock. She sat beside me on the day-bed and looked up for a good part of the time. If Sixteenth Century customs had prevailed, it would have been necessary for me to sneak out and buckle on my broadsword for the trouble after the party was over. Fortunately Bernice's police escort was content with glaring, muttering, hinting and getting pie-eyed out of despair at seeing the flower in the hands of rash me. Because we held hands, publicly. She told my fortune. She was that naïve—or something.

At two we eloped together. That is, I took her home. She asked me to take her—alone, in a taxi, to the Pawnee. The national guard at Fritz's apartment didn't discover it until too late. Then, I guess, they went solemnly under the table together. They might have spared themselves. For twenty blocks she was demure, almost prim. She told me how exciting it was in New York. She told me she was considering accepting Bliss Norman's offer to start acting in a road company. She went into some detail on the subject of the nice way New York people had treated her. A block or two of mood, then; and after that she said I was a nice boy. She kissed me—the remaining nineteen blocks.

That kiss will be a benefit to my old age. It made it painfully plain that she was eager to learn about life and love and things in general. It wanted things and it knew the language of asking for them. I dropped her at the lobby and went home bemused. And I'm not the bemused sort. Thus I became a member of the growing coterie that did henchman at the ring of the telephone. We were all ga-ga. In a small way Bernice was getting to be like Lily Langtry—only Beatrice kept trying to be modern and we bachelors and so on were all Victorian. The incumbents of the Pawnee's dining-room had a period of moral reform that almost purged the city. Men were even swearing off smoking—when she took her first cigarette.

Morton gave me mine. He slammed into my office when I was reading copy for the late forms.

"I hear you took Bernice home last night," he said.

That look came into my eye. "Yes. Wonderful girl!"

"Girl! She's a child!"

I dropped a couple of aspirins and a swallow of water on my mixed rapture and hang-over. "She is. Just—a child."

He saw the look, then, and softened. "You can't be too careful with a girl like that."

"No," I said. "I'm thinking of shooting Bliss Norman—just on general principles."

"I'll swear an alibi for you if you do. Well—I didn't mean to be so damn' gruff about it—"

"That's all right."

He gaped around at the page-proofs hanging on the rack.

"Say, Morton—your copy's overdue."

"Good Lord! I'd forgotten all about it."

"A typewriter over there." I pointed.

He sat down and chain-smoked cigarettes. "It seems as if I couldn't write again, ever," he said. I nodded understandingly.

I was using up a pass to a really recent opening that had been handed to me by the dramatic critic as if it were a box for Judgment Day. Usually he gave me tickets to shows that would have impelled your grandmother to throw fruit. On this particular night there were three big openings and he couldn't cover more than two, so he said. He wrote his stuff days after the newspaper boys, however, and I always suspected him of being guided by their opinion. A dramatic critic on a weekly magazine has a sinecure. He doesn't ever need to be wrong. And he has more time for thinking up wise-cracks; or for eliminating them—which is often more important. A wise-crack in a theater on a first night must be kept in the head. I've seen several occasions when an incautious critic murmured his best thought aloud and the witticism appeared in two or three columns of as many papers the next day. I was sitting aisle, third row, orchestra, thinking up some lines which our dramatic mentor would be credited with. Bernice came in with Oliver. *(Please turn to page 122)*

All Quiet *on* the

by

Edward Dean Sullivan,

who *knows* the war at *our doorsteps* as Erich Remarque *knew* the war in France.

NEVER in underworld history have slickers, sluggers and slayers attained the gala mood with which American gangdom greets the Yuletide season of 1930. In a period of notable depression for banking, manufacturing, merchandising and farming, the bootleggers and racketeers have garnered more than five billion dollars for the hoodlum silk sock at Christmas.

Aside from that vast income there are other and vital boons for the thug population of America. Within this year, more definitely than in the nine years of graft and murder which preceded it, the gangsters have proved their ability to get away with *anything*, literally *anywhere*. Then too there has been a tightening-up in the national criminal organization as more than a thousand members of the great gang family have gone motoring into eternity on those rides which beggar the most fanciful cloud jaunts of Santa.

Of course the spirit-control of gang monies and murders continues to be the needled shade of John Barleycorn, obliterated by law ten years ago. But his favorite ward, Lotta Rackets, may be credited this year with upward of two billion dollars of the crooks' income, and at least a third of the mortuary record—and it's been a bump-off as well as a bumper year!

Persons whose work or interest leads them to an examination of the criminal structure which oppresses America and amazes the world, can discover not the slightest basis for optimism in the matter. The keenest criminal brains of the country are proceeding, with firmer financial, political and legal status than was ever known in any nation, to eradicate all loose ends in the practically unhampered continuation and enormous growth of nation-wide illegal enterprises. Every day and in every way gangland is bolstering the contacts and contracts of the underworld with politics, law-enforcement in all its phases and the citizen—whether sinner or sucker. The presence and depredations of gang power at every turn in American life has become an accepted fact. The criminal is accorded rights in the public mind—for the first time, anywhere—and he invariably exceeds those rights. We will prove that, by murder, presently.

For the moment let us glance at public opinion. The fabulous returns in money enjoyed by the American gangster have increased so gradually and secretly that there was a reflection of amazement everywhere when Dr.

"O. K.," said the gunner . . . . . and machine-gun bullets

Mid-Western Front

made a line across the piano front with a tinkle of chords.

The conditions described in this article are, frankly, *incredible.* They are, however, the conditions which we *tolerate* about *ourselves* today.

James M. Doran, relinquishing the administration of Prohibition, announced that the money turnover of the bootleggers alone in 1929 was three billion dollars. That sum has been digested by the public—even though it is more than the cost of government of the nation. The flurry of excitement which accompanied its announcement has quite subsided.

The announcement that Chicago had more than four thousand homicides in the ten years of Prohibition, combined with the daily finding of riddled bodies in ditches and at roadsides the country over, also supplied the basis for a national shudder or two. Ghastly! People said so, and registered horror as they said it. That is over. Today the citizen who declares the situation terrible. uses the same emphasis and facial muscles when he declares either business or the weather likewise. What's he going to do about any of the three items, anyway?

What is anyone or anything—including departments and commissions—going to do about it? There are the Prohibition-enforcement officers, of course. They have slain nearly two thousand persons themselves during the ten years in which some of them have, as groups and individuals, attained a reputation for corruption which is a national scandal.

Then we have the police. People have ceased to ask what the police are doing to the gangsters, but are still curious about what the gangsters are doing to the police. The answer is, plenty!

New York City, in the old days, used to have twelve thousand licensed and tax-paying saloons. Now it has thirty-two thousand unlicensed graft-paying speakeasies.

Impossible! Thirty-two thousand? Who says so?

Commissioner of Police Grover A. Whalen said so, and this writer heard him.

Why doesn't he close them?

Because he isn't Police Commissioner any more. The new Commissioner is Mulrooney.

Well, why doesn't *he* close them?

Major Maurice Campbell, erstwhile Prohibition administrator for the metropolitan district of New York, has dealt with a difficulty in the matter. "During the year 1929, my office filed with the United States Attorney in the southern district of New York," he said, "considerably more than one thousand cases for prosecution

and the local police filed considerably more than that number. . . . There were tried, in the Federal courts of the district in 1929, only thirty-nine Prohibition cases."

The United States Attorney at that time was Charles H. Tuttle, who resigned, loudly denouncing the Eighteenth Amendment and who was promptly nominated for Governor by the Republican party practically by acclaim and was cheered for eighteen minutes as he took his stand on a platform of "repeal."

The basic situation is similar in every large city in America, and naturally creates that type of citizen who walks around talking to himself.

Meanwhile, there is Mr. Wickersham's Law Enforcement Commission, which most people regard as a last resort in a matter which seems already well beyond the last resort.

Within six months this commission, single-handed, found out that Prohibition was the cause of eighty per cent of the crime in this country during the ten years of noble experiment. The commission was only ten per cent out of the way and its expenses were one hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars up to that juncture, June 25th. At that time an appropriation, providing an additional two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the commission, was asked. The Senate wanted to cut it down to fifty thousand dollars.

President Hoover, in his first address after election, declared that, "in the United States life and property are relatively more unsafe than in any civilized nation in the world." He had appointed this commission to do something about it. So, when an appropriation was regarded with hesitancy, on the strength—or weakness—of the commission's first report, Mr. Hoover heatedly asserted that the commission would function even if private funds were required to maintain it.

Not till then did reluctant Congress grant the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars sought for.

This commission, then, goes forth with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is hampered more or less by politics, materially hampered by ethics and usual routine procedure in commission circles. It hopes to find out about and curb a perfectly organized underworld, equipped with billions of dollars, which has had a nine-year start in combating any such effort as the commission represents; an underworld which is hampered by no law, ethics or responsibility, and has a set rule of killing all informers. This is the dragon which confronts St. George Wickersham and party.

The fact that Mr. Wickersham is sailing for Europe on the *Ile de France* as this is written, is not remarkable.

Meanwhile gangland, with unlimited assurance, proceeds "in high" in the matters of income, corruption, murder and politics. Those who halt the parade of the hoodlums, or even force it into a temporary detour, do so at their own peril. That accounts for the fact that while England has had one hundred and eighty-four murders of all kinds in the last ten years, twenty-five thousand gangsters alone have succumbed to gun-fire in the United States. Of the more than four thousand homicides in Chicago alone, in that period, a generous half died due to gang conflict. There have been but eighty-four executions in that city as a result of all this carnage.

This will substantiate in most minds a preconceived notion of Chicago's wildness, but it will also serve to substantiate Chief Justice Taft's assertion, just prior to his death, that the administration of criminal justice in the United States is a standing scandal.

Furthermore, the process of pointing a finger at Chicago in the matter of crime has become absurd. New York leads Chicago in actual count of murders, and in New York records show that there is one arrest for every three slayings; that there are sixteen murders to one conviction, and that there are one hundred and sixty-four murders to one electrocution! Nor is that amazing record inconsistent with the records throughout this country.

In the last two years in London there have been twenty-five murders; nine of the slayers escaped execution, but six of them were suicides. Compare that with Chicago's seven hundred and seventy-five in the same period; with eighteen convictions and four executions!

But things are picking up in various quarters of murderous America. While Chicago was writhing at its last four hundred and one murders, New York had a record of four hundred and twenty-five. Further, it will be news to many persons to know that in the matter of murder *pro rata* the cities which have long since passed either Chicago or New York are Jacksonville, Memphis, Birmingham, Atlanta, Lexington, New Orleans, Houston, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Miami, Sacramento and Detroit.

On the last of these, Detroit, we reach the note which is the principal motive of this article: The new and utter indifference of gangland regarding the status or influence of a victim, and the termination of all effort at secrecy on the occasion of the murder.

On July 23 last, Detroit, submerged in official corruption and as gang-ridden as any city in the country, voted to recall Mayor Charles Bowles, who was being challenged by the majority of the voters of the city for accountability for the condition in which the city found itself. It was the first time that any such action had been taken by a large city in the United States.

One of the vital aides in the campaign to rid the city of gangsters, and an avowed fighter against Mayor Bowles, was Gerald Buckley, a crusading radio-announcer with a tremendous following and an excellent reputation. He had expressed his satisfaction with the returns showing that the mayor had been removed from office, and went to the La Salle Hotel, in the heart of Detroit, to keep an appointment. While seated in a crowded lobby, three gangsters entered, drew revolvers, with no effort at either haste or concealment of their features, and fired eleven bullets into his body, instantly killing him. As they walked out, one of the slayers spoke casually to some one whom he knew in the lobby.

Was there furore? There was—but what has become of it? There were raids on gang hide-aways, police transfers and editorial clamoring, but if there has been any vital change in the gangster power in Detroit, it is as minute as is the chance of ever convicting anyone for the courageous Buckley's death, at the time this article is written.

That brazen but cowardly killing was one of the early developments of a gang attitude obvious throughout the country, which is, in effect: "Well, what's anyone goin' to do about it?"

The gang killer, or killers, in starting on a mission of death today at the direction of a gang boss, need literally have no fear. They are protected by bribery, political influence, the power of threat and the best skill in criminal jurisprudence available: a fitting wall of defense against the most incorruptible police action and the most simple and severe court procedure—the United States has neither.

There is no more interesting or convincing manner of showing what the underworld has done to America than to set forth here the circumstances and results of the killing of a reporter, Alfred J. Lingle, in Chicago on June 9 of this year.

It was midday, and Lingle, for eighteen years a reporter on the conservative Chicago *Tribune*, walked down from his office on the way to the trains for the Washington Park race-track.

As he reached the central subway leading to the trains of the Illinois Central, in the heart of Chicago, he noticed four men standing near a gaudy roadster at the adjacent curb. He made a gesture of greeting to one or all of them—not knowing that by that greeting they had identified him, had put him "on the spot" for his death.

Edward Dean Sullivan

the author of "Chicago Surrenders."

FOR twenty-five years he has reported and followed police headquarters cases in three great American cities. He *knows* police and gangsters. Hearsay is not for him; he is a newsgatherer at the *firing front* of the war *in America* today.

In the turmoil, one man had the presence of mind to pursue the killer.

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"Play Hy Schneider in the third," called one of the gangsters.

"I've got him," said Lingle, smiling, and strolled along to his death.

Two slim fellows had stepped to his side as he exchanged words with the men about the roadster. They walked on either side of him—with or without his knowledge, as he walked down the subway steps with hundreds of people within calling distance.

As the foot of the stairs was reached within the kiosk, one of the men beside Lingle stepped to a news-stand and bought a paper. He put it under his right arm, ran directly after Lingle and drawing a revolver with his left hand from a shoulder-holster, placed it against Lingle's head just above the collar. He fired once.

Lingle, a racing form in his hands and a cigar in his mouth, fell dead.

Tossing the revolver beside the body in the stunned group directly at the scene of the killing, the slayer ran up the stairs he had just descended, and walked through moving traffic across Michigan Avenue. Then he ran.

In the turmoil within the subway, where no fewer than ten persons had seen the murder and hundreds had heard the shot, one man, Patrick Campbell, had the presence of mind to pursue the killer. Breathless with exertion and excitement, he could only call, "Catch him!" to Policeman Anthony Ruthy, on traffic post near by. The policeman, seeing the running man—bareheaded and blond—belatedly pursued him. He did not know of the killing, so did not use his revolver, though he had ample opportunity to do so. He had a good look at the man, however—this left-handed man, whom every witness to the killing asserted was a blond. The slayer, darting through a maze of alleys, easily escaped, but just before he disappeared he was seen to throw away a gray glove for the left hand. It was size 8-½ and had a brand-mark, "Martinelli," at the wrist.

This had been, obviously, a carefully planned and perfectly executed gang killing.

Perhaps never in its hectic history has Chicago known such a period of determination and indignation as immediately followed this crime. At last the gangs—obviously in contempt of the law-enforcing element of the city—had defied the press, as well. Murder for silence.

Apparently Lingle, known to his police and newspaper friends as "Jake," had hit too close in his reports of gang activities in Chicago. The gang answer had been death—casual execution in the center of the world's fourth city at midday!

The Fourth Estate must never tolerate this! Within two days rewards totaling fifty-five thousand dollars had been offered for information leading to the conviction of this slayer. Messages of condolence arrived from newspapers the country over, calling for drastic action in this boldest exploit of American gangland. Deep black headlines, front-page editorials in every newspaper of the city, showed that Chicago—long tolerant of vicious killings among the gangsters—had no purpose to abide this outrage. And while the situation represented a chaos of indignation and lack of leadership for the better elements, Jake Lingle was buried, with a funeral cortége more than two miles long.

Seventy-two hours more of indignation, accompanied by long-restrained gossip—then indignation was supplanted by curiosity and suspicion. . . . There was something odd about that murder—and the word spread, first slowly, then like wildfire.

Something wrong! The Press Club of Chicago, which had been at the point of adding another ten thousand dollars to the rewards for information, quite as suddenly desisted.

Lingle had been involved with the gangs.

He began to take on a different character, one in which he was unsuspected by his associates on the newspapers when he was alive. The picture of him became completely changed; people ceased to think of him as an enemy of the gangs; and saw him, instead, as having put himself subject to gang rewards, gang rule and gang death!

WITHIN a week there was an unanimous demand that William Russell, "reform" Police Commissioner, be tossed out of power. There was ample reason for the demand.

He resigned under pressure, as did Deputy Chief John Stege.

Russell and Lingle had been intimates for twenty years. "Jake's like a son to me," Russell had frequently said. And there was good reason for this attitude, especially in the latter years of their long acquaintance.

Back in April, 1928, the William Hale Thompson Wild West political show had as its primary objective the election of three men. The idea was to make Len Small Governor again, after he had been charged with putting a million dollars of State funds into a bank which never existed; to elect Frank Smith to the United States Senate, after he had been rejected by the Senate for his flagrant campaign irregularities, and to put Robert E. Crowe, State's Attorney, back into office against the protests of the "better element."

A few days before the election, bombs blew the fronts off the homes of Judge John A. Swanson, Crowe's opponent, and Charles A. Deneen, Smith's opponent. While the better element was protesting with percussion about these outrages, Octavius Granady, a young Negro lawyer who was running for ward committeeman against Morris Eller, City Collector of Chicago, and a stanch Thompson man, was shot through the head.

At the forefront in protesting against these savage exploits was the Chicago *Tribune*, which is one of the best factors in a city gang-ridden and politically rotten to the core. Every one of the Thompson machine's major candidates in that election was defeated—an amazing development. The "better element," up in arms, turned out by the thousand to police the polls; every decent vote was gotten out and the Thompson machine had the surprise of its misspent life.

It was high time for the canny Thompsonites to make a gesture of reform. The first move—always in Chicago—is to take on a new police chief, then to give the order that the gangsters must be run out of town within twenty-four hours. It's funny, of course, but Chicago always enjoys it.

In this circumstance, the first detail was to pick a man for the job who would be considered right by the better element led by the *Tribune*. That would shut off one of the loudest clamor founts. Briefly, the *Tribune* in 1928 was in a spot to name a police chief.

William Russell, now a captain of police and possessed of a good record, was appointed Commissioner on August 1, 1928.

SOME crooks are born, others made. The writer knew Jake Lingle for eight years. He was a person of normally good traits, good appearance and a wide acquaintance. He was not a writer, merely a "leg-man" who obtained police news and turned it over to others to write. It is entirely probable that his resistance to bribery was normal enough too, but of course under Prohibition the measure of bribery is abnormal. Bribes become an avalanche of money that can draw and has drawn into gangland literally hundreds of thousands of persons whose associations with gangland could never be fathomed by the uninformed.

Lingle, in the course of his necessary work, knew every "Big Shot" in Chicago gangland. Chicago's gangs pay thirty million dollars for protection a year, or did as early as 1926, when, as I have explained in previous articles in *Redbook*, the turnover of the Capone gang alone was seventy million dollars by the official figures of United States District Attorney Edwin A. Olson, in Chicago.

Lingle knew and liked Al Capone. He frequently visited the gang chieftain at his Florida estate, went to fights with him, and wore a diamond belt-buckle given him by the "head man" of Chicago gangdom, long before Lingle was in a position to "give the town" to Capone. If the reader thinks this brands Lingle, it does not.

If a man of the best of principles is set to work among the lowest of humans, he will sooner or later find some decent traits in some of them. Lingle's work, in a gang-controlled town, was to a great extent among gangsters. He liked Capone best of the survivors of Chicago's "Big Shot" death-list of eighty. So do I—but I'd never select him for a roommate.

The rest was automatic, as graft goes. Like everything else in that relation, small things led to larger ones.

With the *Tribune* honestly keeping an eye on Russell, the gangs had to step carefully for a time. Lingle was in a position to know just what the *Tribune* focused its attention upon, in the police administration. Those things were done to the queen's taste. But a thousand things that the *Tribune* had no time or opportunity to observe, went the way of easy money.

Lingle was not and could not have been influential in the acts of his newspaper; but he evidently succeeded in passing himself off, in the underworld, as a power. "The reasonable appearance against Lingle now is," said the *Tribune*, "that he was accepted in the world of politics and crime for something undreamed-of in his office and that he used this in undertakings which made him money and brought him to his death."

Up on the North Side of Chicago, the "Bugs" Moran gang suddenly found itself out of luck. Raid after raid interfered with this gang's vice, booze, and gambling operations, while the town applauded. Here was action. Here was a police chief!

Now and then a noisy raid was made on some independent gambler or pander or booze-runner on the South Side. Then again, over on the West Side, a "Capone" gang would move out of a place and have it raided, while the men resumed operations a block away. City-wide raids—pleased Chicago! *(Please turn to page 124)*

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In Tune *with* Our Times

Photo by Russell Ball

DOROTHY BURGESS

Of "Dancing Mothers" and "Good News" and, next, "Beyond Victory." A delightful daughter of California who came to Broadway for the dramatic training which leads, in these articulate days, to greatest success on the screen.

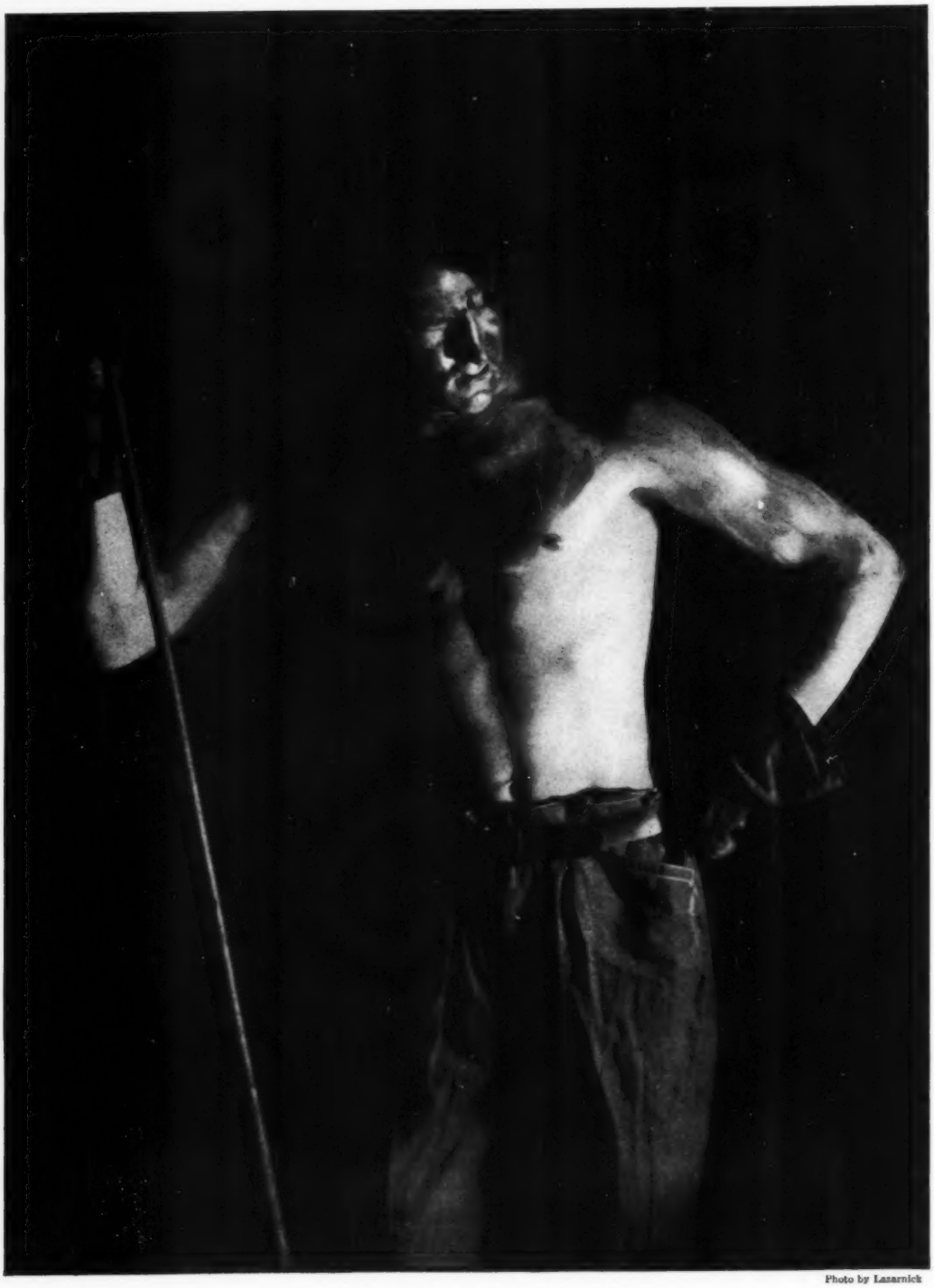


Photo by Lazarnick

CHARLES McCLELLAND

The apotheosis of that high priest of fire and heat—the stoker. In cold fact, he developed this marvelous physique not before the furnace but on the gridiron; for he was a player, once, on a great Carnegie Tech. football team; thereafter, a member of a Theater Guild company playing in "Meteor;" and now he is in Hollywood.

JEAN HARLOW

A boarding-school girl who at nineteen and from a point of no greater vantage than the rôle of extra in a Clara Bow picture, suddenly and spectacularly crashed the gates of stardom. She plays the dashing feminine lead, as you know, in that stirring sky-show, "Hell's Angels."

Photo by Lazarnick

LENORE ULRIC

preëminent player of the city Apache and of rôles astonishing and pagan. "Kiki" and the "Tiger Rose" become, this season, "The Pagan Lady" who argues sensationally with a minister, about morals.

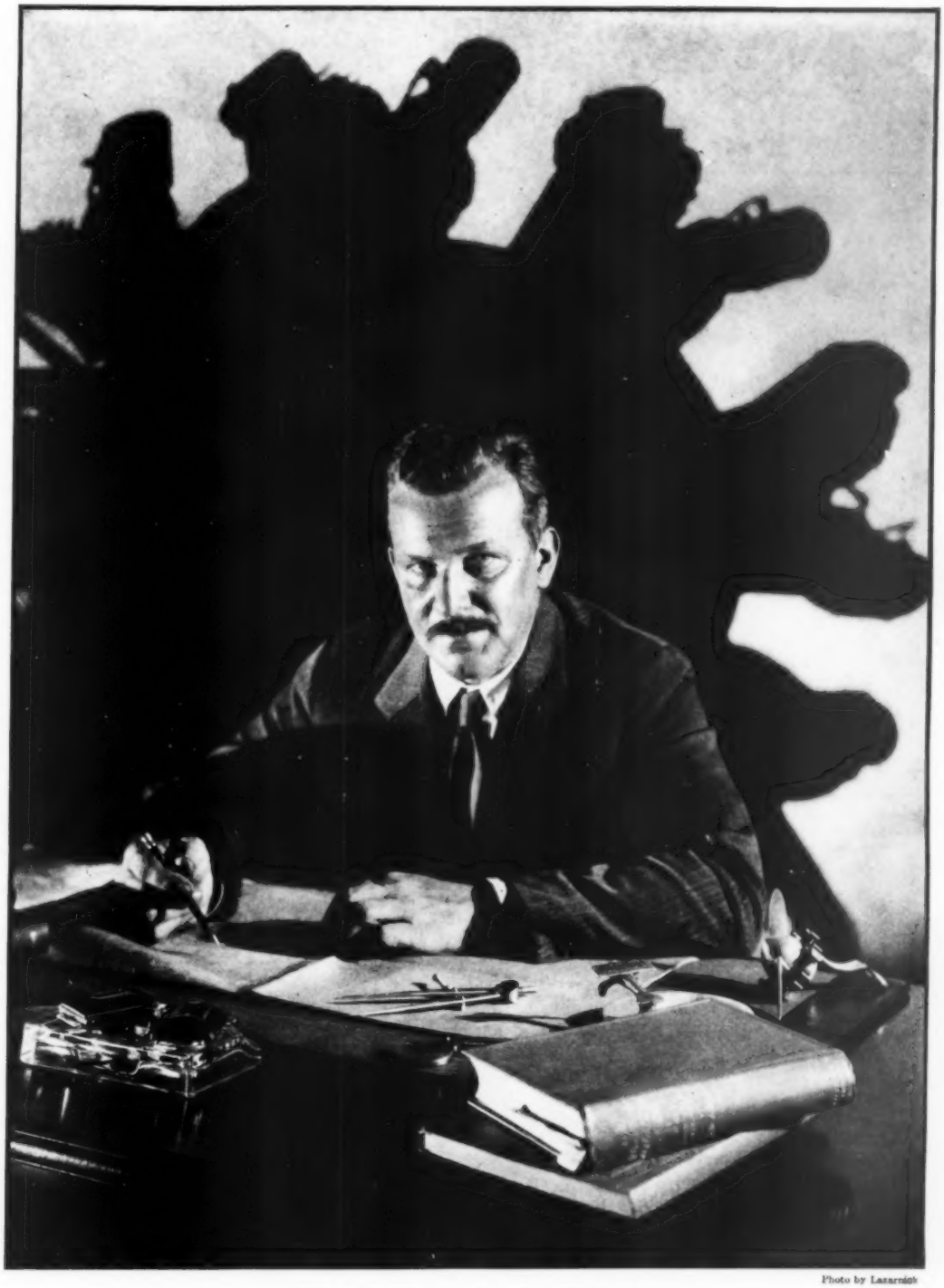


Photo by Lazarnick

CHARLES L. LAWRENCE

What really upholds and sends through the sky the heroes we cheer and acclaim? The hopes and hands of men—some almost forgotten, like Lilienthal; some immortal, like the Wrights. Wingmakers, they were. The hand and the mind of Charles L. Lawrence, engine-designer, is in many of the great airplane motors of today.

HELENE HASKINS

A Virginia girl, who came to New York two years ago, so exquisite a bit of loveliness that McClelland Barclay begged her to pose for him. It was plainly a frame-up on Cupid's part; and this is REDBOOK's congratulations to the famous artist who paints our covers.

TONY SARG

illustrator, impresario of the famous marionettes and architect for the engaging grotesques of Macy's parade which heralds Christmas to Manhattan. You can find him in REDBOOK every month.

EVA LE GALLIENNE

is responsible, more than any other, for the successful survival in America of the best in drama—Ibsen, Chekhov, Molière. Her Civic Repertory company, besides keeping alive the great plays of other days, will make five new productions this season.

Photo by Irving Chidnoff

Photo by J. D. Tuloff

GENEVIEVE FORBES HERRICK

When a Prince or a Personage arrived in Chicago or when some particularly big crime "broke," the *Tribune* would send "Geno" for the interview or the clues. She won fame as the best reporter of her sex in America; and now she is writing, for this magazine, some of the stories behind the great, sensational "news."

PETER B. KYNE

began gathering, when very young, the stuff of great stories. Still in his 'teens, he was soldiering in the Philippines and nineteen years later was captain of field artillery in France. What experiences in between and since? Some of them gave him the scenes for the novel of sky and sea which starts in this issue.

Photo by Lazarnick

HELEN HAYES

and her daughter Mary, born to be a star of the stage or of the speaking screen (or of whatever the screen may be doing, a few years hence). Not only is Mary's mother the beloved impersonator of "Coquette;" her father is the playwright, Charles MacArthur.

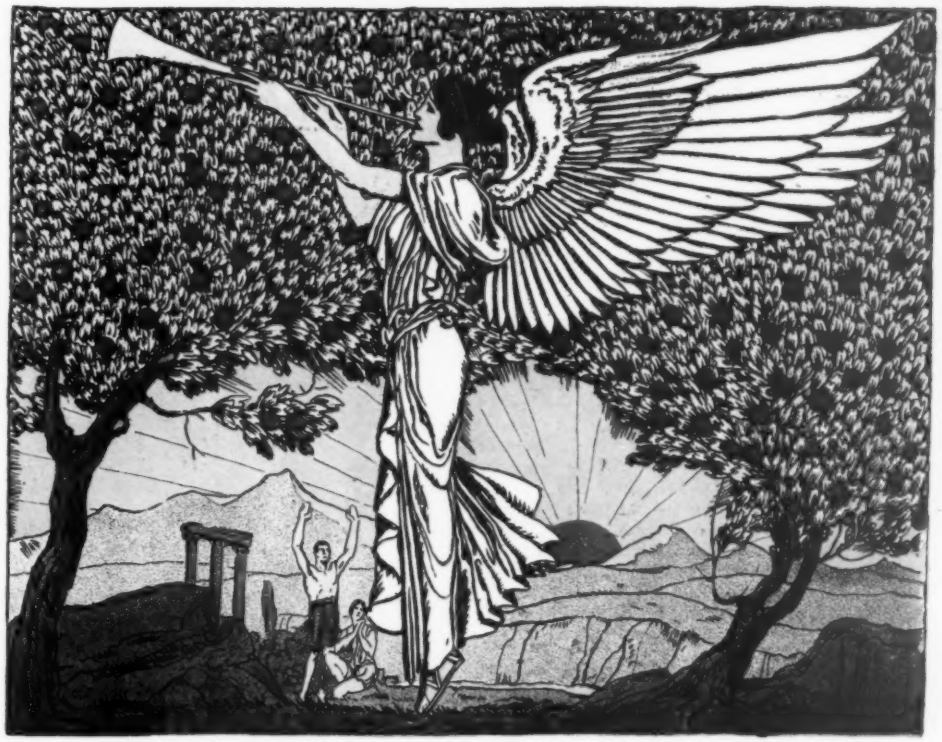
Photo by Hurrell M. G. M.

EDWINA BOOTH

a mere extra in screenland—and presto!—a jungle priestess five thousand miles from the Hollywood "lots." The explanation is, she plays the lead in the film "Trader Horn," which actually was performed in the African interior. She is distantly related to the great Edwin Booth.

Good News by Angelo Patri

Decoration by C. B. Falls



GOOD News is that word fitly spoken whose value is beyond that of silver and precious stones. This is no empty figure of speech. The power of good news is as material and as commonplace as boiled beef and potatoes—and as nourishing. A word of approval, a gesture of admiration and praise release within us something exhilarating, something briskly regenerative, which kindles to flame the smoldering fires of ambition and aspiration. It is as though a stone had been rolled away.

When one goes forth to slay his giant one needs be a little drunk with certainty, a bit beyond mortality. Somewhere above the plane of gravity and history one must soar in the realms of wonder and miracle. All worthy work demands something of magic, for reality springs from the hard core of the impossible. Such a charge as this must be inspired by the voice of a silver trumpet sounding good news.

Have you such a word for us? You, our friends and neighbors, have you a good word for us who are struggling to do a day's work well before the sun goes down? Say something to hearten us. Give us the word that will set us afire with resolution to do better and to go farther than ever before.

Be generous. Spread your good news far and wide so that none within sound of your voice need go untouched, uncomforted. Sing us a song of the first robin of a spring long delayed. Speak to us of the good we have done aforetime and prophesy of great things we are to do by and by. Inspire us with dream tales. Garner bits of beauty for our consuming hunger. Fill us with faith and arm us with courage. Pour down our thirsty throats the nectar of success and we will go out to bring home the head of our giant, singing songs of praise for the sustaining strength of your good news.

Have no fear that we shall forget our earthbound condition. It is ever present, weighing us down. Doubt and fear have tied clogs to our feet. Ignorance and misunderstanding have laid a heavy burden upon our backs. We look to you who know us, who work beside us sharing the fortune of the day, to speak good news while our ears may still hear. Speak and set wings to our heels. Tell us good news of ourselves and free the thrusting shoulders of their load of care. Warnings and lamentation we have had in plenty. Our great need is for the word that tears away the leaden sky and lets the stars shine through.

Could you perform greater service than this? Is there a higher calling than that of trumpeter of good news? Great is he who hews out the way, but greater still to the hearts of men is he who whispers the right word of hope, of inspiration and courage. Every good deed, every worthy action, every pleasant thought that has graced and blessed the world has been born of the good news that some shining soul passed along the line.

Have you such a word for us? Perhaps you are by very virtue of your being Good News to all men? Then truly shall your name be remembered and even the stones on the streets of your city shall shout your praise.

The Rakmanoff Ruby

Illustrated by R. F. James

YOU are not to suppose that I, Lydia Grey, one time looked upon as the prettiest and most promising student in a Mid-Western university, and daughter of stanchly upright parents, turned hardened criminal overnight. Even the most vicious gangster, I think, must have shuddered at contemplation of his first crime. How much more must I, gently-bred, have suffered when I realized that I had become a thief! And so I could, if I chose, tell you of my tear-sodden pillow, of my sleepless nights, of my determination not to spend one penny of the five thousand dollars which had accrued to me from my theft of the Carteret necklace, its later theft from me by Randolph Barnard, and the surprising exhibition of honor among thieves which had caused him to send me, in cash, my share of the necklace's sale.

But it strikes me that to dwell upon my struggles with my conscience is to advance a cheap bid for sympathy, and in these confessions of mine my only extenuation will be the fact that I aimed my attacks only at human vermin like Nathan Carteret. And if that seem little excuse for what I did, it is nevertheless my only one.

So I will pass over the careful spending of my honestly owned seven hundred dollars; and bringing you to Mme. Narrel's window on West Fifty-seventh Street, let you look with me upon the reddish-brown silk dress, the wholly red turban to go with it, the evening wrap of black velvet trimmed with ermine, the dinner frock of palest yellow. . . . . But why tantalize my feminine readers as I was tantalized?

That wardrobe which I had acquired in the shops along the Rue de Rivoli was losing its chic. Midsummer had come and what had been smart in April seemed, despite the prescience of my Parisian outfitters, the faintest bit dowdy in August.

Here was Mme. Narrel's window; in the bank were one hundred and ninety-three dollars, the last of that inheritance which was to start me on the pathway to success and fame. But hidden cunningly in the backing of a painting that hung upon the wall of my furnished apartment were five thousand dollars—dishonestly acquired dollars, but dollars that murmured a plea to be honestly spent. . . .

Nine hundred and twenty-five dollars. That is what I paid Mme. Narrel's deputy that August evening, and only women who have not spent a penny for new clothing in months will understand the bliss that was mine as I posed before a mirror in my reddish-brown dress, my blue dress, my white dinner frock, my black tulle, my velvet wrap, my brocade wrap—antedating the season, but ravishing—my chiffon cape trimmed with sable, my shimmery green evening dress.

"All dressed up and no place to go." I quoted the homely old phrase next morning. I had that headache which I am told too many cocktails bring. I was restless, apprehensive. For now, by spending the money which the necklace had brought, I had passed the borderline between honesty and its opposite. Up to now I could tell myself that, though I had stolen, I had accepted no profit from my theft. Now I definitely belonged to the underworld.

I felt that desire to do something which my recent action inspired. I had turned from honorable ways because I was in panic before mean economies, because the harsh realities of life seemed unendurable to me. But now that I had turned—what to do?

Weeks had passed since the adventure of the Carteret necklace, and not one word, beyond that missive which accompanied my five thousand dollars, had I heard from Randolph Barnard. I was young, attractive, and—my mirror added—beautiful. One would think Barnard would improve the opportunity which our unconventional acquaintance must suggest to him. Yet I had not heard from him. And—I try to be honest with myself—I admitted that most of my restlessness, most of my conscientious qualms, had been due to that blank which his withdrawal from my life had caused.

Oh, I know that love at first sight is ridiculous and impossible. So is life. Yet life goes on and so does love. Why, I had purchased these things from Mme. Narrel simply because I had visualized myself clothed in them before Barnard's approving eye!

"Lydia Grey," I said to myself, "must you be a fool as well as a thief?"

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But if one stopped over, for a day or so, on the way to some other place—that would seem the most natural thing in the world. And the most obvious way of stopping over, it seemed to me, would be to pause on a motor trip.

Behold me, then, bowling out of New York in a small coupé, which, equipped with everything in the world, had cost me some six hundred dollars. Come with me, if you will, to luncheon at the Post Road restaurant near New Haven, and watch me repulse the flirtatious advances of students at the summer school. Observe me at the Inn in New London, and marvel at the chaste discretion of my behavior. Journey with me to Narragansett, and again watch me lunch in solitary state, quite unaware that gentlemen in flannels

The Rakmanoff Ruby

Illustrated by R. F. James

YOU are not to suppose that I, Lydia Grey, one time looked upon as the prettiest and most promising student in a Mid-Western university, and daughter of stanchly upright parents, turned hardened criminal overnight. Even the most vicious gangster, I think, must have shuddered at contemplation of his first crime. How much more must I, gently-bred, have suffered when I realized that I had become a thief! And so I could, if I chose, tell you of my tear-sodden pillow, of my sleepless nights, of my determination not to spend one penny of the five thousand dollars which had accrued to me from my theft of the Carteret necklace, its later theft from me by Randolph Barnard, and the surprising exhibition of honor among thieves which had caused him to send me, in cash, my share of the necklace's sale.

But it strikes me that to dwell upon my struggles with my conscience is to advance a cheap bid for sympathy, and in these confessions of mine my only extenuation will be the fact that I aimed my attacks only at human vermin like Nathan Carteret. And if that seem little excuse for what I did, it is nevertheless my only one.

So I will pass over the careful spending of my honestly owned seven hundred dollars; and bringing you to Mme. Narrel's window on West Fifty-seventh Street, let you look with me upon the reddish-brown silk dress, the wholly red turban to go with it, the evening wrap of black velvet trimmed with ermine, the dinner frock of palest yellow. . . . . But why tantalize my feminine readers as I was tantalized?

That wardrobe which I had acquired in the shops along the Rue de Rivoli was losing its chic. Midsummer had come and what had been smart in April seemed, despite the prescience of my Parisian outfitters, the faintest bit dowdy in August.

Here was Mme. Narrel's window; in the bank were one hundred and ninety-three dollars, the last of that inheritance which was to start me on the pathway to success and fame. But hidden cunningly in the backing of a painting that hung upon the wall of my furnished apartment were five thousand dollars—dishonestly acquired dollars, but dollars that murmured a plea to be honestly spent. . . .

Nine hundred and twenty-five dollars. That is what I paid Mme. Narrel's deputy that August evening, and only women who have not spent a penny for new clothing in months will understand the bliss that was mine as I posed before a mirror in my reddish-brown dress, my blue dress, my white dinner frock, my black tulle, my velvet wrap, my brocade wrap—antedating the season, but ravishing—my chiffon cape trimmed with sable, my shimmery green evening dress.

"All dressed up and no place to go." I quoted the homely old phrase next morning. I had that headache which I am told too many cocktails bring. I was restless, apprehensive. For now, by spending the money which the necklace had brought, I had passed the borderline between honesty and its opposite. Up to now I could tell myself that, though I had stolen, I had accepted no profit from my theft. Now I definitely belonged to the underworld.

I felt that desire to do something which my recent action inspired. I had turned from honorable ways because I was in panic before mean economies, because the harsh realities of life seemed unendurable to me. But now that I had turned—what to do?

Weeks had passed since the adventure of the Carteret necklace, and not one word, beyond that missive which accompanied my five thousand dollars, had I heard from Randolph Barnard. I was young, attractive, and—my mirror added—beautiful. One would think Barnard would improve the opportunity which our unconventional acquaintance must suggest to him. Yet I had not heard from him. And—I try to be honest with myself—I admitted that most of my restlessness, most of my conscientious qualms, had been due to that blank which his withdrawal from my life had caused.

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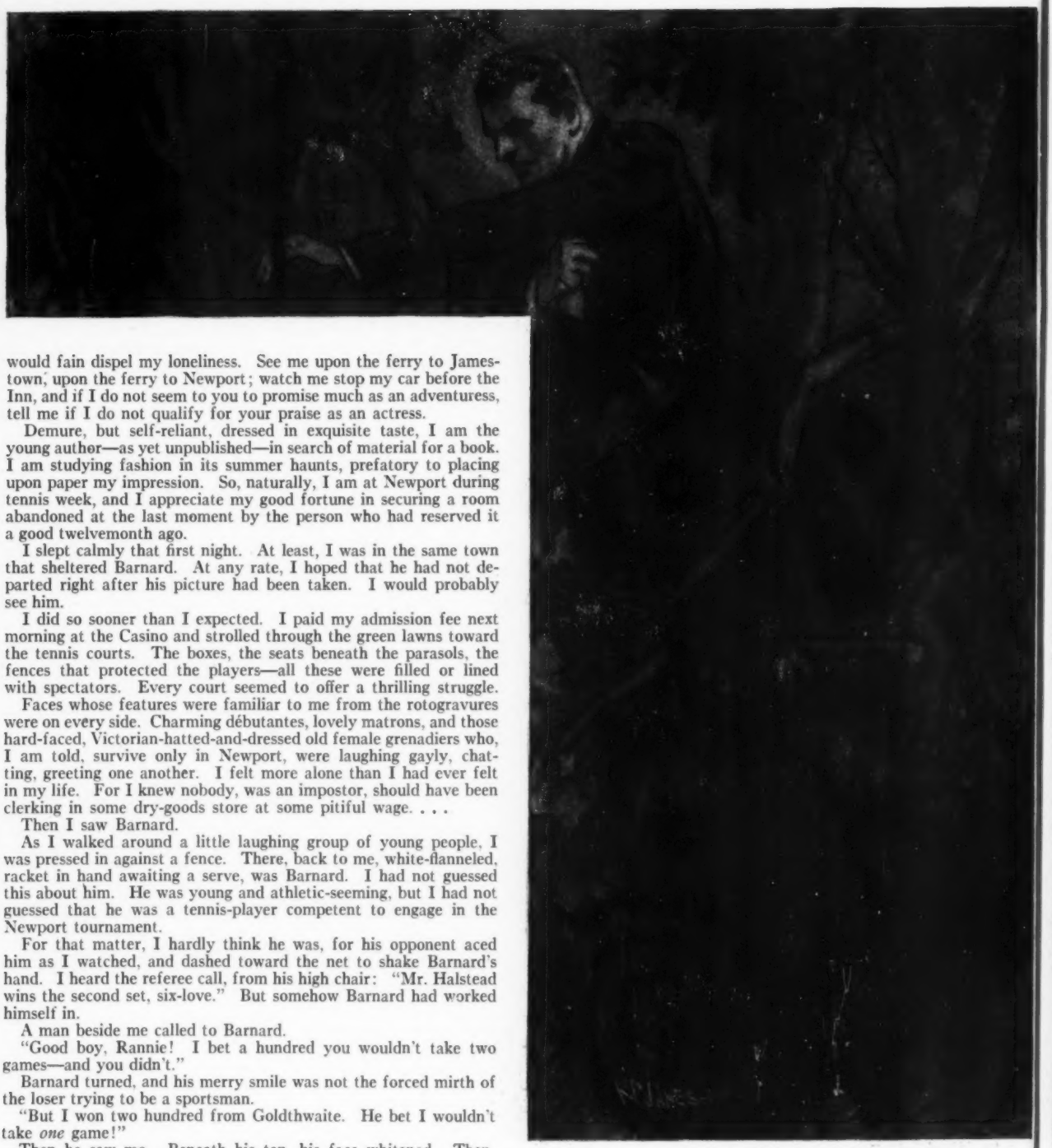


would fain dispel my loneliness. See me upon the ferry to Jamestown, upon the ferry to Newport; watch me stop my car before the Inn, and if I do not seem to you to promise much as an adventuress, tell me if I do not qualify for your praise as an actress.

Demure, but self-reliant, dressed in exquisite taste, I am the young author—as yet unpublished—in search of material for a book. I am studying fashion in its summer haunts, prefatory to placing upon paper my impression. So, naturally, I am at Newport during tennis week, and I appreciate my good fortune in securing a room abandoned at the last moment by the person who had reserved it a good twelvemonth ago.

I slept calmly that first night. At least, I was in the same town that sheltered Barnard. At any rate, I hoped that he had not departed right after his picture had been taken. I would probably see him.

I did so sooner than I expected. I paid my admission fee next morning at the Casino and strolled through the green lawns toward the tennis courts. The boxes, the seats beneath the parasols, the fences that protected the players—all these were filled or lined with spectators. Every court seemed to offer a thrilling struggle.

Faces whose features were familiar to me from the rotogravures were on every side. Charming débutantes, lovely matrons, and those hard-faced, Victorian-hatted-and-dressed old female grenadiers who, I am told, survive only in Newport, were laughing gayly, chatting, greeting one another. I felt more alone than I had ever felt in my life. For I knew nobody, was an impostor, should have been clerking in some dry-goods store at some pitiful wage. . . .

Then I saw Barnard.

As I walked around a little laughing group of young people, I was pressed in against a fence. There, back to me, white-flanneled, racket in hand awaiting a serve, was Barnard. I had not guessed this about him. He was young and athletic-seeming, but I had not guessed that he was a tennis-player competent to engage in the Newport tournament.

For that matter, I hardly think he was, for his opponent aced him as I watched, and dashed toward the net to shake Barnard's hand. I heard the referee call, from his high chair: "Mr. Halstead wins the second set, six-love." But somehow Barnard had worked himself in.

A man beside me called to Barnard.

"Good boy, Rannie! I bet a hundred you wouldn't take two games—and you didn't."

Barnard turned, and his merry smile was not the forced mirth of the loser trying to be a sportsman.

"But I won two hundred from Goldthwaite. He bet I wouldn't take *one* game!"

Then he saw me. Beneath his tan, his face whitened. Then, almost instantly, color flooded back to his cheeks. He started to bow, changed his mind, took a step toward me, halted, and then walked off the court with his victorious opponent.

As for me, I stood there, sick at heart. Of course, I had half-expected this. And yet, somehow, I hadn't known how bitter a blow his cut could be. Then, as I walked away from the court, I tried to palliate his offence. How could he recognize me? How could he explain me? After all, in the circles in which he apparently lived, one belonged or one didn't belong. No man could introduce into those circles, short of marrying her, a woman who didn't by birth belong to them.

But that was sheerest snobbery, and Barnard couldn't be a snob. So I understood the reason for his non-recognition. He had thought himself rid of me. This sudden appearance of mine savored of blackmail. Oh, I didn't know why he had acted so. What difference did his reason make? Hating myself, determined to leave Newport at once, I hastened to the Casino entrance, walked along Bellevue Avenue until I found my parked coupé, and climbed into it.

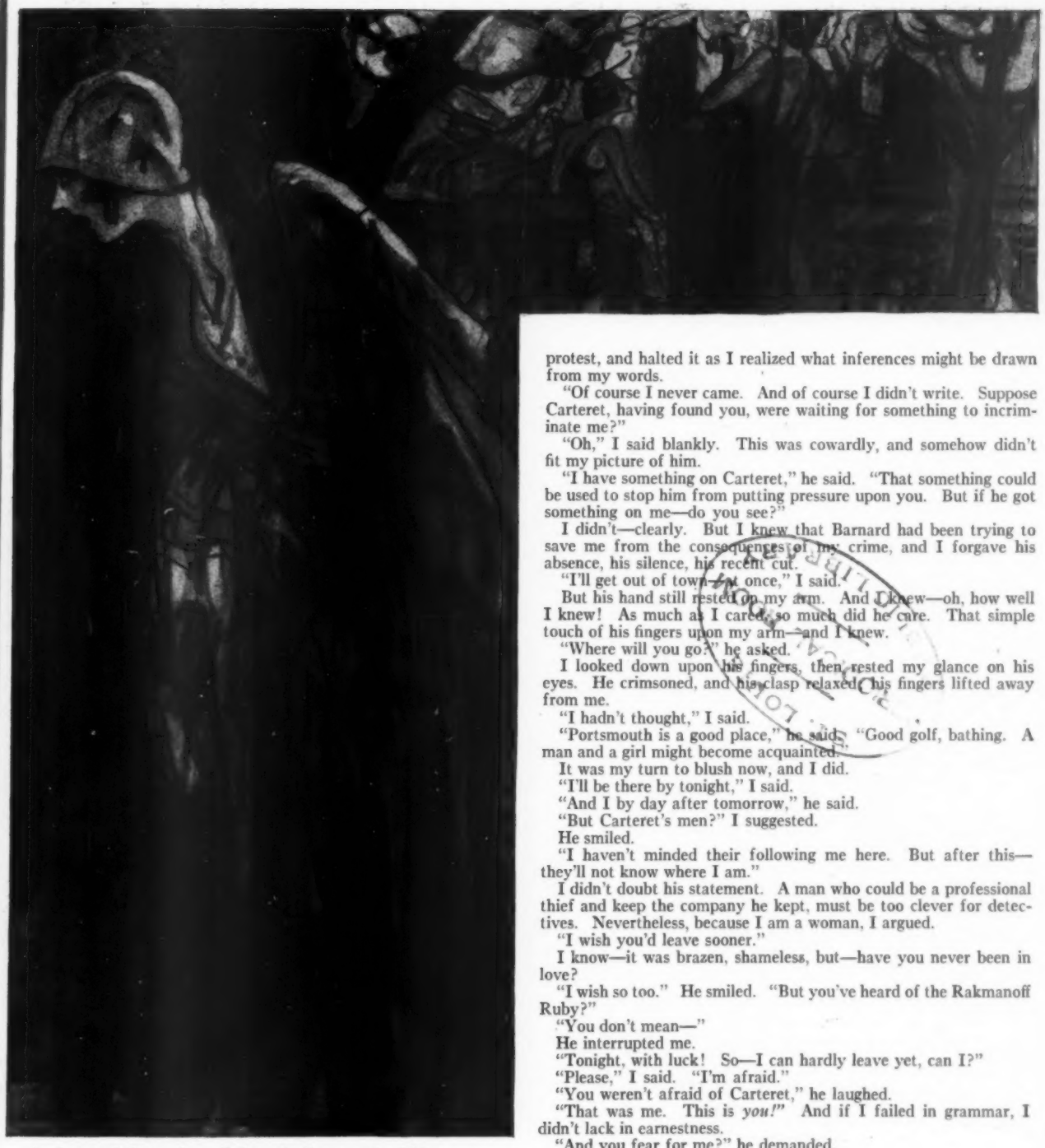
Some one touched my arm.

I turned to look into Barnard's eyes.

"You silly little fool," he whispered. "Why did you come down here?"

Now I had anticipated this meeting a thousand times. I had, with the hope that love brings, even imagined him whispering some

Past me, a dark shadow in the night, came a figure.



As he straightened up, I thought I recognized him.

endearment. If I, Lydia Grey, loved a man, certainly he could not be wholly cold to me. But I surely had never dreamed that he would speak to me so.

"Why should I not come here?" I demanded angrily.

"Because Nathan Carteret is having me followed," he said. "He wasn't convinced that I was innocent of helping your escape. Wherever I go, his men are. And if they see you—"

Somehow, because weeks had passed, because I was no longer in New York, I had dismissed Carteret from my mind. Now I felt faint, panicky.

"But you never came—you didn't write—" I blushed at my protest, and halted it as I realized what inferences might be drawn from my words.

"Of course I never came. And of course I didn't write. Suppose Carteret, having found you, were waiting for something to incriminate me?"

"Oh," I said blankly. This was cowardly, and somehow didn't fit my picture of him.

"I have something on Carteret," he said. "That something could be used to stop him from putting pressure upon you. But if he got something on me—do you see?"

I didn't—clearly. But I knew that Barnard had been trying to save me from the consequences of my crime, and I forgave his absence, his silence, his recent cut.

"I'll get out of town at once," I said.

But his hand still rested on my arm. And I knew—oh, how well I knew! As much as I cared, so much did he care. That simple touch of his fingers upon my arm—and I knew.

"Where will you go?" he asked.

I looked down upon his fingers, then rested my glance on his eyes. He crimsoned, and his clasp relaxed; his fingers lifted away from me.

"I hadn't thought," I said.

"Portsmouth is a good place," he said. "Good golf, bathing. A man and a girl might become acquainted."

It was my turn to blush now, and I did.

"I'll be there by tonight," I said.

"And I by day after tomorrow," he said.

"But Carteret's men?" I suggested.

He smiled.

"I haven't minded their following me here. But after this—they'll not know where I am."

I didn't doubt his statement. A man who could be a professional thief and keep the company he kept, must be too clever for detectives. Nevertheless, because I am a woman, I argued.

"I wish you'd leave sooner."

I know—it was brazen, shameless, but—have you never been in love?

"I wish so too." He smiled. "But you've heard of the Rakmanoff Ruby?"

"You don't mean—"

He interrupted me.

"Tonight, with luck! So—I can hardly leave yet, can I?"

"Please," I said. "I'm afraid."

"You weren't afraid of Carteret," he laughed.

"That was me. This is *you!*" And if I failed in grammar, I didn't lack in earnestness.

"And you fear for me?" he demanded.

"Please," I begged.

He knew what I meant: that it was unfair to wring confession from me when he had made no confession himself.

"Lydia," he said, "I'm married. Now do you understand?"

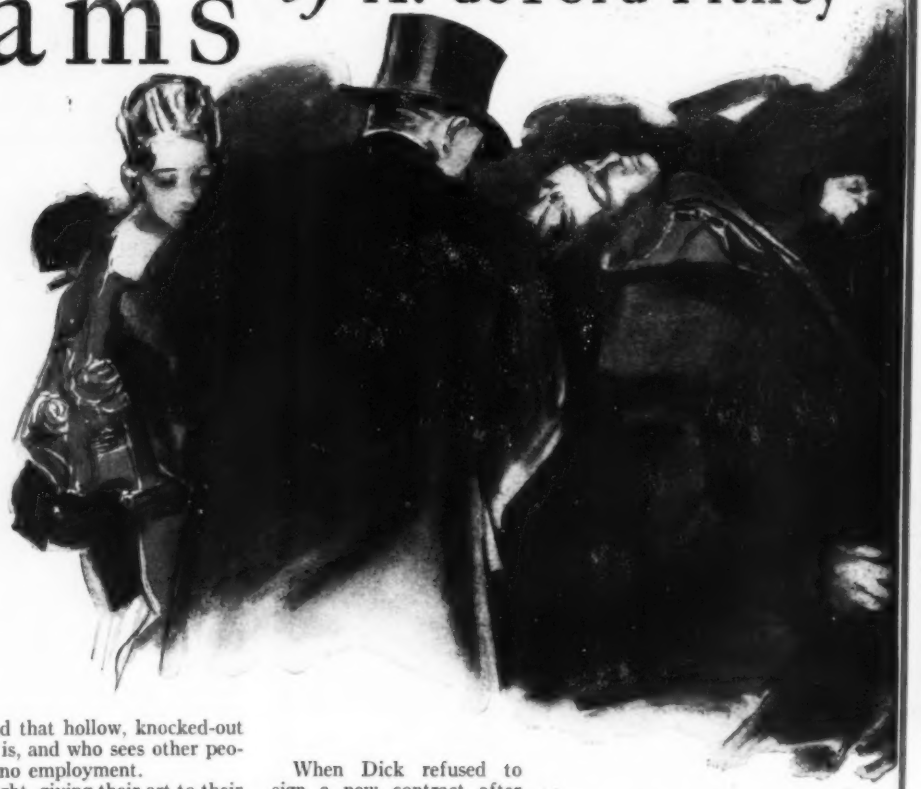
I don't remember what else was said. I only know that I got into my car, that I drove away, that I packed my bags, that I loaded them into the car, that I drove away from Newport.

Married. And I loved him. And he loved me. And we were both thieves. And—but why go further? I knew now why he had not come to see me. Fear of Carteret's men would not have restrained him where he loved. But decency—yes, even a thief can be decent—decency had kept him away. He had even proposed Portsmouth—then told me he was married. *(Please turn to page 107)*

Leave Us Our Dreams

by A. de Ford Pitney

In which a motion-picture star *lives* the stuff he's *ashamed* of.



IT was that slack hour of the evening when stay-at-home families are reposing around the radio, and when, downtown, the theaters have drawn in their public from the pavements. In a friendly shadow a few paces from the Sherman, Dick Raymond looked up and down the street at the glowing signs of the current shows. He had that hollow, knocked-out feeling of a man whose working-hour it is, and who sees other people at their tasks but who himself has no employment.

All the actors were busy now, he thought, giving their art to their public, the public—he compressed his handsome, expressive mouth bitterly—the public that won't think, that can't be made to think. The moron mob! The overhead lights painted grim black shadows below the pulled-down hat brim over his splendid, virile features. His heroic physique, tall, supple, with the strength of a buffalo and the elastic activity of a panther, had been a tremendous asset in making him a popular idol.

Not many months ago Dick Raymond's passages through Chicago were triumphs. He could hardly avoid making personal appearances at the biggest picture theaters. In his hotel suite his secretary would usher in the newspaper people. Mae Tinee in the *Tribune* would tell the next day how Dick Raymond "looked so marvelous, girls, and vurr', vurr' masculine." Even if Dick had to rush through the city there would be a group of interviewers in the train-shed with flashlights booming.

Now he stood in the shadow, unnoticed. Two blocks away, around the corner on State Street, his name was up in huge letters, announcing the run of his last play, "Falcon Heart," produced by Super-Acoustico-Graustein. In the theater lobby were his photographs in the name part, in white linen riding-breeches, shirt unbuttoned and sleeves rolled up to show his muscles; in uniform with boots and spurs but with his shirt half torn off, fighting a saber duel. Uncounted thousands of the prints had been distributed to his adorers.

That was what was behind Dick. Before him, he had charted the career of a conscientious artist. He had just produced on the speaking stage a play that had been a complete failure. He was at the hotel to meet a playwright who had a script Dick wanted to read. The playwright was a rising young realist. His play might have the gripping qualities that would redeem the other failure.

When Dick refused to sign a new contract after "Falcon Heart," Super-Acoustico-Graustein was stupefied. Eric Morvich, Dick's director, almost wept.

"You've got the greatest future of any man on the screen," he argued. "Don't throw down your public. Don't commit suicide."

"A future doing what?" said Dick. "I'm through playing parts written around my face and legs. I'm going to use my brains and make the public use their brains."

"The public use their brains!" Morvich clutched his grizzled hair.

"That's what they've got to be made to do, if a man is putting on any really big art." Dick was tramping up and down, wiping cold cream off his face. "I have respect for a clown—he can be a great artist and put across a big idea. But I'm not a clown, and I'm not going to waste any more of my life on this froth. I intend to give serious interpretations of life."

"But what for? What for?" protested Morvich.

"I've got it in me to do something worth while and I'm going to do it." An hussar's dolman, trimmed with ermine, fell off a chair and Dick kicked the coquettish trapping the length of the dressing-room. "I've saved my money. I'm not married. I'm going to put on a play of real life—a play of the world as it is."

"But, I ask you, what for?" Morvich wailed.

"To make the public think. To show them what life is and how to live it."

"If you've got religion, there's no hope for you." Morvich threw up his hands.

"I haven't got religion. But you know perfectly well no work of art is great unless it has a moral effect. You might say its greatness is in proportion to its moral effect. You can't deny that," shouted Dick. "That's fundamental. If you're going to do some-

Illustrated by
W. C. Hoople

Dick took a left-hand blow to land his own right. Al Halterman reeled and the next instant crumpled on the cement.

thing big, you've got to have a big idea. If you put over a big idea you make people think. If they do that, it will affect their lives. That's the final test."

"And that's what you expect to do?"

"That's it." Dick strode the floor, his deep voice booming. "I'm going to produce sincere art, of vital, moral force. No more of this froth. I'm going to do stuff with power."

"And you expect to affect the public with ideas?"

"How else can you do it?"

"Well, you go ahead, Dick. You go ahead and see how you come out." Morvich went hopelessly out into the hall. . . .

Dick Raymond stood in the shadow and looked down Randolph Street. He had just arrived and did not feel like sitting alone in his room in the hotel. He still was fighting. He had money left. The playwright he was to meet was out, but was expected back soon. Dick didn't want to stay in the lobby. He was thinking about the play that had failed. He saw what was wrong with it. Of course that was the reason. He couldn't find exactly what he was after, so he had put on this one. It had a foreign setting. That was it. The new one must be made and laid in America, a gripping piece of actuality, dug out of the heart of life. Dick had come down to Chicago by himself. The play had been pulmotored a week on Broadway, gasped out its life across three States on tour, staggered into Milwaukee and dropped dead. But he still was fighting. A play of ideas—American life as it actually is—realism. What affected people's minds was the test. Grip their minds! Real life in America—a tragedy of actuality.

Being an actor, Dick was not normally hungry at this hour, but he had missed his early dinner. He walked a few paces down the street and turned into an armchair lunchroom. Picking up a sandwich and coffee at the counter, he went to a chair in a long, empty row at one side. He tasted his coffee and sat with his chin on his necktie. In a few minutes he would be in conference with the playwright. It might be a crucial conference. He must make no mistake this time.

Across his line of vision a pair of high-heeled pumps listlessly dragged themselves. Ranging upward his eye took in the complementary pair of slim, well-curved and graceful but very tired legs. There was a slender, weary body, a worn, thin coat, a pair of soiled gloves and a shabby, cheap purse. The limp, discouraged, dyed-fur collar was ripped. But the ear and the outline of the cheek and neck were pretty.

At the girl's shoulder, a little behind as she persistently turned away from him, a square-jawed, dapper fellow was keeping step with her, urgently arguing into her ear. The man wore a derby hat, slightly on one side. A polka-dot muffler puffed out above the velvet collar of his close-fitting blue overcoat which showed his athletic figure. He pulled at the girl's arm and angrily tried to persuade her to leave this place and go somewhere else with him. She twitched her arm away and kept on toward the counter.

Dick observed the bit of real-life drama. It was a scene after his own heart, the kind of thing he had been working for—a cross-section of intense living.

The fellow gave up and walked out, with a furious backward glance. The girl languidly murmured her order to the counter-man. In a moment, with her purse held to her ribs under her elbow, she used both hands to carry her plate and mug to the stand for a napkin. Turning to the nearest place where she could take her weight off her hip-joints, she sank into the chair next to Dick's, with a weary sigh. She rested for a minute and then drew off her shabby, scuffed gloves. Her hands were slim but marked by scars of cuts and scratches; her nails were stained and broken. Dick saw that her delicate, round neck bore an overlooked smudge. Her mouth was pretty, charming even, but drooped with fatigue.

This was one of the people—one of the public that artists tried to reach, he thought. What was the way to get below the surface and grip the mind of one like this? Suddenly Dick saw that the girl had come to life. She was gazing as him as if hypnotized.

"Excuse me." She could hardly speak. "But—I—I thought you were Dick Raymond."

"Too bad you are mistaken." Dick automatically defended himself.

"I just saw 'Falcon Heart' this week," she continued breathlessly. "Why—just now—when I looked at you—"

"Do you like that tripe?" It occurred to Dick that he had never had a frank talk incognito with a genuine movie-fan.

"Tripe!" she replied indignantly. "It's just grand!"

"And the lovely hero in his beautiful costumes, and in scenes that are so faithful to probability, he's just grand too?" inquired Dick cynically.

"Say, listen." She roused herself. "You aren't so terrible-looking that you have to be half sick wishing you were like him, the way most men must feel about Dick Raymond. So why the anvil chorus? What has he done to you?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. I didn't mean to make you angry." Dick studied her. She was a type that might go in a play. "What do you do to get so tired?" It would have sounded impertinent and intrusive from anybody but Dick Raymond.

"I inspect spring motors." She hesitated before answering, but her eyes when turned on Dick still had their bewildered, fascinated glow.

"What kind of work is that?"

"The factory," she explained, "is running off a rush order for a novelty that's gone over big. The assemblies come on the production-carrier to be tested and then the 'O. K.'s' go on the carrier to the shipping floor."

"Do you have to stand?" he asked sympathetically.

"You can't keep up with them sitting down. If they pile up, there is a yell from the foreman."

"Do they all have to be inspected?"

"If they weren't, the women down the line would leave out half the cotter pins. They get paid by the piece. I don't see how you can be interested in this."

"I can see that you have been overworking." It was always said of Dick that in five minutes any woman would be telling him her secrets. He had the magnetism to draw them out and, at the same time, a chivalrous, courteous, protecting manner that took away their fears—in sum, all the qualities that made him Dick Raymond.

"It's a higher grade job, but it's a rush," she said. "It's hard on the hands but you can't work fast except with bare fingers."

"There seems to be a lot in working fast."

"I guess you never were in a factory."

Dick smiled. "Do you have to have special training to be an inspector?"

"No, you just have to be conscientious and quick," she replied. "There's a lot of competition for the jobs."

"Who appoints them?"

"Usually the foreman picks them. They are permanent jobs, too. That's another advantage. Thousands of women are out of work."

"So the inspectors' jobs go by favor of the foreman?"

"Yes." Her voice became flat and dull.

"Have you been an inspector long?"

"I just started at it. I'll keep the position if I suit."

"I have been in a business in which advancement is very largely in the hands of foremen of different grades," said Dick gravely. "I wonder if I understand the situation?"

"I guess you do."

"So it goes, all the way through life," said Dick to himself.

"I suppose you mean that if a girl wants to get on in that business, that if the foreman is the kind to use pressure, she has to do him little favors," said the girl. "Like taking his letters to the post office, or embroidering his initials on his handkerchiefs."

"Even so."

"Quite so." She twisted her gloves in her hands and stared across the tiled floor. "And if she didn't have any postage-stamps or embroidery-thread she might find herself out in the street without any job at all."

"Probably."

"Pleasant weather, this autumn. We've been chatting away, just like old pals, haven't we?" she remarked, and started to arise.

"Wait a minute," said Dick. "*En passant*, that is, by the way, who was the urgent gentleman with the polka-dot muffler who followed you in here?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Oh, just tell me."

"Why am I telling you everything?"

"Come on," urged Dick. "We are both of us workers. Why shouldn't we talk to each other?"

She waited a moment and then answered, "He is the foreman of the spring-motors section."

"At least you are rid of him for the present."

"He's outside, waiting for me. You don't know him if you think he would go away."

"Don't go out, then. Stick around. You are safe in here."

"I've got to go sometime," she said wearily. "I can't sit here all night."

"Why don't you call a policeman if the fellow annoys you?"

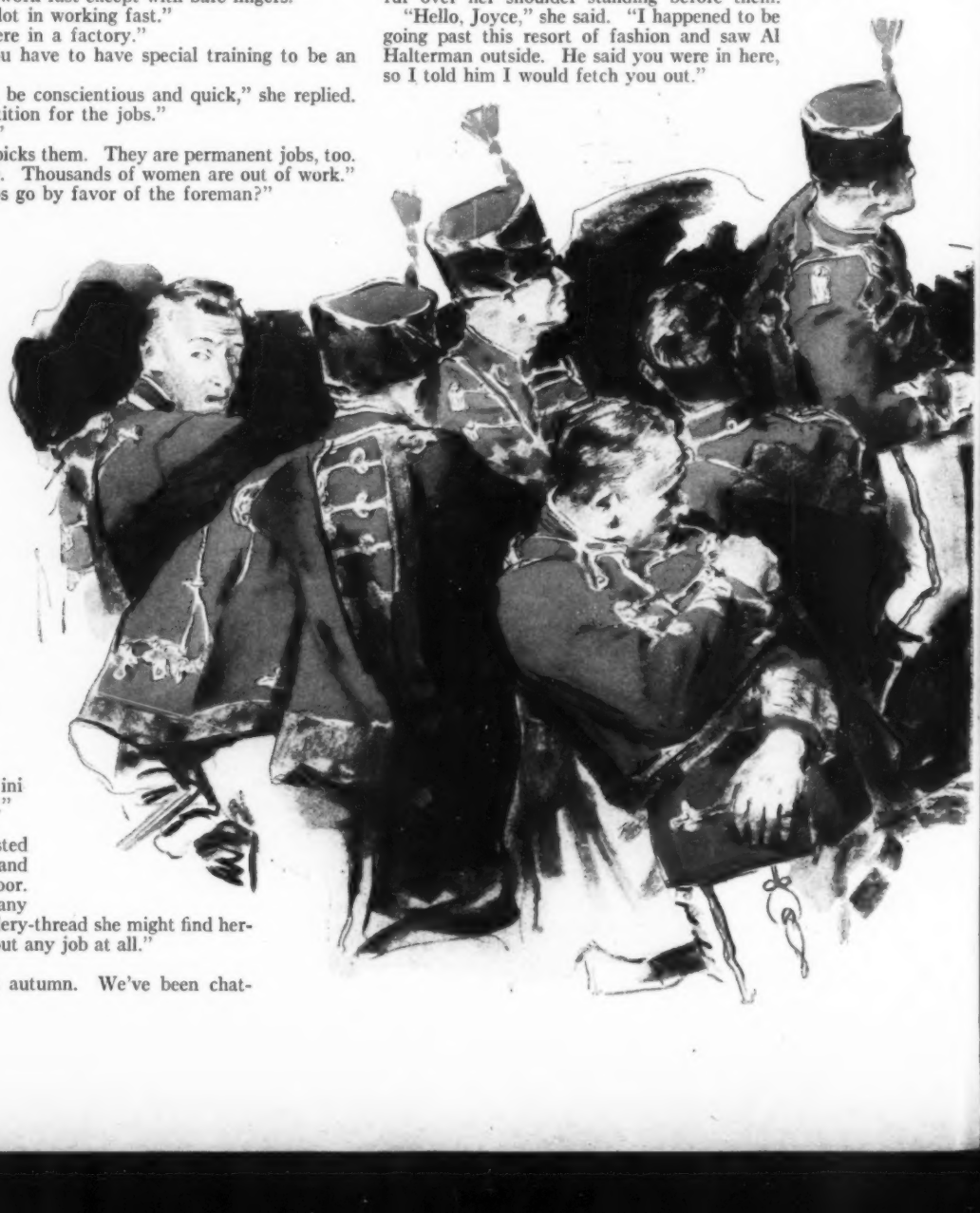
"In the first place, he's my boss. In the second, they are going to lay off half the factory when this rush is over. Besides, he only wants me to go out for a little fun with him, go to a couple of speak-easies, dance a little and take a little ride in his coupé. I can't have a man arrested for that."

"And S. A. G. is producing tripe in a world like this," muttered Dick in a tone of stifled anger.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. At least, I was remarking what a ghastly thing life is." Dick looked up to see a tall dashing girl with a black fox fur over her shoulder standing before them.

"Hello, Joyce," she said. "I happened to be going past this resort of fashion and saw Al Halterman outside. He said you were in here, so I told him I would fetch you out."



"I knew he wouldn't go away." The girl introduced Dick. "This gentleman is an old friend I just met; Miss Billie Zimmer."

"Mr. Brown." Dick had been standing. He bowed. That was the name he used when he was incognito. "Please sit down, Miss Zimmer, and let me get you something."

"In this dump! Do you want to poison me?" Billie took a chair.

"Excuse me a minute," said Joyce. "I want to telephone."

"Are you in the spring-motor department too?" asked Dick when Joyce had gone.

"Me, in that factory!" Billie laughed. "Well, I used to be, but it was some time ago. I've got better use for myself now. I do a little very special work with high-grade photographers," she added. She drew off a glove. Her finger-nails glistened like rubies as she examined her face in a gold compact. "That little sap, Joyce, doesn't need to be doing hard work any longer than she wants too. She's gone now to telephone her sister. She always has to telephone that sister. They make me sick."

Dick, blood-stained, his shirt torn off, assaulted the traitor like a lion—the girl was behind him.

"Why is that? I haven't met them."

"Met them!" Billie laughed. "I mean if Joyce ever makes up her mind to be sensible the sister and her husband will get all the benefit of it. The sister is sickly. Her husband is a garage mechanic who hurt his back two years ago and hasn't since been able to lift anything heavier than a stein of beer. They live on her. If Joyce tries to hold out anything for herself, this fellow beats her sister. What a life! One week when Joyce was out of work I lent her the money so the beast wouldn't beat her sister to death. Now Joyce is going to be laid off unless she plays with the foreman—and she is half crazy. How silly! Pretty as she is, she could have them half crazy about her. Then, if she could get this sister and the sister's husband off her neck, Joyce could do some living. If she gets over this puritanical complex, though, it will be for the sister's benefit. They make me sick."

Joyce came back, looking pale, and sat down with them again. "I got to talking to Mr. Brown," she explained, "because at first I thought he was Dick Raymond."

"There was something familiar about him to me," said Billie. "But it's only a likeness. The expression is entirely different."

"He tried to tell me he thinks Dick's pictures are rotten," said Joyce, her underlip between her teeth.

"The nerve of him! What makes you talk so foolishly, Mr. Brown?"

"My God, look around you! Think of what we've just been talking, and then consider what silly froth that stuff is, in the face of realities like those. It's an insult to humanity."

"I never lost a wink of sleep over it, I assure you, Mr. Brown. Now listen, honey, you mustn't loaf here. Al Halterman will get good and sore."

"I just talked to Sis," murmured Joyce, twisting her old gloves. "Her side's bad again. She's got to go to a clinic, and then have an operation. What shall I do?"

"Honey, listen! You can't lose your job now. But you be sensible and you can get yourself fixed up to look the way you ought to and I'll take you to a peachy photographer and you can be measured and have some tests made. And there's just the grandest old fellow, in the silk business, that's a chum of a boy I know very well, and he— But I want you to look right, first—I keep telling you, honey—"

"Oh, Billie, I can't! I can't do that!"

"You could use the money I lent you all right," said Billie, her delicate nostrils whitening.

"Don't, Billie—don't get sore on me!" Joyce caught her hands. "You're the only friend I have."

"All right, honey. All right. Go on now and give Al a good time and I'll see you next week."

"Wait a minute." Dick put out his hand. "I wish you two girls would do me a favor."

"What is it?" asked Joyce, while Billie regarded him with lifted eyebrows.

"I have to go in the Sherman House. I wish you would wait here and let me introduce a friend of mine to you. It would be a great favor to me."

"What for?" asked Billie practically.

"Just as a favor to me. It won't take but a minute and there will be nothing to follow, but I should be greatly obliged."

"Yes, I will, if you want me to," said Joyce.

"Oh, you poor sap," cried Billie, when Dick had gone. "You are willing to do anything to put Al off. And you sit there gazing at this man and thinking he's like Dick Raymond!"

Dick went into the hotel and to the desk.

"Telegram, Mr. Raymond," said the clerk. "Mr. Holcomb has come in and was asking for you. There he is."

Dick opened the yellow envelope.

DICK RAYMOND HOTEL SHERMAN CHICAGO CONDOLENCES YOUR LOSS OUR GAIN MORVICH HAS GRAND SCRIPT READY BEGIN SOON AS YOU GET CONTRACT HERE STILL WAITING CONFIDENCE AND CONGRATULATIONS —S. A. G.

"Hello, Raymond." Duane Holcomb's keen, lean, brown face, with the hair worn away at both sides above his high forehead, was at Dick's side.

(Please turn to page 94)

"Oh, Jehosophat," she cried. "What a fool I've been! I pretended you could help me, but you're just a pile of stone."

Don't be

The love story *of* a girl

JULIE felt out of place in New York. But not really any more so than she had felt in Deadlock, Wisconsin, or Rockford, Illinois. Her childhood had been motherless and a stepmother, added to the family later, had only complicated matters for her. A feeling of out-of-placeness was the one emotion which, if she suddenly had been given the ability to put a feeling into words, she could have described adequately. Other emotions were largely names to her. She had never found anything which seemed important enough to make her angry, nor any person who paid enough attention to her to make her hate him. She knew nothing about remorse, for she had never done an unkind thing consciously. Love? Well, of course she loved her father—any girl would; but that wasn't what you meant when you said "love." Love was something different, that tugged at you and made you stay awake of nights—a dear pain, a satisfying hunger, a muted cry. Julie knew this—knew it from things she had read and been told, knew it instinctively too, but nothing that had ever happened to her confirmed this knowledge.

There were silent, immutable things she loved: The evening star, the Palisades of the Hudson River, with houses set upon them in orderly arrangement like bric-a-brac upon a mantelpiece; her neighbor, the Channin Building, a monument to greatness and delicacy in one, the house of a god at night when floodlights illumined its tower, creating a white temple to pure, unravished beauty. She felt something in common with this building, save that she knew she was not beautiful. Whenever Julie was in her fifth floor, one-room-and-shared-bath apartment on East Forty-sixth Street at dusk, she stood at her window watching and waiting for the lights to change the sleeping gray aloofness of her tower into a gleaming white shrine touched with shafts of the spectrum where slight imperfections in the floodlight lenses cast slender spears of color along its buttresses.

Surely it was love that she felt for this austere companion of her lonely nights; but this was no more what one meant when one said love than was her love for her father. There was no longing in this, none of the pain which, because you can feel it so keenly, assures you that you are alive and vivid and capable of something. There was no possibility of let-down in the love of the gleaming glory of her architectural deity, and hence no contrasting exaltation. There was no adventure.

More than most persons she had missed adventure. Nothing had ever happened to her. Her mother, dying at the birth of her only child, had left Julie a heritage of reserve and reticence, a habit of withdrawing at life's crucial moments, a feeling less of fear than of concern that her presence might be an intrusion. Julie had always withdrawn when there had been a possibility that something might happen, because she felt always that she might be in some one's way, and chance, coöperating slyly, had arranged matters so that there was seldom anything from which she was given the opportunity to withdraw.

She felt withdrawn now, out of things, without place, as she stood at her window on an evening in January watching and waiting for the Channin Building lights to proclaim the coming of night. A glance at the clock on her dresser told her that she would not have long to wait. She felt almost prayerful as she looked upwards at the beautiful mass, as though she were waiting for a god to show his face.

Suddenly a name sprang to her lips out of her childhood, a name that had once seemed a great and delightful blasphemy, a mouth-filling appellation. She had gotten it from a church-going uncle whose nearest approach to profanity had been the exclamation: "Great Jumping Jehosophat!" For weeks after first hearing it she had gone about chanting it over and over in a singsong rhythm, substituting it for other, often sacred, words in hymns, feeling vastly but harmlessly wicked.

Now her childhood blasphemy came back to her and, stretching her arms toward the window and the gray tower beyond it, she whispered an invocation:

"Jehosophat!"

Almost as she spoke the great white lights, one by one, threw out

a Girl *like* That!

who was *afraid* to be herself

by Robert Ballou

Illustrated by John La Gatta

their radiance in leisurely answer and the upper tower, detached from the shadowed mass below it, floated in mid-air like a gleaming ship on still water.

"Why, you heard me, you sweet old thing!" she cried and blew a kiss outward and upward toward it.

Then she turned to her dressing quickly with a little feeling of guilt for the time lost. In half an hour she must meet her friend Harriet for dinner at a downtown restaurant. Later they might go to a movie together or even to a theater on cut-rate tickets bought the last minute at Grays. She hurried into her clothes, and with a wave over her shoulder to her newly named tower-god, dashed out the door and down the four flights to the street.

Hurrying down Forty-sixth Street, she paused for the fraction of a step, then turned south on Lexington Avenue, going a block farther than she need in order to walk along Forty-fifth Street under the double ramp where Park Avenue, having climbed to a second-story level, proceeds dizzily through the air on two balcony-like ledges, then plunges through the middle of the New York Central Building down to street level again.

Above her head automobiles that looked like toys dashed madly out of a huge domed corridor and along a ridge. Directly beneath her, under the street, was the Grand Central trainshed. Whenever she walked down Forty-sixth Street she could look through the gratings in the sidewalk directly down onto the sleek backs of incoming and outgoing trains. Beneath those she could see was still another row of trains on the lower level, standing side by side awaiting the signals of conductors to set them into motion and send them on their ways. Standing thus under the Park Avenue ramp she felt as though she were housed within the vitals of the living world, a tiny feeling organism squeezed in between the seething heartbreaks of New York City.

Julie was twenty-three and still felt the fine inward excitement which Manhattan had stimulated in her when she had first come to it two years before. In all its crazy inconsistencies she loved this one consistency: its constant will to action, to go somewhere and do something, little matter where or what or when or how. If a building stood in the path of a street, the street passed through it and went its way. If the surface of the earth provided insufficient space for the great procession, vast channels were bored through solid rock, one over the other if need be, like chambers in a honeycomb; streets piled vertically in both directions proceeded on their precarious paths fearing neither the heights of the air nor the darkness of the earth. If a river blocked the way, bridges were thrown across it or a tunnel bored beneath it for the onward march.

Julie loved all this indomitable movement in the same undisturbing way she loved the evening star and the Channin tower; yet she felt depressingly unrelated to it and a little frightened by it, an alien and an onlooker only, as though she were an uninvited child hanging over the fence to watch a party on a neighbor's lawn.

Perhaps if she had been going to meet a dearly loved man instead of Harriet, she would have felt less out of place. Perhaps if she had had a more important job than that of stenographer at thirty dollars a week, she would have felt less so.

Julie let her hands flutter helplessly toward him, then back. She could only wait for him.

Harriet was waiting for her at a little Italian restaurant far downtown where they dined splendidly on scallopine of veal with mushrooms. Harriet was unusually gay. She bubbled with suppressed excitement. When the waiter was leaving with their order, she suddenly called him back and told him to bring them a half-bottle of Chianti.

"It's on me," she said, when Julie remonstrated. "I've got to celebrate!"

"Birthday?"

"Nope."

"Raise?"

"Nope. Better than that."

"Long-lost Uncle Bim?"

"Stupid! One more guess."

"A man?"

It was what Julie had thought immediately—but she had put off saying it.

"Of course."

Harriet leaned over, her eyes shining, and put her hand over Julie's, pressing it with an unaccustomed warmth as though she re-created thus the sweetness she had found in the pressure of another hand.

"Oh, Julie, he's the sweetest, dearest thing you ever saw! And he's so gentle and tender and all. He kisses the palm of my hand and closes my fingers over the place he has kissed and says, 'Save it. Maybe you'll want to take it out and use it some time.' "

"Sounds as if he was sort of stuck on himself."

Julie didn't mean to be scornful. It just popped out as a sudden pain swept through her. In her mind she wanted to kiss Harriet and tell her how glad she was. But you didn't feel things in your mind. Pain and happiness seemed to dwell in other parts of your body, often quite at variance with what was happening in your mind. Below the shoulders Julie experienced again that keen and painful awareness of being an outsider who stood by and looked on while others played a delightful game.

Her companion had withdrawn her hand in silence under Julie's thrust. Now Julie put out her own, touching Harriet's arm lightly.

"Forgive me, darling! I was just being a jealous cat. Shall we go to the movies tonight?"

It was the wrong thing to say, that last, and she knew it. It took the edge off their reconciliation, made a wedge that pushed them apart again after they had come close to each other through Julie's apology; made it seem that her apology had not been genuine, that she disliked the whole subject of Harriet's man and wanted to run away from it as soon as possible.

Who could see what really happened to Julie in moments like this? She herself couldn't tell clearly. She knew only that she was always running away from things she would have liked to explore minutely in thought and word. She was afraid of revealing herself to others, afraid to let anyone see how keenly she felt things.

There was disappointment in Harriet's voice as she asked: "Do you want very much to go to a movie?"

"Of course not, but there's no place else to go."

"But that's just it. There is! You see Hal wanted me to have dinner with him; I told him I couldn't because I was eating with you, so—"

"You shouldn't have done that," Julie broke in reproachfully. "Why didn't you call me and cancel it? I wouldn't have minded." Again that old tug of pain at her heart. She was in the way, an intruder, out of place. . . . .

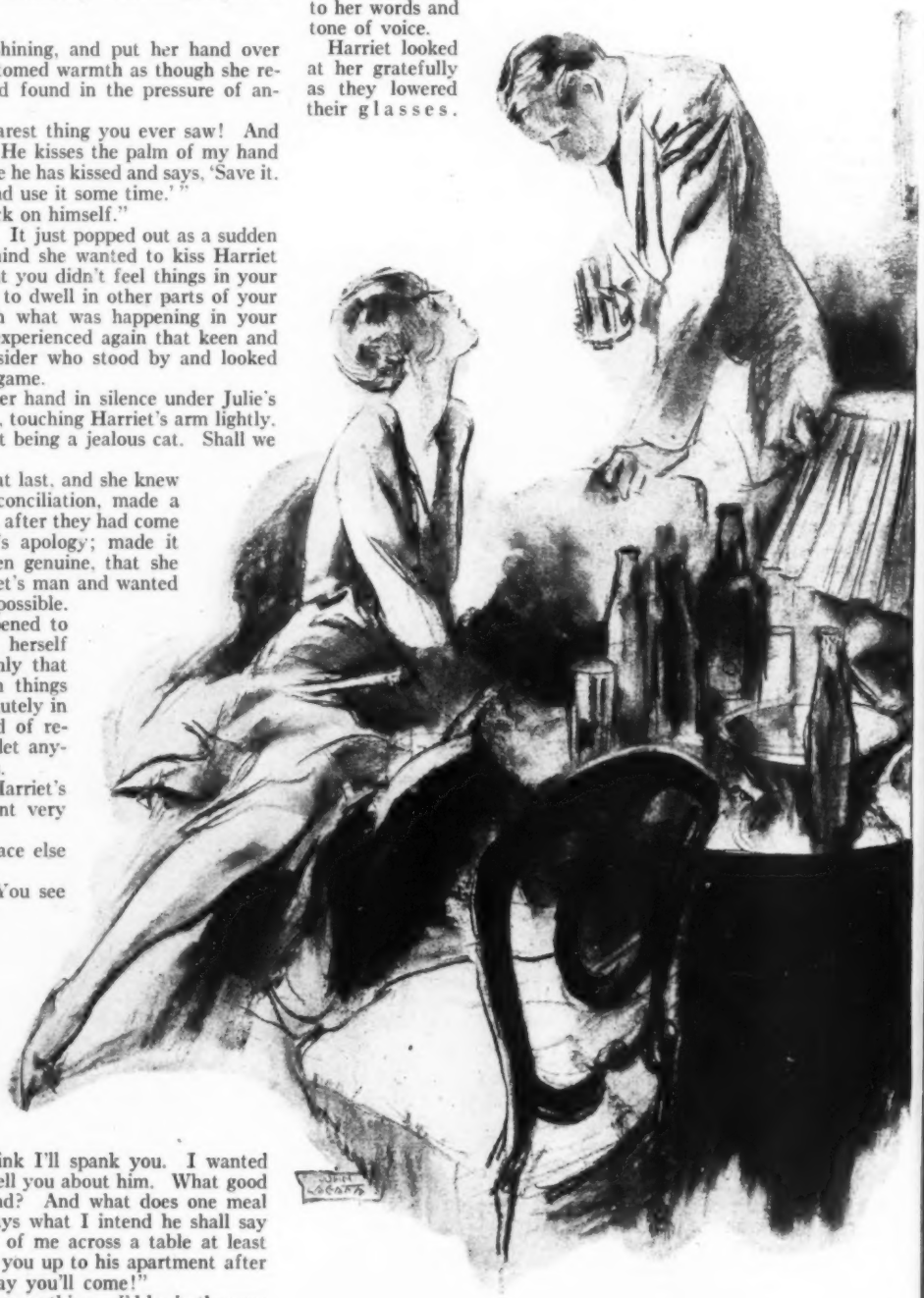
"Honestly, Julie, sometimes I think I'll spank you. I wanted to eat with you, silly. I wanted to tell you about him. What good is it if you can't tell your girl friend? And what does one meal with him matter anyway? If he says what I intend he shall say one of these nights, he'll see plenty of me across a table at least twice a day. He wants me to bring you up to his apartment after dinner. Gee, he's swell, darling. Say you'll come!"

"You go, and I'll go to a movie or something. I'd be in the way and cramp your style."

"Silly goose! He's inviting his boy friend up because I told him what a dear you are. Ben's older than he is, and a strange, silent sort of fellow, but Hal likes him a lot—says that he's the finest person he knows, but that he's sort of a nut. You wouldn't disappoint three of us, would you? Besides, Hal and I wouldn't be alone anyway. You've got to come, Julie, or I'll be heartbroken. I've just been dying to show him to you ever since I found him."

The wine was before them and Harriet filled their glasses. Julie raised hers to a level with their eyes and smiled while something within her whispered, "Be yourself this once; do what you want to and say what you mean." Aloud she said, "Here's success, darling. I hope you get him and that you're awfully happy together." The heartiness in her own voice surprised and pleased her. It was the kind of thing that she always meant in her heart and usually found it hard to get into her words and tone of voice.

Harriet looked at her gratefully as they lowered their glasses.



"You'll come with me then, won't you?" she asked.

"If you really want me to—" Even now, just when she had resolved to be different, Julie found herself conditioning, modifying, leaving the way open for retreat.

Unused to alcohol, she found the wine going rapidly to her head and she laughed dizzily, trying to patch up that last remark. "If I drink much more of this stuff you'll have to carry me there and I'll disgrace you."

"That'd be grand. It'd be fun to see you tight, Julie, but you'll never get there on a thimbleful of Chianti."

Julie smiled. "Well, I might try it, but I don't think you'd like me. I've never been drunk in my life and I've a notion I'd be a mess."

She raised her glass and emptied it, feeling that it was a reckless gesture, wishing that she had something to tell—something to match Harriet's story about her man—an adventure, anything that would lift her out of the humdrum picture which she must make in the eyes of everyone who knew her.

They finished their meal and started to walk toward Fifth Avenue and Hal's apartment. Julie felt a little light-headed and unsteady as they left the warm room, and raised her face gratefully to the brisk January wind which cut at them. "O Lord, give me something interesting to say when we get there and a chance to say it," she whispered. "Give me a break, O Lord!"

Their way led across Washington Square, unimportant in January save as a windswept open space where for a moment you can see the stars without bending your head quite so far back as is necessary in the cañons of New York streets; and Julie, a little dizzy still, feasted her eyes on the glory of the night.

"Spring will come," she thought dreamily. "Spring will come racing along on silent feet and these stars will be even brighter than they are tonight. Harriet and her man will sit on these benches far into the night holding each other's hands and whispering beautiful and exciting things to one another. When no one is about, Hal will put his head on her breast. Am I drunk, I wonder? I want my bench too, and a man whispering lovely things to me, and putting his head on my breast. Pussy wants a corner and the corners are all taken."

She was called back from her thoughts by Harriet's, "Here we are!" and found herself at the door of Hal's apartment.

He was a handsome fellow, with gay, kind eyes, and an assured easy way of talking. As Julie looked at him there flashed across her mind a vivid panorama of a possible future—a probability even, for Harriet would manage this: Harriet putting his cup of coffee before him in the morning and watching his eyes, heavy with still unconquered sleep, brighten as he drank it; Harriet kissing him at the top of their apartment stairway after breakfast and waving a gay good-by from the window; Harriet tidying up their apartment; Harriet offering the efficient, silent prayer of busy feet and fingers before the gas stove in the evening that his dinner might be ready the minute he got home; Harriet sleeping with tousled hair spread about a pillow that touched his face; Hal saying frightened, futile things over Harriet's baby; the two of them beating a leisurely, contented retreat from youth down the pathway to old age—together—not lonely.

Her pulse quickened at the picture, but she was called back to the present by Harriet's voice talking about her, forcing upon her the acute and painful consciousness she always felt when anyone mentioned her name in her presence.

"Julie thinks she's a little tight," Harriet's voice was saying. "We had some wine at dinner and it went to her head."

"Better have a hair from the tail of the dog that bit you," Hal advised cheerfully, turning to the cupboard. "What'll you have?"

Harriet laughed gayly and asked for a highball with mineral water. Julie said nothing, waiting.

"What's your drink?" Hal began, looking at Julie; then he interjected, "Let's can the last names, what?" He pointed, one at a time, to the three of them and said, as if reciting: "Harriet, Julie, Hal. O. K.?"

"O. K." Harriet sang back, and Julie nodded, her smile meeting his in quick friendliness.

"Come on, Julie, what are you going to drink?"

"I think I'd better not," she said. "I don't drink much and I'm afraid I've had enough for tonight."

"Oh, come on," he urged. "Don't be a girl like that or nobody will like you."

(Please turn to page 96)

She answered in a falsely gay voice: "I like exciting men!"

Illustrated by
G. Patrick Nelson

Murder

How many "*friends*" might have *killed* this well-known *Broadwayite!*

The Story So Far:

ON the bed Philip Darrow lay dead. Virginia Channing had dragged him there from the floor, had scraped incriminating monograms from her dressing-case, and tucked in her coat the silver slippers and other contents. She dared not take the case. It must look, when she went out, as if she were coming back again.

A commonplace question of the hotel-clerk: "Where is the nearest drug-store?" His answer—then she was out into the street.

But she was not yet free. She couldn't go home at two in the morning. Subways, taxis—she rode in them dreary hours until it was late enough to go home. Already the extras were out with glaring headlines: *"Prominent Playwright Murdered—Woman Sought."*

Her own door at last. "Is Miss Nina awake?" she asked her maid.

"No, ma'am; she came home after you left and was packing late."

"Don't wake her—she doesn't sail till noon."

A few moments later the maid announced a caller in the living-room. A reporter—already?

A good-looking man rose to meet her. An old friend of Phil's, he introduced himself—Stephen Ryder, Assistant District Attorney.

"Of course, I came first to you," he said, after a few questions.

Virginia's heart almost stopped. "Yes—why?"

"You see I drew his will, so I knew he left everything to you."

He could not tell whether her gasp of surprise was real or feigned, as she stood up to dismiss him. "My daughter sails for Europe this noon. I am sorry. I am very busy."

She took a handkerchief from her bag—and out clattered a hotel-key. A friend's, she explained, as they both stooped for it—she had promised to return it. But she saw he disbelieved the story, and later, unable to think of a plausible alibi, she admitted breathlessly:

"Yes, it is the key to Phil's room. I am the woman they saw leaving the hotel. But I didn't kill him—I meant to help him. He wanted a divorce, wanted to marry again,—his wife has been incurably insane for years,—but his brother-in-law threatened to sue him for bigamy if he tried it. A bellboy came in and I stepped into the bedroom. When I came back he was shot—he was dead there on the floor. I am innocent—I swear it, Mr. Ryder! Let us hunt the true criminal together. I will help you all I can."

Ryder knew one thing only as he looked in her terrified eyes—he believed her. But she knew something, of course—whom was she shielding? He questioned the people at the hotel. They all spoke of the woman as a "classy dame." They knew nothing more, except that an old gentleman had asked earlier in the evening for Mr. Darrow, had been told he was busy and went away down the street. Back at the Criminal Courts building they had been busy with finger-prints. Also they were rounding up the names of Darrow's women friends; there had been many. Deliberately Ryder mentioned Mrs. Channing as one of them. She had been, he said, at the theater with friends who had sailed for Europe that morning There was a brother-in-law too of Darrow's—Henry Bartlett. They all laughed at mention of his name—a well-known citizen, a censor of public morals, an enforcer of everything.

"How about Mrs. Channing, inheriting all his money—how about investigating her?" asked one detective. "I'll take the responsibility for her," Ryder asserted imperatively, despite the curious glances the men turned on him.

At Darrow's apartment Ryder found Topsy Minn, a chorus girl, frantically anxious for a paper of hers in Darrow's desk—a note she regretted writing, which Darrow had said for fun that he'd keep. Ryder learned also of an actress named Fane, who had been a friend. He interviewed Ryder's man, Dervish, but learned little from that stolid Englishman.

Then Ryder went to see Bartlett. "Do you know what enemies he had?" he asked.

"I wasn't in his confidence," said Bartlett sardonically. "He wanted to divorce my sister and I opposed it. But, Mr. Ryder, I know the cause of Philip Darrow's death." *(The story continues in detail:)*

"YOU know the cause of his death?" Ryder echoed, astounded. Involuntarily he got to his feet.

"I do, sir." Bartlett also rose. There was a pontifical dignity about the man. "I do indeed: It was sin, Mr. Ryder—his own sin. The wages of sin is death. And Philip was sinning greatly."

The reaction of Ryder, instead of anger, was a contemptuous desire to laugh. His scorn was at once too weary and too deep for words.

He merely said, briefly: "If anything definite occurs to you we will be glad if you will let us know."

Well, that was over. Dervish's statement had been confirmed. . . .

Courteously Bartlett followed him to the door. "It is a little early to speak of these matters, perhaps, but I assume that you were Philip's legal adviser. I believed that I am named executor under the will and—"

"Not under the new will, Mr. Bartlett."

The big man stiffened in his tracks. His rigidity reminded Ryder of men he had seen beside him in war in the shock of a sudden wound. The same look of numb incredulousness. . . .

Then the strong voice came with a rush of grating suspicion: "The new will? What new will? I was not aware that he had made a new will!"

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in Room 700

by Mary Hastings Bradley

This was the voice of Bartlett the denouncer, harsh and implacable.

Ryder took a distinct pleasure in responding levelly: "He made one yesterday in my office."

"That is impossible, sir! At what time?"

"After his interview with you. About four o'clock."

"About four— Why, he—he told me he was on his way to a rehearsal that afternoon. He threatened that he would remake the will the *next* day! . . . . He said he would get hold of you the *next* day—"

The reiteration trailed into silence. Bartlett stood staring ahead of him; then, apparently with an immense effort, he collected himself and turned to Ryder.

"What were the terms of that will?" he said peremptorily.

"They are not yet made public. He provided an annuity for his wife, I can assure you, however."

"An annuity? Do you mean his estate—the bulk of his estate—was diverted?"

"He left it elsewhere."

"That is madness, Mr. Ryder—madness and insanity! The man was out of his head when he talked to me. His money belongs in the family. To my sister, when she recovers her health, as will undoubtedly be the case. . . . That will will never stand."

Neither silver hair nor florid skin could tinge Bartlett's aspect with geniality now. Cold fury looked out of him.

"I made it water-tight," said Ryder quietly.

"You will regret this! It will never stand." And then Bartlett's self-control came to his aid. He added more calmly:

"Naturally this is a shock, Mr. Ryder. And I consider it an unwarrantable outrage—a reflection upon my sister. But Philip was undoubtedly out of his head. Temporary insanity. . . . . You may discover that he shot himself in that state of derangement—and that the woman merely fled. . . . As my sister's custodian, I shall naturally oppose that will when you bring it into probate, with all the earnestness in my power. . . . I regret that you, his lawyer, did not dissuade him from the step. —Unless you are that friend?" he added suddenly, his eyes boring like augers into Ryder's.

But Ryder had his own inscrutability. He merely smiled.

"You'll know in thirty days, Mr. Bartlett."

That interview with Bartlett had done him good, Stephen Ryder reflected, as his tall figure swung south along the avenue. It had given him something tangible to punch at for a moment.

"Say, he wasn't worrying about me and Darrow," Topsy Minn asseverated vigorously. "I wasn't running off anywhere."

Let the man contest! He might make trouble—he might even have his sister declared sane, if she were fit enough for an appearance—but Ryder had confidence in his own legal powers. That will would stand; Virginia Channing should have at least the comfort of the money Phil had wanted to give her!

He turned into a drug-store and called Headquarters. He got Devlin on the wire.

"We've just had a report on your man LaSalle," Devlin told him. "Quick work. We found he had a room at the Eastgate Hotel, but he checked out of there this noon."

"Good!" Ryder's delight was explosive. LaSalle at the Eastgate—at the very hotel with the man he was jealous of! Significant, at the least!

Then Devlin went on: "What do you want done about him? He isn't trying any get-away—was at the Regal this afternoon and is playing poker with some pals at an apartment in Forty-eighth Street now. Our man is watching downstairs."

"Keep him shadowed, that's all. Nab him if he makes a start. We'll get his prints tonight," said Ryder. "Get some of Keever's stuff, will you, for taking them?"

"Sure. Keever's going to Darrow's show to get the whole works there. All the dames. And I suggest he gets your Mrs. Channing's, too—just for the collection."

Ryder's heart missed a beat. But his voice was unstirred. It seemed cool and untroubled.

"You leave Mrs. Channing out of that. I don't want her annoyed . . . . I have my eye on the possible woman; but I want to see another first—that Florence Fane. I'm going over there now."

"Want me to join you?"

Ryder hesitated. He knew Devlin wanted the chance to talk to a popular actress; knew too that Devlin was irritated to have the investigation taken so completely out of his hands. A little coöperation now would placate him. He was tempted—for Mrs. Channing's sake. But he knew he could do better alone.

"I know her, you know," he gave back. "I think I can get a bit more by myself."

"As you say." Devlin's voice was ironically polite. "Any more suggestions, Mr. Attorney?"

Ryder ignored the hostility. "Sure I have. I want you to find out from the hotel whether LaSalle was seen there at all last evening and at what time. Check up on him."

"Any little thing I can do, of course—"

"Find out when his turn is at the Regal—"

"Ten-ten," the detective shot back.

"Then can you meet me there during his act?"

"Anything to oblige," Devlin assured him. He did not sound placated. He wanted to see Florence Fane, leading woman of "Her Move," not a mere vaudeville hoofer. . . . Well, it couldn't be helped.

Now for Florence Fane. Ryder wanted to talk to Renfew, also, but that could wait. For all Renfew's living in the apartment he had had little real intimacy with Phil—he was an older, quieter man, with his own artistic interests and Phil's liking for him did not necessarily imply any confidences. Ryder had often been with them together. But Renfew must know something.

If luck held, he could just catch the actress at her early dinner at her apartment hotel. Luck did hold. Miss Fane was in. No, Miss Fane could see no one. . . . Mr. Ryder? About Mr. Darrow? Wait a moment, please. . . . Yes, Miss Fane would see Mr. Ryder. Ninth floor, please. Apartment 920.

He rang the bell on the door and a very pretty little black-haired maid admitted him into a silver-tinted living room hung with delightful blue brocade. It was evident that Florence Fane did herself extremely well, even to providing the right setting for her really exquisite blonde beauty.

She came to meet him from a deep cushioned divan beside which stood a little table with her dinner tray. He was reminded suddenly of that tray of tea he had shared with Virginia Channing only that noon. It seemed now curiously remote in time.

"Oh, Mr. Ryder!"

Miss Fane, wearing, he ironically noted, a pale dove-gray frock of subdued implications, held out both hands to him in a gesture that gave and demanded sympathy.

There was artifice in her carefully modulated voice, but it had a certain quality that caressed the ear, Ryder had to admit. He had considered her, on their infrequent meetings, as too shallow a little piece of porcelain for more than merely passing entertainment in her posing.

Topsy Minn had more meat in her. But it was possible he had underestimated Miss Fane's intelligence.

Certainly he could not underestimate her beauty. She was as pretty as a picture, with great blue eyes, ash-blonde ringlets, and the skin of a lily. He marveled afresh at the sheer physical perfection of the creature. . . . Only, without the sparkle of intelligence, he thought physical perfection rather boring to listen to. Phil's vulnerability to long eyelashes on a soft cheek was not in him.

For an hour the three officials plied LaSalle with questions. But nothing could shake his denials.

"There are some things I want to ask you—but don't let me keep you from your meal," he said, dropping her hands rather hastily. "I know you have to get to the theater."

"Yes, the show goes on, doesn't it?" Her smile was sweetly wan. "Even when one's good friends—"

"Exactly." His voice was dry as dust. He told himself he would have to do better than that to get anything out of her.

"I don't want to upset you now by talking about things," he went on in a more human tone. "I just want to ask a few questions."

"Why, of course, Mr. Ryder!"

Her wide eyes registered a sweet pleasure in aiding him, but behind their artlessness he thought he saw a watchful speculation.

"Had Phil any enemies that you know of?"

She shook her blonde head. "Why, how could he have? So kind to every one, so helpful—"

"Everybody has enemies." the man told her bluntly. "Phil was pretty high-handed sometimes. He made a lot of people mad. . . . Do you know of any quarrel he had with a man with a foreign-sounding voice?"

"Foreign-sounding?" She was prettily thoughtful. "Dear me, I *don't*—"

"Eat your dinner while you think," he admonished.

Apologetically she smiled toward the chop and salad, taking a dainty bite. "I suppose one has to. But I had no heart for food tonight—as you see—"

He was brute enough to consider the meagerness of her meal as dictated by the requirements for slenderness, but he merely nodded.

"A foreign-sounding man," she reflected.

Then suddenly her face cleared. It revealed a bright perception. "Do you mean Luigi—the man who wrote some music for him? I know he was having a frightful time about that! It was one of my songs and it happened to be a great success and Luigi wanted to go back on the contract—"

"Tell me who Luigi is."

Between skillful bites of chop and salad Miss Fane told him. Luigi Crimonti had written the music for several of her songs. She had made him change some of them—this particular one, in fact. She thought the changes were responsible for a good deal of the success. It was "Teach Me to Love"—did Mr. Ryder remember it? And Luigi had wanted more money for it. Phil had said he wouldn't be held up. It was something over the distribution rights. Yes, she believed she had Luigi's address somewhere—could get it from the manager.

But Mr. Ryder didn't believe that Luigi—their Luigi, quite a nice young man, really—could have done anything so horrible? Of course he was foreign and temperamental—but surely, over a song—

"I don't believe anything," Ryder told her. "Not yet. I am just trying to find out things. And this is in deep confidence, of course."

He didn't care whether it was or not. He was going to be on Luigi's trail by morning. Benson could get it from the manager.

She looked immensely confidential. "Of course, Mr. Ryder."

"And another thing. You are not to be offended because a man will be taking finger-prints of you ladies in the play. We have to check up on everybody who was near Phil."

"Of course." But she looked delicately doubtful. "Only don't you think that's so horrid and vulgar? I mean, it's such poor publicity—"

"It's just a form. It's not my idea, but you know what a public prosecutor's work is."

"I know," she sympathized.

"And aside from this Luigi—is there anything you could suggest? I know you and Phil were great friends."

"We were very great friends," she said trippingly, as if she had the lines well conned. "We had always enjoyed our association in his work. It was a privilege to be in his company."

"Well, you know," said Ryder, eying her thoughtfully, "I sometimes thought you a bit more than friends."

Miss Fane was ready for that. She had evidently thought this thing out.

"In his position we could hardly have been more, could we?" she gave deftly back. "He was not in a position to offer marriage—you know how it was, Mr. Ryder." Delicately she sighed. Pensively she glanced at the square emerald ring she wore, then obliquely, at her diamond wrist-watch.

"You've time yet," Ryder told her. "I'm sorry to keep you—but there's another thing. Some one will be sure to ask you where you were last evening, so you might as well tell me."

"Last evening? The evening of the mur— Oh, Mr. Ryder, you don't mean that any one would—"

"As a formality," said Ryder patiently.

He was marveling afresh how Phil could have spent so much time with this lovely moron. Then the moron surprised him.

"I'd really rather not," she said firmly. "I was spending the evening with a friend—a friend who was in trouble and has reasons for not wanting it known she is here."

"You won't tell me?"

"I'm afraid I mustn't, Mr. Ryder." She smiled sweetly at him.

At Ryder's sudden appearance she looked up and gave him a gallant smile.

"Oh, my dear girl, you'll have to! If you won't tell me you'll have to go down to the office and tell Headquarters, which might be unpleasant for you."

"I may have to go down, Mr. Ryder, but I don't have to tell. Not if I don't think it's right."

"You want to leave it at that?"

She took a sip of black coffee the maid had brought.

"I could say I'd spent the evening here with Marie. She would do anything for me. But I don't like to say untrue things. And I'm sure no one would ever think *I* had done anything out of the way."

"Well, you may have a chance to find out," he told her a trifle brusquely.

Without the slightest animosity she turned to him. "There's something I want to ask you," she mentioned with pretty confidence. "It's about some money of Phil's. He was here yesterday morning —just yesterday,"—her eyes widened in mournful recognition of the date—"and he wanted some money. Quite a lot. A thousand dollars. He said he had an appointment with his brother-in-law for luncheon and had to hurry away, and he didn't want to ask him and the banks weren't open on Sunday, of course; and I said I'd get it for him here. So he gave me his check and I gave him the money. Now his check—"

"You had so much on hand?"

"Oh, I didn't, Mr. Ryder! Poor little me! But I could get it from the office—I sent down my check," she said hastily. "I didn't want to endorse Mr. Darrow's—it would look so odd at the hotel. You know how careful a girl has to be about every little thing! So I just wrote my own and I have his here."

She tripped to a little *escritoire* and from a drawer took out a bank-book from which she removed the blue slip of check.

"Here it is, Mr. Ryder."

Ryder saw that it was Phil's check for a thousand dollars made out to her personally.

"I took it to the bank today," she went on, "and they said they could not cash a—a dead man's check"—her voice shivered appropriately—"and I'd better see his executor. I suppose that is you, Mr. Ryder. I know you did his business for him. You see, I don't want to wait for the money. It's such a lot—it seems so to me—"

"I haven't any authority to pay anything over yet," Ryder told her slowly, turning the blue check about, then restoring it to her. "It's too bad, Miss Fane, to ask you to wait—but I'm afraid you'll have to."

"For how long?" Her voice was a shade sharper now, her wide eyes less artless; they watched him attentively.

"For thirty days or so," he said easily. "Till the will goes to probate and I settle the bills of the estate. But you needn't worry. The estate will pay his debts, once the claim is validated."

"It's such a lot," she murmured. "And it seems too bad to have to wait when I was doing him a favor—"

"Yes, of course." He remained obtusely blind to the suggestion wafted in her gentle voice. "But the delay won't be serious—and it's a very minor tragedy in the case."

She sighed, as if recognizing finality, and replaced the paper carefully in her drawer.

The maid came with a wrap of chinchilla and a chiffon cap to fit over the immaculate blonde hair.

"Let me take you to the theater," Ryder offered; but when he

"Virginia, I never knew of this!" "It doesn't matter, does it?" she gave back quietly.

was in the car with her he suddenly remembered that he had to telephone at that very moment, and excused himself. As fast as a taxi could take him, he was back at the hotel.

He sought the manager's room, where a sharp-faced young man with a *pince-nez* was shown his credentials and was asked a question.

"Did you cash a check for a thousand dollars for Miss Fane yesterday?"

After a hurried consultation of clerks, and a thumbing of record-books the manager answered definitely in the negative. No check had been cashed.

"Did you send her a thousand—put it on the bill?"

The hotel never did that, Mr. Ryder was assured. The management only paid minor bills for parcels at the door.

"This is quite between ourselves," Ryder told the man. "Not a word of my question, please, should Miss Fane inquire tonight. Not a word of me in any case."

So that was that! She had lied about the check. She had Darrow's check fast enough—Stephen did not doubt its genuineness—but it had been obtained for reasons other than she had given.

The tangle was increasing. A little while before there had been nobody at all to suspect and now he was edged in with possibilities. There was Topsy Minn and her revengeful fury. There was Raymond LaSalle, the jealous husband. There was this Luigi, resentful and inflamed. There was the mystery of the check to Florence Fane.

And beyond them all was Virginia Channing with her dark, anxious eyes imploring him.

What a web it was, those tangled strands of a man's life! Broken threads, broken so abruptly, leading back—who knew where? Ryder felt them slippery and elusive in his grasp. . . . If he could untangle them wisely, tracing them back—

Chapter Six

AN hour later he was in the green-paneled drawing-room of Mrs. Channing's apartment, with Mrs. Channing opposite him. It was important, he had told himself, to see her, to tell her exactly what he had told his colleagues, and have her conversant with every detail. She must remember that he had said he was an old friend, that he had known her for years.

It was important too to see her again and renew those earlier impressions of her sincerity. During the long day the impression had not paled, but he had grown to wonder more and more at its power over him.

He was shocked at the change in her appearance. She looked as if a year instead of a day had passed. She had made no effort now to conceal the pallor of her cheeks and the shadows were dark under her great eyes.

"Did you get some rest?" he wanted to know.

She shook her head with a wry smile. "I tried. But—"

"You'll have to do better than this," he told her bluntly, "if you're not going to crack under the strain."

"I won't crack."

"You will, unless you sleep and eat. No nerves can stand it. What's your drug-store? I'll phone for some tablets I know and you take two tonight and forget the world. They are harmless. You'll feel right as rain by morning." *(Please turn to page 130)*

It's All *in the* Timing

RED GARNIGLE sighing in the rain is no novelty to me. With each recurring fall Claxton's football coach puts on his dark brown cheaters and views the offing with all the shining optimism and budding hopes of a blondé whose bullish boy friend's been caught in a bear market. Not that he hasn't been justified in recent years.

"We haven't the chance of a Chink this year," grumbles Red, when I meets up with him in the gym.

"Why pick on this year?" I comes back. "Hasn't 1930 had enough grief without you putting it on the spot? I don't recall that we came home with the bacon and the banzais last year, either."

"We didn't," admits Garnigle, "but this *anno domini's* going down in the records as the year of the big washout. I've just been riding herd on the current bunch of beef and if there's a winning combination in the drove, there're hog-dog stands on uninhabited islands."

"It's all in the coaching," I observes, for the ride.

"Coaching!" snorts Red. "There isn't enough coaching in Cochin China to make anything of the rah-rah riffraff I've had wished on me this trip."

"How about Fentress?" I inquires. "And Gilman?"

"Both of 'em flunked out," returns Garnigle. "This is getting to be a grand diploma-dive. They think more of a bird's marks in entomology than they do of beating Burnside."

"It's tough," I agrees. "I don't know what entomology is or are, but it doesn't sound like anything that'd help you in the bond business. What are you going to do for a back-field?"

"You can search me and mine," replies Red. "If I only had one guy to build around—"

"Dry your eyes and check your sobs," cuts in a drawling voice, and I turns to see a tall, spindly lad who wouldn't weigh a hundred and twenty pounds with a hydraulic dredge in each pocket. "I am the answer to your *'if'*," he announces.

"Oh, yeh?" growls Garnigle. "And who may you be, freshman?"

"The name's Davis," says he. "Harold Tecumseh Davis—and it just happens I'm a senior."

"Senior, eh?" remarks Red. "What's delayed you?"

"Lack of motive," comes back Davis. "But I've got one now. There's a hole in the front of my sweater that a big C will just about cover. What's the difference? You need me and it's about time that I died for dear old Claxton."

"The dying's K.O. by me," says Garnigle, "but the need's not quite that desperate. Ever play any football?"

"Never," returns Harold, "but I'm a very observing young man."

"Doubtless," shrugs the coach, "but I'm in the market for participants, not observers. You're much too light—"

"I expected that from you," interrupts Davis. "Weight's the only table of measures you know. We might have won a few games in the last couple of years if you'd taken the scales off your eyes and looked around for something beside pounds. Heft isn't the secret of winning football—nor is speed."

"Oh, no?" says Red, holding his temper in hand. "What is?"

"Tempo," answers Harold.

"Come again," suggests Garnigle. "That one took a bad bounce."

"Tempo," repeats Davis. "Rhythm—timing. With proper tempo a one-legged paperhanger could reel off more yards in five minutes than all the suet behind your line could buck in an afternoon."

"And you're the guy with the proper tempo?" inquires Red.

"I am that very guy," declares Harold Tecumseh.

"You'll pardon me," says Garnigle, "for inquiring into the private life of your beagle-hounds, but if you've never played football what do you know of its tempo?"

"I've never played the bass viol or the flageolet," comes back Davis, "but I can tell when they're out of tune. I'm a student of rhythm and my sense of timing is almost instinctive. Might I also repeat that I'm a very observing young man?"

"You might," says Red, "but might I also repeat, just to make it an even once, that you're full of succotash? Of course, timing's important and they could even set clocks by you, but without heft and speed and interference you wouldn't get from where you are to where you are."

"That," remarks Harold, "remains to be seen."

"You mean," points out Garnigle, "that the remains will be seen. They'd tear a tissue-weight like you apart, the first out. However, it's your throat. If you want to cut it, come out for scrimmage tomorrow."

"Is that necessary?" asks Davis.

"Is what necessary?" scowls Red.

"Scrimmage work," returns Harold. "I have no liking whatever for the rough features of football. Besides, I'm going to be too precious to you to risk in practice brawls."

"Oh, yeh?" says Garnigle. "You figuring on substituting tempo for team-work, too?"

"Practically," answers Davis. "I'll coöperate with only one player—the man who passes me the ball."

"Better return to your rhythm," advises the chief, "and come back here when you're good enough to eliminate him too. I must have my tempo just so. I remember as a child getting the colic from an under-ripe tempo."

"On second thought," decided Harold, "I guess I'll show up for practice tomorrow. After all, you're the coach—"

"Disregard that," cuts in Garnigle. "Just consider me an old boyhood friend. Call me Freckles."

"Until tomorrow, then, Freckles," says Davis, with an airy wave, and ambles out of the gym.

"There's a find for you," I observes to Red.

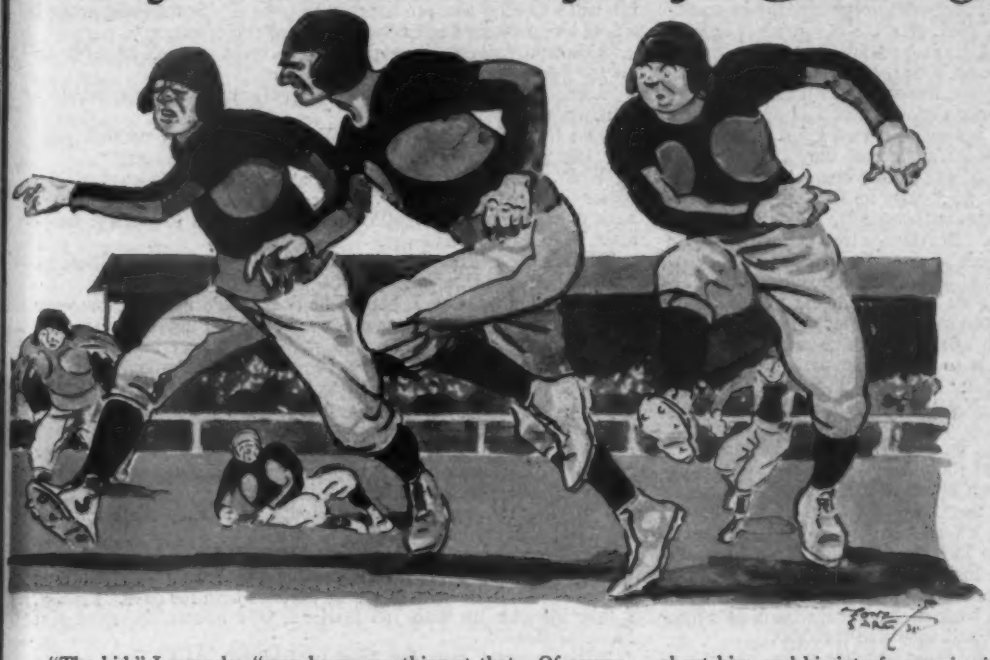
"So's a fly in your pie," grunts Garnigle. "Well, at any rate, my backfield is all set. I'll use Davis at one half, Prexy Case's Invalid aunt at the other and a couple of girl scouts from Camp Anemia at full."

"How about quarter?" I asks.

"We'll do without," returns Red. "It's smart now to be thrifty."

A football story by Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Tony Sarg



It's uncanny the way that baby curves himself away from tacklers, making 'em miss by young hairbreadths.

"The kid," I remarks, "may have something at that. Of course, he's thinner than the ham in a drug-store sandwich, but even that might be an asset. He could crowd through a crack that'd defeat a cockroach."

"Maybe," comes back Garnigle, "but if you think I'm going to waste time on a last-year man who's got nothing but a load of punk patter and an aversion to the rough features of football—"

"You're overlooking the big point," I interrupts. "How's Davis to get a big C to cover that hole in his sweater if you don't put him in the line-up?"

"That does complicate matters," says Red, "but he might go out for rowing. There's a sport that's just filthy with tempo. Did you get all of the lulu's line?"

"I did," I tells him, "and if the boy really has a natural sense of timing you might make something of him. The chances are, however, that he was just taking you for a sleigh-ride and won't show up again.

"I hope he does," declares Garnigle grimly. "I'd like to see him taken apart, just to find out what makes him tick."

"It's the tempo, feller," says I.

Harold Tecumseh appears on the football field bright and early the following afternoon. In playing togs he looks even slimmer and taller than he did in mufti, the pants barely reaching to his knees. Garnigle welcomes him to the greatest of American outdoor sports with malignant amiability.

"Take a few leaps at that," says he, indicating the dummy swinging between two uprights.

"What for?" comes back Davis. "I don't expect to do any tackling."

"You don't, eh?" glowers the coach. "What are you going to do—pick your own chores?"

"Even so," returns Harold. "I expect to do nothing but run with the ball when, as and if issued to me."

"Just a tower of strength on the defense," sneers Red. "All right," he adds with a wink at me. "I'll let you run with the ball after a bit."

For the next hour or so Garnigle pays no attention whatever to Davis, who remains by me criticizing the tempo of his team-mates. It is about the poorest squad I'd seen at Claxton in my ten years there as trainer, but it's the very shank of the season and Red might make something of it yet. He's quite a hand at making fairish bricks without straw.

Along about five bells Garnigle divides the boys into a couple of scrub elevens and motions Harold to a spot at half.

"Take it and run," said Red, instructing the quarter-back to pass the skin of the swine to Davis.

The kid fumbles around with the toss, but finally manages to keep the ball in his lunch-hooks. With it tucked under his arm, he runs back twenty yards or thereabout and then swings toward the left end. By this time the pack's all about him, and his interference is nix, but they don't down Davis.

He weaves and shifts and wiggles, makes sudden stops, steps aside to let tacklers hurtle past him by inches and without the use of a straight arm manages to get out in the clear. Three or four lads are on his heels, one of 'em practically on his tail. Just as the nearest pursuer's about to heave himself at the runner, Harold halts and sits down.

"What's the idea?" yelps Garnigle.

"I knew he was going to get me," returns Davis calmly. "My tempo told me. Why should I get myself messed up?"

"Nice forty-yard run, boy!" says I.

"Disgustingly simple," comes back Harold, "and it'd have been a great deal simpler if the interference hadn't got in my way. Can't you arrange to keep it at home when I'm running?"

"Sure," scowls Red. "I'll send it up to Maine for the moose-shooting. Anything else about the game you don't like?"

"Plenty," replies Davis. "Wouldn't it be just as effective to tag a runner as dump him into the dirt?"

"Probably," grunts Garnigle. "I'm working on a scheme now to have tackles made by telegraph. Get back into the line-up."

"Not bad, eh?" I remarks to Red.

"Bologny," says he. "Running through that field's like pouring water through a sieve. There isn't anybody out there who could stop payment on a check."

"Bologny to *you*," says I. "Davis has the stuff and you know it! Did you notice those sudden stops and side-steps? They'd throw an all-American team off its stride. Why don't you try him again?"

A few minutes later Garnigle does. This time Harold seeps and sways through the hunt sixty yards to a touchdown. Thirty-, forty- and fifty-yard runs follow in succeeding plays. It's uncanny the way that baby curves himself away from tacklers, making 'em miss by young hairbreadths. In no instance is he thrown, picking his own spots for sit-downs.

"It looks," says I, "as if the hole in Harold's sweater is going to be covered with a big C. Has he got something besides an uncle in the hay and feed business?"

"He has," admits Red, "but whether he will have, against the Class A swifties on the schedule, is a cow in another pasture."

"Davis'll be just as effective in any company," I predicts. "It's just as easy to step out of the way of a locomotive as an ox-cart when you sense it coming."

"Yeh," comes back Garnigle, "but not when locomotives are coming from every direction as they will be in the regular games. At best we can only use the kid in pinches."

"That's the only time you'll want to use him," says I. "You'd be a sucker to send a fragile pitcher like Harold to the well very often. A couple of minutes per game ought to be plenty. A fifty-yard run when you need it is pretty pretty, what?"

"Passing fair," agrees Red, "but there's no percentage in counting fish until the net's pulled. We'll give the boy a whirl in Saturday's game and see if he's a flash or a fixture."

Our opening set-to of the season is with Yale—one of their conditioning contests which in the past has enabled Eli to start off its schedule with thirty or forty points on the plus side of the fence. This year, however, Yale puts up so ragged an effort against our ragged defense that one touch-down's the best they can collect in the first half. No use is made of Davis' services.

"If you're not going to play me," says he to Red in the rest-period, "I'll get dressed and go up in the stands. I don't look particularly well in football togs. Besides, there's a girl up there who'd rather have me by her side than on the sidelines."

"I'll call you when I want you," barks Garnigle.

"Better make it soon," suggests Harold, "unless you're afraid the shock of beating Yale'll be too much for your nervous system."

Not until late in the fourth quarter is Davis wigwagged into the breach. The score's still six to six against us and we're back on our own twenty-yard chalk-line when the kid takes Delaney's place at left half. Almost immediately the ball's snapped to Harold and he struts his stuff.

Just as he'd done the first day on the practice-field he runs back and then begins a wide circle of the enemy's right end. A couple of Elihus, who'd broken through our brittle line, fling themselves at Davis, but he bends away from one and then the other with ridiculous ease and continues on the arc. Two or three more would-be tacklers are made to look foolish with hip-weaves and side-steps and Harold's off on his own down the field. He's not particularly hot in the hoofs and before long he's feeling the warm breath of the pursuers on the back of his neck. On Yale's five-yard line the boy calls it a run and squats in the dust.

"Damn it all," snarls Red, "he could've made it!"

"His tempo," says I, "probably told him he couldn't. Be content with your yardage, my lad. If your journeymen can't smash the pill over now in four downs they ought to quit football and go in for making Irish lace. That Yale line is nothing to ring the church-bells about."

On three plays the score's pushed across, Harold Tecumseh taking no part at all in the proceedings. He merely idles in the backfield, a casual and bored observer, as Grimes, the other half, pounds at center. The touch-down accomplished, Garnigle makes a motion of sorts to Harland, the team's captain, and he, in turn, whispers something to Davis and others. Whereupon Harold steps back from the scrimmage line.

"Judas H. Priest!" I yelps to the coach. "You going to let him try for the goal?"

"Uh-huh," replies Red, absently.

The ball's passed to Harland, who makes as if to ground it for a place to kick, but he doesn't. Instead, he heaves the oval to Davis, who takes it on the lam. Yale, all set for a boot, is not in a perfect state of preparedness for the runner; it probably wouldn't've done 'em much good even if they had been. Harold's too snaky and slippery for anything to stop. He crosses the pay-off point without a hand having been laid on him, and the game's in the bag, seven-six.

"Does that get me my C?" inquires Davis.

"It ought to get you one for your sweater and every shirt you and your family own," says I. "We haven't scored on Yale since the Deluge was a trickle, and the least—"

"Sure, you'll get a C," cut in Garnigle.

"In that case," remarks Harold, "I guess I'll turn in my suit."

"You mean—quit?" gasps Red.

"Just that," returns Davis. "I've come to the conclusion that football's a better game to watch than to be in. Scampering around a field like a rabbit's not a very dignified performance."

"I thought," growls Garnigle, "you declared yourself as ready to die for dear old Claxton."

"I am," comes back Harold, "but I prefer to do it in a quadratic-equation test."

"Can the kidding," says I. "We haven't a team without you. Play like you did today and you'll make the all-American."

"What," inquires Davis, "does that get you that's good at the bank? No, I'm through. I've made my point; why press it? Perhaps you'll pay more attention to tempo and less to tonnage hereafter." And he strolls away.

"What's the matter with that fat-head?" grunts Red. "Does he want to be begged?"

"I don't know," says I, "but if he does, you'd better throw your pride down the portcullis and dissolve in tears at his feet. Harold's the find of this or any other century."

"He's a bet, all right," agrees Garnigle; "but I'm coaching, not coaxing. Anyhow, how long do you think he'll last now that the boys are hep to him? Those rowdies over at Benson or Cloverdale'd break a leg for him—"

"They would if they could," I interrupts, "but one of the first essentials in breaking a leg is to get a grip on said leg and Harold's not going to let 'em get said grip, said she."

"Probably not, now," grumbles Red, "unless they climb into the grandstand after him!"

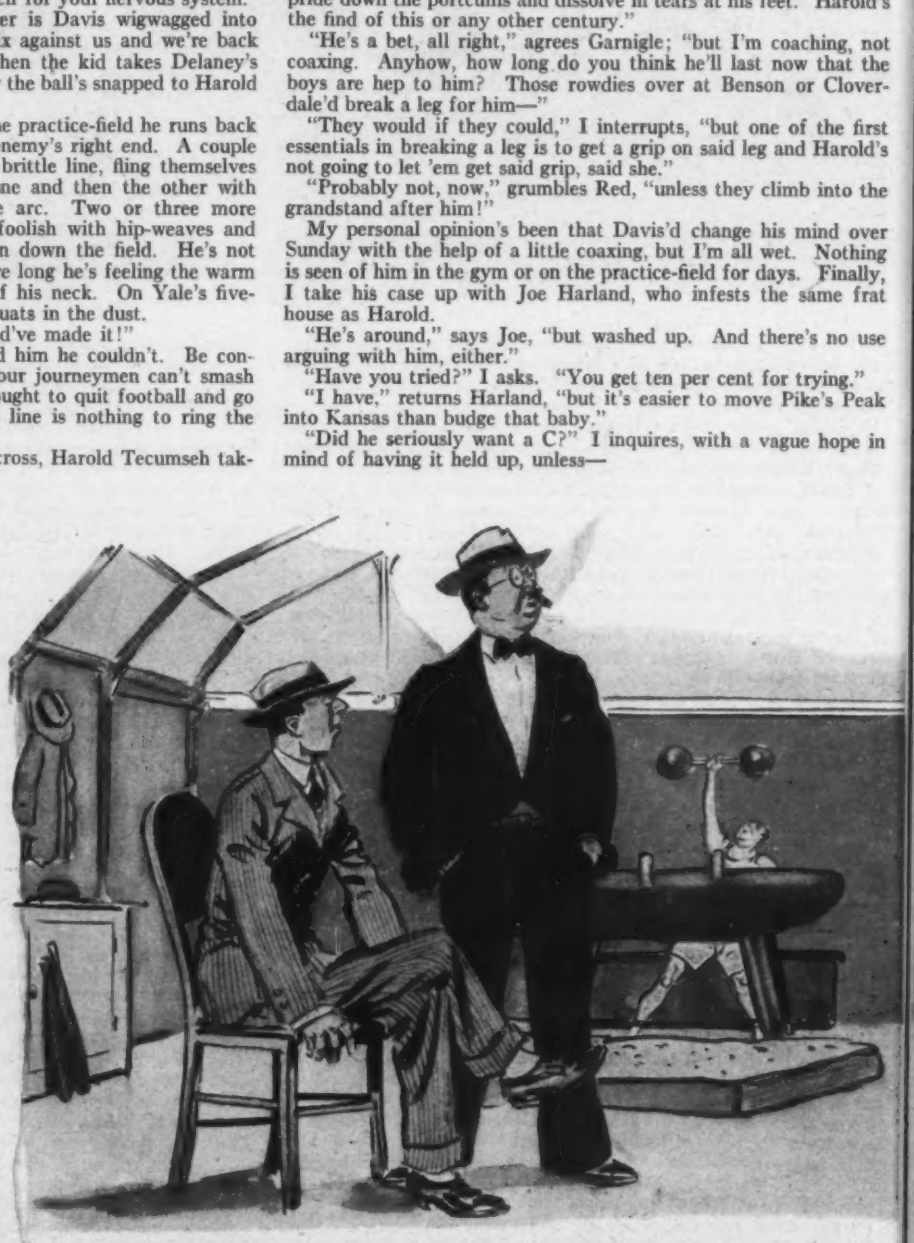
My personal opinion's been that Davis'd change his mind over Sunday with the help of a little coaxing, but I'm all wet. Nothing is seen of him in the gym or on the practice-field for days. Finally, I take his case up with Joe Harland, who infests the same frat house as Harold.

"He's around," says Joe, "but washed up. And there's no use arguing with him, either."

"Have you tried?" I asks. "You get ten per cent for trying."

"I have," returns Harland, "but it's easier to move Pike's Peak into Kansas than budge that baby."

"Did he seriously want a C?" I inquires, with a vague hope in mind of having it held up, unless—



"Just consider me an old boyhood friend," cuts in Garnigle. "Call me Freckles."

"Naw," comes back Joe. "He probably wouldn't wear one if he got it. Nothing interests him but tempo and rhythm. He expects to turn the world over with a tuning-fork. According to Hal everybody's eating out of step, sleeping out of tune and running around without rhythm."

"Where," I demands, "is his college spirit?"

"Up in Annie's attic," replies Harland. "He's got no more of that than you have hand-knitted sea-lions. Davis hasn't attended a rally or a rough-house or given a rah since he booked at Claxton."

"Funny," I remarks, "that he should have come out for football at all."

"Not so funny," says Joe. "Hal's working up a thesis on his theories and's out hustling for Q.E.D's to go with 'em."

"Hustling for whats?" I exclaims.

"*Quod erat demonstrandum*," explains Harland. "That which was to have been demonstrated has been demonstrated—in short, the pudding is proven. Now that Davis has got what he wanted from football, he's just as likely as not to turn his attention to pie-making or petting."

"Talking about petting," says I, "—as one will in this coëducational coop,—Harold, last Saturday, dropped some crack about a gal in the stand—"

"That," cuts in Joe, "would be Bunny Babson."

"What is it?" I asks. "A crush or a Q.E.D.?"

"Possibly both," comes back Harland. "Lots of the boys have been trying to demonstrate theories with Bunny—"

"I know," says I, and I do. The Babson baby's been around the campus just about as long as I have. She's a town gal, but no lad's education at Claxton's regarded as done to a rich brown turn until he's studied Bunny for at least a semester. Her collection of fraternity-pins is more complete than King George's stamp-collection, including his Blue Hawaiian. However, she's a good kid and not above splitting smiles with a mere trainer.

No sooner does Harland leave me than I beats it down to her old man's drug-store to lay in a supply of arnica I've no use for and yards of bandage I'm overstocked with. After stalling around for some time I manages to get Bunny off in a corner to myself.

"Davis," says I, without preliminaries. "Harold Tecumseh Davis."

"Nice boy," she comes back, "but a trifle post-graduate. . . . What do you want me to do, Mike—choose between you?"

"How steamed up is he over you?" I goes on.

"Well," says Miss Babson, "I'm not exactly hog-cholera to him, but aren't you getting pretty far away from your splints and your liniments?"

"Not very far," I returns. "Davis has quit football."

"Quit!" repeats Bunny. "Why, he just started."

"Haven't you seen him since Saturday?" I asks.

"Sure," she answers. "He comes in here every evening to have a cinder taken out of his eye, but he didn't tell me—"

"Then I'm telling you," I interrupts. "For no reason at all he just ups and turns in his suit. We want him back and you're the gal that's going to bring him back."

"I don't know," says Bunny dubiously. "Harold strikes me as the sort of lad you can't even lead to the water, much less make drink if he isn't thirsty. Why are you so hot to have him? It just means another rub-down, doesn't it?"

"It's for Red Garnigle's sake," I explains. "There's a crowd that wants to put the skids under him—and they will, if he doesn't produce a winner this year. Without Davis he hasn't a chance. You're for Red, aren't you?"

"From deuce to ace," she returns; "but I don't see how I'm going to—"

"Be yourself!" I cuts in. "With that eyes and them smile you could coax pineapples off a chestnut tree. Tell Harold you want a big C to put on a pillow you're—"

"That's a laugh," giggles Bunny. "I got enough C's around the house now to make mackintoshes for a herd of elephants."

"Yeh," says I, "but they're not Harold's C. You're not losing your cunning, are you?"

"You'll hear from my attorneys about that," comes back Miss Babson. "Maybe if I catch Harold in the right tempo—"

"Right tempo, eh?" I interjects. "Has Davis been feeding you from that dish too?"

"From platters," says she. "He's sure gone ratty on rhythm. Only last night he was telling me that all the wars in the world, all the famines, all the high water and even the mole on the back of Tillie Gimple's neck were caused by bad timing."

"Lots of wars," I remarks, "have been caused by timing—two-timing. . . . Well, is it a go? Are you ready to die for dear old Claxton?"

"I don't know that I'd go quite that far," says Bunny; "but I'm willing to take on a severe sick headache when any of Harold's competitors are calling."

"Good girl," I applauds. "If I were twenty years younger—"

"I know," cuts in Bunny. "You'd wheel me around in my baby-buggy. On your way, Mike. You've got a long ways to go and not long to live."

On the walk to my flop-house I runs into Garnigle. He's striding along the road with a worried look on his pan.

"Where are you headed for?" I asks. "The crematory?"

"The Beta house," he snaps savagely. "I'm going to have a talk with young Davis."

"Don't," says I. "You might lose your head and spoil everything." And I tells him of the fire I've lighted under Harold Tecumseh.

"Not that boy," declares Red. "I know Bunny's a quick trick in any kind of a game, but—"

"Let her try, anyhow," I suggests. "If she can't wrap him up and deliver him on your doorstep, nobody can."

And there the matter's allowed to rest. We've no game carded for the following Saturday but after practice on Tuesday, Davis drifts into the gym as Garnigle's getting into his street clothes.

"I've decided to help you out against Benson," he announces, with the air of an organized charity delivering a dole.

"Oh, have you?" scowls Red. "I don't recall having dispatched any bloodhounds after you."

"Your business," says Harold, "is to instruct, not to amuse. You're so happy right now it hurts. However, I don't propose to appear on the field in football togs."

"No?" growls Garnigle. "What do you propose to wear—a suit of chain-mail or merely a look of quiet resignation?"

"Until tomorrow, then, Freckles," says Davis, and ambles out.

"Running-trunks, probably," returns Davis. "There's no rule requiring me to load myself down with pads and pin-cushions, is there?"

"Only the rule of three," I horns in. "Yourself, your life and your limbs. You might as well take off your skin and dance around in your bones—"

"Tempo," cuts in Harold, "will leave me untouched. If there should be some rule requiring uniform apparel, please see that it's waived." And he waives himself out of the gym.

"I'm going to quit coaching," snorts Red, disgustedly, "and get myself a job in a nut factory before that baby sends me there as an inmate. I'll not play him."

"Yes, you will," says I. "You're not going to cut off your ears because a noise irritates you. Davis may be slightly skiddy under the skull, but he'll make you the most talked-of coach in America if my guesser hasn't run out of gas. You'll get the credit for him—"

"If you can call it credit," grumbles Garnigle. "What'll happen to me if I send him out there untrained and unprotected—and he leaves most of his tibias and a few of his collar-bones scattered around the field?"

"That's a chance," I admits, "but if Yale couldn't lay a finger on him, I don't think it's in the cards and spades for Benson or Burnside to take the boy apart. After all, you'll only use him for a minute or two at a time. Better look up the rules, though—"

"Never mind that," interrupts Red. "There isn't a rule in this conference that isn't collapsible. Cloverdale's playing boiler-makers who aren't even registered at the school-and Burnside's had one guy in the line-up for six years."

"In that case," says I, "they're hardly likely to object to a slight change in Harold's regalia."

"Hardly," agrees Garnigle. "It should make the mayhem more interesting."

At the very first opportunity, I beats it down to Babson's drug-dive to give the little girl a great big hand.

"Nice billiards," says I. "Did it take much ointment?"

"None at all," returns Bunny. "I've barely spoken a word to him since I saw you last."

"Oh!" I exclaims. "Then you're not responsible for Harold being back in the fold?"

"Oh, yes, I am," she smiles, "only I didn't work the moonlight-and-shady-lane technique with him. Hal's not the type."

"What did you do?" I asks.

"Sprung a gush over Grimes," replies Bunny, "and the other boys in the backfield—the theme-song being: 'If you're not running the ball for Claxton, well, you needn't come around.' It was pretty obvious stuff, but Harold burned. The better the tempo the harder they tumble."

"O. K.," says I, "but now that we've got him again, you'd better return to the soft-soap system."

"Back to your arnica," scoffs Miss Babson, "and leave the higher flights of finesse with me. I'll guarantee to keep Harold in a constant state of *rigor-mortis* for dear old Claxton. May I observe that Mr. Davis is rather knee-deep in his devotion to me?"

"You may," I grants, "but you'd better watch your step—or, rather, your tempo."

Harold's appearance Saturday in shorts creates a lot of buzz-buzz, but not a protest. As a matter of fact, he shows for only about half a minute, but that's plenty plus. With a tie score in the third quarter, Davis takes the ball in the center of the field and squirms to a touch-down. No necessity arises for using him in the game again.

"You're the gal that's going to bring him back."

Against Cloverdale the following week, Garnigle's compelled to send him to the rescue several times, but he rips off enough thirty-, forty- and fifty-yard runs to put a 30-26 score on the ice for us. A few hands touch and slide off of him but in neither set-to is he thrown or as much as scratched. When his tempo tells him to, he sits, but with enough weaving and wriggling left to escape the main force of the momentum boys.

"Not a tibia or a collarbone busted yet," I remarks to Red after the Cloverdale win.

"Not yet," comes back Garnigle, kind of gloomy, "but this can't go on forever."

"It doesn't have to go on forever," I points out shrewdly. "The season ends next Saturday and Harold's a senior. He ought to be good for one more game, oughtn't he?"

"I hope so," says the coach, "but I hear Burnside's cooking up a mess of molasses for Davis that they're betting'll slow him down."

"Let 'em cook and let 'em bet," I returns. "Judging Harold on the basis of past performances isn't going to do 'em any good. The kid's tempo changes with conditions. My only worry is that Bunny might lose interest in him. You know how she picks 'em up and lays 'em down."

The Babson baby plays the game, however. I sees her often with Harold, he having a distinct edge in this respect over all squad competition since he neither reports for practice nor keeps training hours. A couple of days before the battle with Burnside, I drops into the drug-store to check up on the situation. I finds Bunny alone and not looking so happy, either.

"I wish the season was over," she complains fretfully.

"What's the matter?" I inquires. "Too much tempo?"

"Much too much," says Miss Babson. "Harold's running me into a wreck with his sappy stuff about time and rhythm and—"

"Always talking about 'em, eh?" I remarks.

"And acting 'em," returns Bunny. "He'll be out walking with me and all of a sudden stop and decide that things are just rhythmically right to do this or that. Last night he took me to a concert in the stadium and right in the middle of the 'Miserere' announced that the situation's just set for a kiss."

"Did you?" I asks.

"I'm dying for dear old Claxton, aren't I?" comes back Miss Babson.

"Just a few more days, girlie," says I soothingly, "and you can drown him in the rain-barrel for all of me. Don't you like him, at all?"

"Oh, I suppose he's not so bad," replies Bunny, "but I don't care to tie up to a lad who's likely to take me out on the water and discover in the middle of the drink that everything's in tune to tip the canoe. There are others I like a lot better."

"Dan Grimes, for instance?" says I.

"Dan Grimes, for instance," says she.

"You can tip him to that Sunday," I tells her, "but for Red's sake and the alma mater, you sell nut sundaes to play our horse until then. You can hold out through Saturday, can't you?"

"I suppose so," sighs Bunny, "unless Harold learns this evening that everything's rhythmically right to lie down on the railroad tracks or in front of a buzz-saw."

"In that event," I allows generously, "you may refuse."

"The breaks!" exclaims Miss Babson. "The breaks at last!"

Just before game-time Saturday, Davis appears—and I breathes a sigh of relief that rattles the crockery in the next State. He seems well pleased with himself and greets Garnigle with unusual warmth. Bunny apparently has done her stuff to the end.

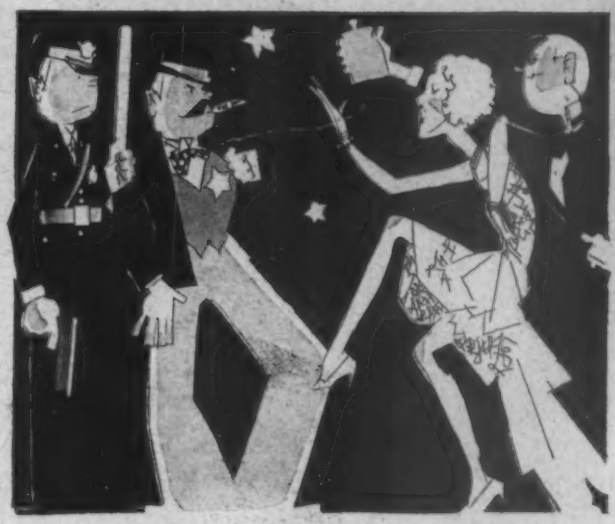
"Now, listen," says Red. "Burnside's *(Please turn to page 112)*

The Red Hot Mamma Goose

By Berton Braley

Illustrated by John Held Jr.

Little Boy Blues, come blow your horn,
And keep it up till the early morn
We'll shuffle around like a bunch of sheep
And under the table we'll fall asleep.



Sing a song of bootleg, a pocket-flask of rye—
Four and twenty black-and-tans a-stepping very high;
When the place is raided it somewhat spoils the sport.
Isn't that a pretty dish to set before the court?

Hi diddle diddle, the sax and the fiddle
Hear all the clarinets croon,
The little girl's dogs are weary with jazz
And her boy friend is full of "moon."

Little Bo Peep has lost her sleep
And doesn't know where to find it,
She takes a shot of hooch instead
And doesn't *seem* to mind it.

"What on earth's the matter—what is it?"

Overdue

by Sophie Kerr

The Story So Far:

"THIS check," said Mrs. Crayn, "is to help furnish your new home; and the only condition is that you, and not Malcolm, are to have the spending of it."

Emily thanked Malcolm's mother for the thousand-dollar check, and went happily downstairs to be married to Malcolm. He was looking rather blue when she came along,—she didn't know it was because he had just had a call for more margin for his speculative accounts in New York,—but he brightened when he saw her in her bridal white, and forgot everything but the one important fact: this gorgeous girl belonged to him.

When they were in a train speeding away from Emily's Southern home on their honeymoon, Emily showed him the check. He shouted his joy.

"Talk about manna in the wilderness! You just indorse it, darling girl, and we'll put it in the bank till we need it."

But a few weeks later he confessed to her charmingly: "Honey, there's hardly a nickel left of the check. I had to use that money for our honeymoon."

On his wedding-day, Mac had learned he was "wiped out."

Emily was aghast—but Malcolm was so penitent, so full of assurances of the future full of success and money, that Emily had to forgive him.

Up North, in an installment-furnished apartment, they set up housekeeping. But the bills piled up. And Malcolm would invest in one wild stock after another till Emily was forced to admit that she had married a market gambler—and that though she still loved him with all her heart and he loved her, love alone could not put their marriage altogether on a good financial basis.

Bills never bothered Malcolm. "If you pay too fast the shops will think there is something wrong and refuse credit," he insisted.

Once, with a bit of money ahead, Emily bought two one-hundred-dollar bonds. And when Mrs. Crayn came for a visit and saw their financial condition, despite Emily's efforts to hide the truth, she gave Emily a check for a hundred dollars, "for yourself." That night Malcolm had news—he had been fired. And Emily had news—she expected to have a baby next summer. So the bonds and the check went to let Malcolm take a final flyer in the market, for Emily wanted to show him she trusted him now in his time of discouragement.

This time he made money—enough to pay a few bills. But while Emily was wondering if he would, Edith Gover came in for tea,—beautiful, rich, with seemingly everything to make her happy,—and she suddenly grew confidential and told Emily that her husband was drinking more and more. Emily knew of the gossip, but learned now how bad the truth really was. Then Emily told Edith her own troubles—loss of a job, bills, a baby coming.

"Oh, darling, I wish I hadn't told you my troubles," said Edith, "but if I can ever help you with anything let me know."

A few days later a package came in the mail. Inside were five hundred dollars in new bills, with a single typewritten line: *"Use exactly as you wish. —A friend."*

Emily was distracted. Was it Edith? Or Barton Hale, who knew their trouble and often suggested helping her out? She couldn't thank anyone, couldn't send it back, couldn't use it. She put it away in her jewel-box and said nothing to Malcolm, fearing he might want to use it temporarily to pile up more—and lose it all.

The next stock flyer was bad, and Malcolm, again cleaned out, had to listen to Emily's demand that they move into a smaller apartment and cut expenses to the bone. She gave him the last money she had to speculate with, and he went to town—"to bring you back a lot—you deserve it, darling girl."

After he had gone, Emily recalled his odd expression when she had denied having any more money. She ran in to her jewel-box,

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A story of a man who would do anything for his wife—*except* pay her bills

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

and unlocked it with the key she kept hidden from everyone but herself and Malcolm.

The envelope was there. But the money was gone! *(The story continues in detail:)*

WITH the empty envelope in her hand Emily tried to think. Perhaps the maid— But no, the money had been there last night—she had looked at it after the maid had gone. And the maid had not come this morning. No thief had entered the apartment during the night, for a thief would surely have taken the pearl pin, and the gold trinkets. Besides, a thief would not have been able to unlock the box, then lock it and put the key in its hiding-place. And then she remembered how Mac had stood with the check in his hands, his voice dubious, questioning: "I do wish I had about twice as much as this," he had said. The conviction leaped into her mind that he must then have known of the money and wondered why she did not offer it to him.

There was no reason why he shouldn't have known it, she saw now, for he had put away his dress studs the night of the dinner-party. But he was so careless, usually he threw things about without looking. Evidently this time he had looked, he had noticed the envelope and had opened it. And now another devastating thought came to her—surely Mac must have wondered where the money came from, how she had obtained it.

But why should he have taken it without asking her about it? For at least he knew it was hers, no matter how it had come to her. Emily felt that strange and unreasoning anger which comes to all of us when we meet with the first theft, or the first use of our personal belongings without our permission; it seems an insult, an intentional cheapening of our individuality. "Mac had no right," she thought, "he had no right to take it! It wasn't honest." And then, with bitterness: "It's just as his mother said—he isn't honest, and there's only one way to be honest. It would have been so easy for him to have told me that he had seen the money, and ask where it came from. Or, perhaps—*does* he know where it came from?" But that she dismissed as absurd. How could he know? And if he had known he would have said something, for he was never reticent, he had no reserve, no secretiveness.

But perhaps she, Emily, had too much. Perhaps she should have told him at once, the day the money came. They could have talked it over together, and if he had felt any suspicion, had any clue, he would have told her. It struck her also that though she inevitably thought of him as unable to keep a secret, he had certainly said no word and given no sign of knowing about the existence of the money, or its hiding-place, though he must have known since the night of the party. He could, then, given a motive, hold his tongue very well on things he didn't want her to know.

She wished that she could reach him on the telephone, but she didn't know how to do it unless she called up Barton Hale's office, and left a message. And on this she hesitated. Better to wait until Mac came home and have the whole thing out.

In the middle of the afternoon Edith Gover called up and asked her to go for a drive. Edith came in smiling, her tragic spirit submerged for the time. She waved a flat white box at Emily.

"I made it for you," she said. "All myself—and I haven't sewed a stitch for years!"

She opened the box and displayed with pride an infant's dress, the finest, sheerest linen, untrimmed except for infinitesimal tuckings and a tiny edge of lace. "Every stitch by my own hands, and now it's done, I feel like the Lord must have felt when he was through with Creation! It was a mighty effort, I want to tell you."

"It's perfectly adorable," said Emily admiringly, "and I'll let it be my child's christening-robe. It was sweet of you, Edith."

"I'm afraid this will give you rather a shock, Emily."

"I don't deserve any thanks, it was such a joy to make it; and I felt so smart and pleased with myself because I could still sew nicely, even though it took ages to each seam." She glanced about the apartment. "You look unsettled—surely you're not housecleaning."

"No—we're going to give up this apartment and take a smaller one upstairs. I didn't want the care and expense of this one, and besides it's too big for Mac alone here this summer."

"Are you really going home for two months?" Edith tactfully ignored the other reasons.

"Well—for a month anyway. I might weaken on two, it seems so long to be away from Mac."

"Oh, Emily, why do you leave him at all? Life is so uncertain, we're with those we love such a little while."

They had gone down to the car now, were heading toward the Parkway.

"But I love my people," said Emily. "They have some claim on my time too. They've set their hearts on my going home for the great event. And I want to go."

"Yes, of course. I didn't think; I'm all overtrained on this marriage business anyway." Her chin suddenly quivered, and the corners of her mouth.

Emily reached over and patted her hand affectionately, but said nothing.

Edith swallowed hard, winked the tears back from her eyes. "I love to be with you. When Ted's out of the house I'm like a crazy woman; I don't know what to do; I'm stretched on the rack, wondering how he'll be when he comes in. Sewing that little dress was a godsend for me, for I had to look at the stitches and think what I was doing, and that kept my mind occupied, or at least half of it. The other half went on grinding, tearing and pounding—but it was something to have half of it quiet."

"But he's so much better, Edith; can't you take it more easily, and not agonize so?"

Edith clutched Emily's hand fiercely; her eyes were beseeching, burning questions. "Do you really think he's better—do you? Do you think it'll last?"

"I don't know—but he's trying so hard—"

"Oh, yes, he's trying, he's trying. But is he trying because he wants to, or because I want him to? I begged him so, Emily; I went down on my knees; I said everything—I said mean hateful things too. I said he couldn't, that he'd lost the will-power, the strength. And he said he'd show me, he'd show me. You see, it's not because he loves me, or for his own self-respect that he's trying, it's because he wants to make me eat my words. It's all from the outside—and people don't reform from the outside." She had been leaning toward Emily, her face, her words, frenzied. Now she sat straight. "You see what a state I'm in," she went on more quietly. "I've no more self-control than he has. I didn't mean to say a word to you today about all this. I meant to bring you the dress and have a pleasant quiet drive."

"Then let's begin all over again. We'll pretend we're just starting. I'll tell you about my mother's last letter, shall I?"

"Yes, do. Your mother's wonderful, Emily."

"She's funny. I had a beau named Johnny Keller who seemed to be frightfully broken up when I married Mac, and now he's paying attention to a cousin of mine, and Mother resents it bitterly. She says she considers him a mere two-faced fraud. Don't you love that?"

Edith relaxed and faintly smiled. "Go on, tell me a lot more. It's like a soothing poultice on my raw spots."

Emily went on telling the scraps of gossip her mother had written, elaborating them here and there, adding descriptions of the people whom they concerned. It gave her a feeling of security and peace to talk about her home and her home friends; it was another world, and a stable one, where you knew and could count on what people were going to do. Something of this she managed to communicate to Edith. The drive which had begun in a gust of emotion became tranquil, soothing. Edith stopped holding her lips in a rigid line, her eyes became less those of the tragic muse. But Emily, though more serene than when she started, was not wholly so, for Edith's words, "People don't reform from the outside" had touched a painful spring. She hated to think of herself as trying to reform Mac; she would not even call it that,—she did not want even to wish that he might change in any way,—and yet, "If we live in a certain manner we must go by the rules that govern the majority. This isn't Soviet Russia, with everything done in a new way," she thought confusedly. All the time there was the question of the money's disappearance nagging at her. In many ways she was relieved to be at home again and see Edith go.

As Edith was leaving she kissed Emily with quick affection, and again caught her hand tight. "Thanks ever so much," she said. "There are such a few people who would understand at all. And I get so desperate. If this thing fails, Emily, I'm through, you know. I mean it. It's the end of me."

"But Mrs. Crayn isn't going to refuse to accept"

"It won't fail," Emily said. She wished, as she went upstairs, that she could feel sure she was speaking the truth. But instantly all that was banished,—Edith and her stress and storm disappeared,—for Mac was at home; she saw his hat as she opened the door. The moment had come when she must talk to him about the money that had disappeared.

"Darling girl, where have you been?" he asked, as she entered. "Here I rush home early and find a deserted village. Is this being a good and dutiful wife, I want to know! Not even a note on the pin-cushion."

"I was driving with Edith Gover. I'm sorry I wasn't here—"

"And me all full of good news to impart—not so startlingly good, to be sure, but not so bad either. Everything was dull today I didn't do much, but I did manage to—"

She interrupted him. "Mac, did you take the five hundred dollars out of my jewelry-box?"

He wasn't in the least dashed. "Yes, I did, darling girl; that was one reason I came home early, to tell you. I hoped you wouldn't find it out. I was going to put it back and not say a word, you were such an old stingy with it, and wouldn't give it to me when I hinted this morning."

Emily sat down heavily and wearily. "Did you put it back?" she asked.

"No, I didn't. You see things were dull today and I decided that it would be better to hold off a while—"

"But, Mac, that money came to me without any name! I don't know who sent it; I didn't know what to do with it, I didn't dare use it because I wanted to give it back as soon as I could find out who had the rotten taste—"

Mac came over and dropped on his knees beside her. "Oh, you poor deluded infant, you poor angel! Why, it's worried you!"

"I've been sick over it! I can't imagine who sent it, but I'd like to throw it in his face, or in her face, and tell him that I'm no object of charity—"

"Listen, darling—*I* sent you that money!"

"Mac!" For the moment, she didn't believe him.

"Yes, I did it. I thought it would be such a joke. I thought we'd have a lot of fun out of it."

"You thought it would be funny!"

"Yes. I'm a dumb-bell; I thought you'd maybe guess, so long as I'd promised you five hundred for an allowance. I expected you'd tell me right away. It seems to have been one of those jokes that don't come off so well."

"But why didn't you tell me, or tell me when you took it?"

"I don't know. I hoped I'd be able to put it back before you found out it was gone, you see."

"And I've agonized over this thing! I've gone about looking suspiciously at everybody we knew, wondering, thinking it might be Bette or Andy or Edith Gover or Cousin Oscar, or even Barton Hale—"

"But look here, angel, why should any of them give you money, for Pete's sake? Why should you try to pin it on one of them?"

He meant it, he really meant it.

"Don't you suppose they all know that we live from hand to mouth, that we don't pay our bills promptly?" Emily demanded. "Haven't you borrowed from them—or tried to?"

"But that's got nothing to do with it. I mean, anybody may be strapped once in a while, but they see we live well enough, and go about and entertain, and have a good time. I can't imagine why you didn't guess I'd sent it. I thought at first you didn't say anything just to tease me, and then I thought maybe you'd spent it and didn't want to tell me, and then when I found it the other night—"

"When you put away your studs and links?"

"Yes. So today, when I needed it so much, I just opened the box and snitched it, and it never occurred to me that you might miss it and be worried, until after lunch, and then as soon as the market closed I came galloping home to tell you. I'm terribly sorry you've been annoyed about it, dearest, truly I am."

Emily tried to collect her scattered thoughts. "I don't mind, Mac, so long as it was you, and not any of the people we know. That was what got me, thinking that some one had seen how hard up we are, and had tried to— Oh, well, what's the use of talking? I was so angry, it hurt something inside of me, deep down! I felt insulted, bitter. Mac, for heaven's sake don't ever do anything like that again. If you want to play jokes, make 'em easier, without any backfire. This one wore on me."

"I still can't imagine why you didn't guess it was I who did it."

He was quite sincere in saying it, even a little injured. It made Emily smile to see him. "We'll have to let it go an unsolved mystery," she said. "There's one subject you and I are never going to look at in the same way, and we may as well make up our minds to disagree without dissension, as my father said once to my mother."

"But we don't. We think alike on everything."

"Very well," said Emily. "Have it your own way. That makes it unanimous, if nothing else does."

She said nothing of her talk with Cousin Louisa; she was thankful that she had not spoken to Andy, and also that the giver of the money was *(Please turn to page 113)*

said Mac. "Good Lord—we couldn't afford to do it!"

Nobody's Business

(and his four brothers)

FIRE—
FLOOD—
PESTILENCE
and DISASTER

A story of the circus

by Courtney Ryley Cooper

Nobody's Business gave attention

THERE was a sour atmosphere about the Southern offices of the Grand Amalgamated Circus which the boss animal-man didn't like. He had come from winter quarters on a hurry call —to find the general agent slouched at his desk, the auditor fussing with rabbit-like activity at his ledgers, the usual loafers missing and the Old Man pacing the floor. A six-sheet poster had been tacked to the wall. It evidently had been the cause of a recent discussion.

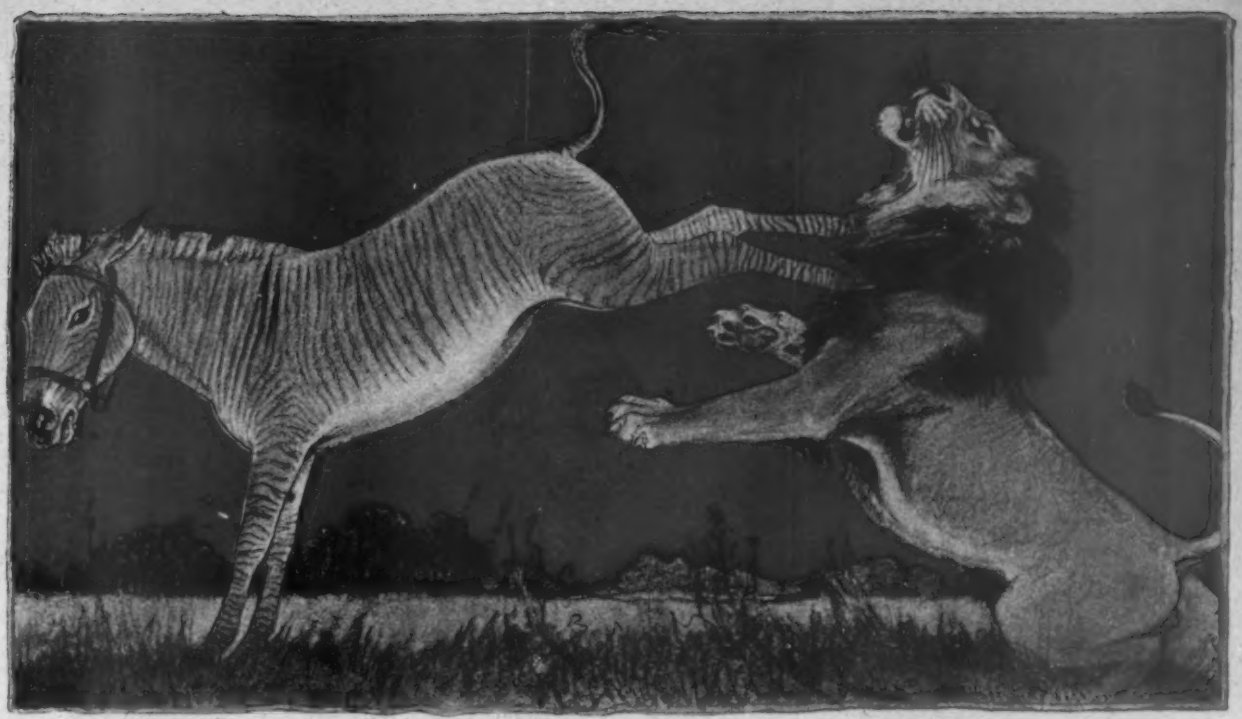
"Well, kid," asked the Old Man, a little too jovially, "what do you think of it?"

The boss animal-man gave a yank at his cap, and settled to critical survey of the poster. It was a highly colored depiction of the trained activities of five animals which might have been zebras, except for certain alien characteristics. For one thing, they were off-color. Instead of the pale cream and jet stripings of the true Grevy's zebra, the delineations of these animals were tawny orange and sepia. The normally well-shaped ears had spread to jack-rabbit length. The heads had undergone changes. There was a hint of a prognathous jaw, built upon a heavy chassis. The mouth had a downward, and somewhat cynical curve to it; the eyes were oversize, as if enlarged by looking for trouble, while the nose and forehead ran true to the heritage of every long-eared mule that ever lived. Likewise the legs and hoofs had lost some of the horse-like characteristics of the zebra, and had tapered to the thin shanks and compact hoofs of an animal born to kick and get the most out of it. Emblazoned lettering explained:

ONLY BEASTS OF THEIR KIND ON EARTH!
THE FIVE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT HYNEYS:
FIRE—FLOOD—PESTILENCE and DISASTER
Led By The Noblest Roman Of Them All—
NOBODY'S BUSINESS
Their Mother Was a Zebra and Their Father Was a Jackass!
FIVE —— COUNT 'EM —— FIVE

Old Ugly, creeping snakelike an inch at a time, writhed along, scarcely breathing.

Illustrated by Paul Bransom



to nothing except his kicking. As his heels went forth they struck against a descending monster.

PHUNNY PHROLICKSOME PHREAKS OF PHOOLISHMENT
IN
KUTE KAVORTINGS AND KUNNING KAPERS!

"That's swell," said the boss animal-man.

"I suppose you thought it up?" asked the Old Man, his manner undergoing a sudden change. "You and this general agent of mine! The minute I'm out of town, you pull a stunt like this. A fine howdy-do, aint it, when the United States Government brings out a new beast and you two empty-heads christen 'em *phunny phrolicksome phreaks of phoolishment!* And *hyneys!* What does hyneys mean? They're hybrid zebra-jackasses."

"We call 'em something people can remember," growled the general agent.

"Oh, yeah?" snapped the Old Man. "I guess that's why you named 'em 'Fire, Flood, Pestilence and Disaster!' Led by 'Nobody's Business.'"

The boss animal-man shifted uneasily.

"Maybe you aint seen 'em yet," he suggested.

The Old Man reached for his hat.

"Come on," he said. "We'll go out."

There was a suppressed air about winter quarters when at last their car chortled through the main gate. Workmen, moving to and from the shops, did so with caution. The fence bore evidences of recent repairs. The winter-quarters dog limped on three legs. In a corner stood a newly painted elephant-tub, scarred by the prints of vicious hoofs.

"Dopey's working 'em in the ring barn," said the boss animal-man, and led the way.

A half dozen assistants signaled for quiet and slow motion as they entered. At the ring curb, Dopey Brennan, pale and sweating, was speaking softly to five beasts which stood in line before him, a motionless epitome of meekness. The Old Man snorted.

"Why all the soft-pedal stuff?" he asked. Then as he barged forward: "Well, Dopey, how you coming along?"

A surprised look came over the trainer's face, like a man who has just been slapped.

"Pretty well, sir," he said faintly. "I got 'em to stay still nearly five minutes this— Hey!" he shouted frantically to the assistant. "Grab Nobody's Business!"

The meekest of the hybrid lot had decided to be meek no longer. He had tossed his head, and danced upon mincing hoofs. Then he folded back his long ears and moved for open spaces.

Immediately there was confusion, the streaking of striped forms and the blur of men seeking vainly to stop them. Nobody's Business had given no more signal than his sudden movement. But that was enough. While attendants dodged, and the Old Man scrambled wildly for safety, Fire, Flood, Pestilence and Disaster knocked off a final wrangler and followed their leader. Three of them went over the ring curb at the same instant and jammed in the air; there was a concerted squeal and a new flurry of kicking. Then Disaster swung wide, bumped into the Old Man, knocking him into a pile of sawdust, and with another squeal, scampered out the door. A crashing sound came from the main gate. Then Sleepy, a menagerie helper, came blankly into the ring barn.

"Well, they're gone," said Sleepy.

"Organize an expedition!" bawled the Old Man, coming out of the sawdust pile. He had lost his hat, and the lion's-claw pendant was gone from his watch chain. "We can't let those animals run away on us!"

"Oh, we'll get 'em," said the animal-boss wearily. "Sometimes they do this three or four times a day."

It flattened the Old Man.

"How do you know where to look?"

"There's only one place." The animal-boss' tone bore casual depression. "They settle down in the big pasture after they've had a run. They seem to like pastures an awful lot. Big places with plenty of grass. Finally they fill up on grass and get tame again— even Sleepy can bring 'em in."

"Yeah?" asked the Old Man. His managerial choler had diminished greatly. "Maybe you know best. Outside that, how's things getting along?"

The question led to a general inspection of the winter quarters; finally they entered the cat-house, where the Old Man halted in consideration of a snarling, black-maned Nubian lion. The circus called him Old Ugly.

"I've got an idea about that lion," said the Old Man. "We can't sell him, and we can't give him away; everybody in the show-game knows he's a killer. So what's the answer? Bally-hoo him! Bill him as a special attraction. The suckers will gawk their heads off at him if they know he's killed three trainers."

They wandered on then, dilating upon a big idea, while, two miles away, a tan-and-sepia animal raised his head to sample the wind. Certain characteristics of the wild remained instinctive with Nobody's Business, in spite of a semi-jackass ancestry. He had scented the approach of humans.

Nobody's Business brayed; there was a sustaining chorus from Fire, Flood, Pestilence and Disaster.

Not that it made much difference now. Nobody's Business, after his outburst of a few hours before, was strangely at peace with the world, as were Fire and Flood and Pestilence and Disaster, grazing near-by upon spring-freshened pasturage. Big, wide, grassy places like this calmed their spirits tremendously. Nor did they know that this too had its foundations in the horizon-wide environments of unfettered forebears.

Plodding science in the Department of Agriculture had brought these animals into the world, but the experiment had not turned out according to the blue-prints. It had seemed reasonable that by combining the swiftness and agility of the Grevy's zebra with the strength and durability of a jackass, a new farm animal might be evolved to fill simultaneously the purposes of the horse and the mule. But six months after the Government experimenters had begun their attempts to break the new beasts to harness, a distressed bulletin had gone forth to Zoos and circuses proclaiming five hitherto unheard-of animals, for sale cheap.

For while the blending process had been absolute as regarded physique, it had been disastrous mentally. Hybridization had produced tangled brains in the mule-zebra heads of Fire, Flood, Pestilence and Disaster, and a thoroughly scrambled one in the cranium of the slightly larger animal which had assumed their leadership. All that was ever cantankerous in a Missouri mule, all that was ever wild and unfettered and fretful in the nature of a zebra, belonged to Nobody's Business. Restraint to him was a thing to be endured only until he realized it. Then his being surged with the desire for wide places, and out he went, taking his cohorts with him.

However, once free in wide pastures, calm quickly followed turbulence. Therefore Nobody's Business merely returned to his grazing, once his sight and scent had identified the approaching human. Sleepy was gingerly approaching with lump-sugar in one hand and a reserve halter in the other. Then began a game of hide-and-seek which lasted a half an hour before Nobody's Business sold the freedom of his herd for a lump of sugar. Shortly after that, the march back to winter quarters began.

There was a short-cut through the cat-house to the stock barns. Sleepy took it, the hyneys mincing in his rear, their hoofs clicking on the cement. Suddenly, however, a few feet from the cage occupied by the scowling Old Ugly, Nobody's Business planted his feet and reared his head. His nose twitched, like a person about to sneeze. At last his lungs filled, and his head went higher. His big ears waved. Then his lips furled back from equine teeth and he let it go:

"Aw-w-w-w-w—e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e—aw-w-w-w-w-w!"

Instantly there was a roar from Old Ugly, and the thunder of his tremendous form, threshing in wild fury. That jackass cry had aroused carnivorous instinct; now Old Ugly was against the bars, lashing out with saberlike claws. Again the roar boomed from his heavy throat; it was echoed by excited cries from along the cat line, animals mouthing in answer to the bellow of a monarch. Nobody's Business heard only the thunder of the lion. He whirled and faced him. His neck arched, and his lips furled anew. When he brayed, there was a chorus to sustain him, the assembled voices of Fire, of Flood, of Pestilence and Disaster.

Men came running forward with feeding-forks, to push Old Ugly back from the bars. Then the Old Man rushed in.

"Now we're going to have this, are we?" he asked wildly. "They'll even pick on a lion!"

He was right. Zebra-meat is a lion's natural food. Old Ugly knew it, even though he had been born in a cage. Nobody's Business knew it even better than Old Ugly; so did his comrades. They knew something more—that Old Ugly was caged, and that they possessed the means of safely driving an hereditary enemy to the verge of madness!

So the next day, when they had catapulted out of the ring barn, and striven vainly to break out of the winter-quarters yard, Nobody's Business kicked up his heels and led the way into the cat-house. There coming to a skidding stop before the cage of Old Ugly, he reared his head and opened his mouth. There was an exultant note about it, like a small boy yelling invectives at a shackled bogey-man:

"Aw-w-w-w-w—e-e-e-e-e-e—aw-w-w-w-w-w!"

Fire, Flood, Pestilence and Disaster joined him for a short chorus, before the entire crew of trainers, hostlers, grooms and helpers should flood in from the ring barns and begin a chase that included most of winter quarters. Finally the boss animal-man opened the gates and let them run. When everything failed, he could always count on the bromidic qualities of the big pasture.

Thus began a frenzied six weeks. At rare intervals, the boss animal-man reported progress. On one or two occasions he was actually optimistic; when the hyneys decided to learn anything, they did it with a speed far above that of the usual equine animal. Even the Old Man, who had lost much of his interest in Agricultural

Department experiments, came out one day, and announced pridefully that this act was going to be one of the knockouts of the show business. But the next afternoon, the striped beasts took advantage of the laxity occasioned by their docility, ran wild through winter quarters, invaded the cat-house where they paid their disrespects to Old Ugly, and went from there to the elephant-barn where they started a near-stampede before heading for open country.

Then came docility again—angelic docility, which, beyond a few excursions into the cat-house, continued for weeks. The Grand Amalgamated loaded out, gleaming and newly painted, for its summer season and the exploitation of two feature acts possessed by no other circus. One was the menagerie exhibit of Old Ugly, World's Most Ferocious Man-Eating Monster. The other was the "Phive Phuriously Phunny Phreaks of Phoolishment, in Kute Kavortings and Kunning Kapers." The pictures of this pair of added attractions blared their importance from every billboard and barn shed.

Opening day arrived. Number by number the program swung along. Five meekly docile animals of strangely colored stripings came mincing into the big tent and took a position before their trainer in the center ring. The announcer mounted a near-by stage. He waved his high silk hat.

"*Ladies-s-s-s-s-s and Gentlemen,*" he began—and got no farther.

Perhaps Nobody's Business hadn't liked his voice. Anyway, he backed up and kicked at a property-man. Then Fire and Pestilence swerved viciously, and sent the squawking Sleepy careening over the ring bank, at which time Disaster and Flood joined the rebellion. Out they went, ripping a hole in the sidewall to freedom. Ushers shouted for the spectators to keep their seats. The band played its loudest, a medley of new acts rushed into the tent, and the show went on. After some hours of searching, an animal-man telephoned from a farmhouse to send help and a hundred and fifty dollars for damages to three fences and a cabbage patch. The hyneys were there, with the usual occupants of a pasture backed into one corner, while they kept the rest for themselves. The Old Man sent for the animal boss.

"Wire an ad in to the *Billboard!*" he commanded. "We'll sell the damn' things!"

"Aw, now!" begged the animal-boss. He had spent many hours in survey of these five beasts and their tangled emotions. "Nobody'll buy 'em but some lousy carnival outfit—mistreat 'em and everything!"

"Will you wire that ad, or shall I?" answered the Old Man.

But rumors travel faster than telegraphy in the circus business. There were no takers; everybody in the show world knew, within a day, that Nobody's Business and his assorted trouble-shooters didn't like the life of the billowing big tops.

The noise of the trains got on their nerves. The blaring of the bands, the incessant movement, the gawking of the crowds, the blatter and clatter of the menagerie—all this was a cacophony of unhappiness to animals which longed for the peace of wide vistas and the quiet of rolling greens. At least once every week, Nobody's Business, assisted by Fire and Flood and Pestilence and Disaster, gave a special performance by quitting their regular one in the middle of the routine and running wild, thereby breaking up the show. . . . . So one day the Old Man gave an ultimatum.

"I'll give 'em one more chance," he said. "And that's all!"

"Aw, now!" the boss animal-man begged. He didn't like the Old Man's tone. "You can't blame them poor bums. How would you feel if you was half zebra and half jackass?"

"You mean that for a dirty crack?"

"No, that aint no dirty crack!" the boss animal-man said hastily. "But they don't savvy this business. If we'd just put 'em out there on that winter-quarters pasture and leave 'em there, they'd be swell. And how do you know they wouldn't tame down after a year or so? Lots of animals do."

The Old Man only grunted, and hurried away to catch a train to Chicago. Wearily the boss animal-man went to his task of spreading unpleasant news. There are qualities about a rebellious animal which appeal strangely to workmen of the menagerie. Perhaps it is an unconscious absorption of the viewpoint of the animal, an innate ability to understand the pull of old desires, old traits, and inherited demands; whatever it is, an animal-man feels a quick sympathy for an animal which cannot bow to routine. Even Dopey Brennan, who had resigned three

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Three of them went over the ring curb at the same instant and jammed in the air; there was a concerted squeal and a new flurry of kicking.

Born to Millions

by

Earl Chapin May

Howard Hughes

Vincent Astor

ON a February day in 1900, an American baby named Brown was born.

Of course, on that same day and in this broad country, a hundred or more other babies were born to proud Brown parents—but this was a very special baby. His family was of the highest social standing in Newport, R. I., and New York City, and very old and very prosperous. In spite of which the baby was christened John, with Nicholas as a middle name in honor of his famous ancestors.

Less than two months after his christening, John Nicholas Brown, Jr., was heralded in our greatest newspapers as, "The richest baby in the world!" He didn't raise a hand to get his riches, couldn't have raised a hand had he wanted to. He came by his fortune without his own efforts, but he acquired it legitimately, for the tiny infant inherited ten million dollars.

Five of these millions were bequeathed by the infant's father; the other five were left by his father's brothers.

Our ever live and needy newspapers promptly featured John Nicholas Brown as "the richest baby in the world!" Publicity was forced on the child because of his dual inheritance of wealth and a place in high society—but the story-value was in his millions.

These came originally from Providence, R. I., where one of his prosperous Eighteenth Century ancestors gave much money and its present name to Brown University and another donated a large library to that educational institution. But ten unencumbered, interest-bearing millions were left to the 1900 Brown, newest member of an oldest family.

During the first twenty years of John Nicholas Brown's much-advertised existence, the clear inference to be gathered from the newspaper accounts was that the boy was sure to be "spoiled." Thousands of other babies were born in 1900 and not a few of them were raised in the proverbial lap of luxury. Some of them were as tenderly and expensively cared for as John Nicholas Brown of the ancient and honorable Brown family—but the newspapers continue to feature *him*. This added to the "richest baby's" many handicaps.

The avid Sunday-feature writers described how four-year-old Master Brown lived alternately in three mansions. While sojourning in New York City he was guarded at his Fifth Avenue residence by day and night nurses, maids and detectives. While others in American society were enjoying the summer season at Newport, the baby born to ten round millions was domiciled protectively in a home overlooking aristocratic Bellevue Avenue. Between times the young multi-millionaire was pictured as visiting, under guard, an ancestral mansion at Providence.

John Nicholas Brown made especially good copy because he was one of the earliest of our antiseptic babies. It was said that John's nurses could not touch him until they had bathed and changed their clothing meticulously. That held true for all his guards.

The food administered to the "world's richest baby" received its share of public attention. Wee John was described as being fed milk from a queenly cow whose ancestry traced straight back to the Isle of Jersey, who was listed in the bovine Social Register and spent her summers in a Newport pasture abutting on Bellevue Avenue. This pasture, declared excited commentators, had a real estate value of one hundred thousand dollars! What with constant attendance by a special veterinarian, night watchman and experts on dairying, the milk from that cow was figured as costing fifteen dollars a quart, which is pretty high for any lacteal fluid.

The private life of five-year-old Master Brown was made public property by historians. Inside his home he played on a real sand beach. He sailed boats or practical miniature liners on an artificial pond too shallow for drowning. But, as was sharply pointed out, he had darned little fun with other boys.

If he demanded firecrackers, such as urchins fired from their fingers, he got them in large quantities—but his personal valet was credited with the firing of them.

When he developed a stubborn cold he got more publicity in the story that four high-priced specialists were rushed from New York to Newport. John recovered in spite of them because he had common sense and vitality. At the age of eight he was pictured as wearing silk knickerbockers, patent-leather shoes, sack coat, Buster Brown collar, red necktie, light-colored English walking-coat and carrying a stick.

His progress through life was followed just as eagerly by outsiders of less exalted stations. For a boy of such wealth, ancestry and social position a public school was unthinkable. Like Vincent Astor and his fellows, Master John Brown received preliminary book-learning from private tutors and at an ultra-exclusive school for boys near Newport.

Between terms there was society. When John was ready to enter college he was contacting, willy-nilly, with tennis tournaments at the Casino; teas, receptions and fancy balls before and after the annual yacht races. During the Christmas holidays in New York there were dinners, dances and the opera, at which his attendance was duly chronicled.

During this period of his development, he shot upward like a weed. Before he matriculated, not at Brown but at Harvard, he stood six feet tall. The long-framed, and famed, richest baby must have spent much of his time dodging fond mammas with marriageable daughters or fleeing from ubiquitous reporters and cameras. After one terrible interview, he kept clear of all newspaper people—but he *had* to meet mammas and their daughters. John Nicholas Brown of Newport was a good catch for any daughter, a fact regularly and publicly noted in America and in Europe, when he went there.

How, asked the reporters and other people, will this boy turn out? It was broadly inferred that he was headed for snobbery in spite of his solid six-feet-two.

As a matter of fact he lived simply and modestly as a Harvard student; became an athletic member of the war-time Harvard Naval Unit;

philosophically said "Shucks," when the war ended without letting him in on it; said something similar when he inherited a paltry one million dollars instead of the twenty-six million dollars expected from a grandfather who had died twenty-six years before John was born; gave one million dollars quietly to St. George's School for a chapel and, at twenty-one, calmly assayed himself at twenty-one million dollars in accumulated inheritance, remarking that a lot of young fellows had more than that.

The tall and temperate John Nicholas Brown of the American Social Register crowd attended the 1927 World's Conference on Faith and Order, at Lausanne, with George W. Wickersham, Dr. John R. Mott, and other lay and clerical delegates interested in the League of Churches. Two years later he joined with J. P. Morgan, Newcomb Carlton, Samuel M. Vauclain, Joseph E. Widener and other churchmen in organizing and financing the Church Properties Fire Insurance Company for the mutual protection of Protestant Episcopal church buildings.

Though meeting, albeit unenthusiastically, the social demands of an inherited station, he successfully looked after his conservative investments from Omaha to the Atlantic seaboard.

At thirty, John Nicholas Brown, one of our most eligible bachelors, who had spent many years in avoiding newsmongers, announced his engagement to Miss Anne Seddon Kinsolving, daughter of a distinguished Episcopalian clergyman and, in her own right, press-agent for the tennis star Suzanne Lenglen, and a feature-writer for a Baltimore daily. A lot of mammas and daughters were disappointed, but all agreed that each of the parties to the nuptial agreement was a thoroughbred in spite of inherited wealth and position.

John Nicholas Brown, once "the world's richest baby," has kept a level head through thirty years of wealth. He remains a modest, clean and common-sense citizen in spite of a *daily* income of around nineteen thousand dollars. Born to millions, he does not sidestep his responsibilities. Money came to him without his efforts, but it will not leave him so easily. He spends freely but not riotously. He gives much to deserving charities, but he adds to his fortune by good management. Thus does he confound those critics who declare that a boy who has money wished on him can not, in the nature of things, amount to anything.

"Easy come, easy go," is a favorite proverb with these pessimists. Plenty of recorded cases support this pessimism. While some are born rich, some achieve riches and some have riches thrust upon them, those who inherit riches meet the greatest strains on character. Unearned increment is often dissipated. Money that comes easily can often disappear—after wartime prosperity or a bull stock-market, for examples. Many an inheritor has promptly come a cropper with his millions.

There are so many ways of losing money that the common or garden citizen who is too close to his creditors to feel comfortable wonders how *any* great fortune can be conserved, to say nothing about increasing the amount of a huge inheritance. The self-made man is taught by experience to meet and sometimes overcome financial problems, but the man who is born to millions or has millions thrust upon him—and carries on *successfully*—is entitled to respect because the cards are normally stacked against him.

That form of competition we call business is based on the general belief that children are entitled to better opportunities than their parents—that civilization should improve progressively. The workman wants to send his kids to college. The druggist wants to see his boy a doctor. The second violinist looks forward to fathering a virtuoso. The clerk hopes to see his son a merchant. And so it goes through all walks and social classes. Hence it should not be held against an inheritor if he tries to do better than his progenitors—better materially as well as spiritually.

When Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was our President and men of great wealth were under suspicion as malefactors, any coupling of wealth and spirituality would have been roundly hooted by the populace. It is hooted today in divers quarters—among the Communists especially. Careers of certain rich men seem to justify this hooting. Yet the World War taught even our democracy that a certain amount of wealth or money-power is advisable, if not necessary.

Many of you can remember how President Roosevelt lambasted E. H. Harriman when that quiet, mustached little man was figuring cannily behind his spectacles on building up great railroad systems. Though Harriman abhorred the title, he was an "Empire Builder" in public prints.

Harriman never completed his contemplated empire, because he could not hurdle hostile legislation. But modern transportation specialists realize that great railroad systems reduce an individual shipper's overhead. Hence our Interstate Commerce Commission encourages the creation of great railroad systems by the amalgamation of lesser systems. Harriman had the right idea, though often accused of malefactions.

The senior John D. Rockefeller went through an almost parallel experience. The "stench of Standard Oil" was heralded as "the suffocating odor from an octopus." Yet the organization and operating methods originated by the first John D. are accepted as our best today because they save the ultimate consumer's money through efficiency in production and distribution of an almost universal necessity.

About the time "the richest baby in the world" was born, the first John D. Rockefeller retired from active business. During the thirty years of his retirement he has followed the philosophy of Colton who declares that, "He who will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is living, prevents it from doing any good to himself while he is dead; and by an egotism that is suicidal and has a double edge, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter." Briefly, John D., Sr., has donated more than seven hundred fifty million dollars to social-service institutions.

If L'Estrange is correct in saying that, "the cares of riches lie heavier upon a good man than the inconveniences of an honest poverty," the genius who made a reality of Standard Oil has cannily gotten rid of his "cares" *(Please turn to page 109)*

This is an account
of some
Americans
who have
Surmounted
the heavy handicap
of
Unlimited Wealth

Marshall Field, Jr. ***John D. Rockefeller, Jr.***

Gurma came rushing out; and as she saw, her voice rose: "Now let us indeed praise the Lord Allah!"

The Veiled Woman

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

by Achmed Abdullah

The Story So Far:

WITH John Perrington of New York and Fathma of Turkey it was love at first sight. He had been wandering about Constantinople at night and was rescued from robbers by Captain Shukri Yar, attaché of the Turkish legation in Washington, home on leave.

At the Captain's home Perrington met Shukri Yar's father, Mustaffa Ali, a Moslem of the old type, bitterly opposed to modernism, and the daughter of the household, an Oriental maid, veiled, secluded, reared under the old régime.

When Perrington asked Mustaffa Ali for his daughter's hand, the old man met him with a dagger and with hate. Only Fathma's quick action saved John's life.

"You are no longer my daughter," he said icily.

"Nor you my father," she retorted. . . .

America was a strange land to the young Moslem bride—new friends, new customs to be faced; drinking, being kissed by strange men, seeing her husband attentive to other women. But gradually she adapted herself, helped by her mother-in-law, who became her stanch ally. And when a Perrington heir arrived, all seemed serene for the future.

But small Hendrick absorbed every hour now. Fathma would go nowhere and John was left to his own devices. His resentment at this, at first smoldering, flared openly at last, and they quarreled. "Maybe it isn't altogether Hendrick," he said. "Maybe it's just the old bromide; East and West can't mix!"—and he flung himself out of the house.

Fathma saw for the first time that in her absorption over her son she had hurt her husband by her neglect of him. She waited for his return that she might tell him she was sorry.

But when, late at night, he came back, he had guests with him, among them Harriet Hackett; and Fathma, waiting behind a curtain till they should depart, to her horror heard Harriet say: "I shouldn't say it, John, but I've got to. I love you—I always have!"

John's answer was indistinct. Then she heard Harriet ask, "But are you happy, John?" and his reply, "No—not entirely," froze all the emotion with which Fathma had been awaiting his return.

She walked out to them and said calmly: "You may have each other. Don't let me stand in your way."

Later John argued with her, but she was adamant. She was all Oriental now. Her code was an eye for an eye: She had been injured by him—he had desired some one else. She was through.

When Mrs. Perrington, Senior, learned Fathma meant to leave John, she argued with her, but to no avail. "I shall go away and earn my own living—live my own life," Fathma insisted.

"That costs money in New York," said Mrs. Perrington. "You must leave Hendrick with me." And this Fathma was forced to do. With Shirley Frisby, an interior decorator and one of their crowd, she found a job, and soon made herself useful because of her knowledge of Oriental art.

John lost himself in his work—the Turkish oil-concessions in which he was involved with Fathma's brother. He tried to forget his love for the wife who had left him; he waited patiently for something to change the situation. He turned down angrily Harriet's suggestion that they pal around together.

It was Shirley who suggested a divorce to Fathma, but on seeing her embarrassment, asked, "Do you still love him?" And Fathma nodded yes.

Her old father had refused to back up the modern Turkish government and his property had been confiscated as a result, so her brother wrote her; Mustaffa Ali was poverty-stricken, but still "fearless and proud." Like herself, thought Fathma—and she resolved not to give in to her growing loneliness for baby and husband, throwing herself, instead, more and more into her work. *(The story continues in detail:)*

SHIRLEY had been mistaken in her assumption that Fathma would find it difficult to bring in new business. On the contrary, quite a few women came, drawn by the current gossip about Fathma. They came to sound her out, more or less tactfully, as to why she had left her husband—and, often, remained to buy.

Even Miranda Standing dropped in one afternoon.

"My dear," she began, "I was terribly sorry to hear that—oh—"

"Really?"

"Yes. You must tell me all about—"

And it was with a feeling akin to revenge that presently Fathma succeeded in selling to Miranda Standing an atrocious product of ultra-modern art, and at such an exorbitant figure that even Shirley became conscience-stricken and voluntarily took off ten per cent for cash.

So Fathma's commissions were steadily mounting; and she was glad of it. Not only because of the keen feeling of independence—one dream of America come true—which it gave to her, but chiefly because more money meant the effort and drive of more work; and this drive, the physical and mental fatigue that went with it, brought a measure of forgetting.

Here her thoughts ran parallel with John's. Husband as well as wife worked to forget—to forget each other; and here he was more successful than she. Partly, doubtless, because being the stronger in body, he was able to work longer hours and more intensely. Partly because, ever since Hendrick's birth, he had been conscious of this distance between him and her, and therefore her actual absence was only an accentuation of what he had felt straight along, for many weeks. So, gradually, his physical desires became dulled; the pain changed to a memory of pain.

To Fathma, on the other hand, now that she was released from the care of her son, all her old love returned with a warm rush, with a sharp, almost cruel vigor. John—she wanted him, needed him—his arms about her, his lips on hers, his whisper: "I love you!"

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She confessed it to herself, in spite of her pride.

Oh, yes! She longed for John; chiefly in the evening when, with Shirley gone to some party or other, she was alone; when, occasionally, she would walk the few blocks south to Washington Square and sit on a bench—and there she went one night, almost six weeks after she had left her husband, six weeks since she had seen him and heard his voice.

It had been a very warm day. Even now, with the sun beyond the horizon and a brittle, ironic moon painting the West, heat rays still surged up from the pavement. She put her feet down gingerly, conscious of a creeping sensation as the spongy asphalt gave under the pressure of her high heels.

She was tired and nervous and unhappy; was grateful when she found a seat on a bench.

For long Fathma sat there, gazing about her.

Crowded, the Square—the neighboring tenements spilling out their teeming thousands. People walking up and down. A buzz of talk. Catchwords, curses, laughter. Local jealousies and animosities. Greeks, Sicilians, Irish, Jews, Poles. The melting-pot not yet melted; with its different racial ingredients damning each other's eyes.

More curses and laughter. A shouted, obscene joke, old already when the world was young. A drunken man's sodden, maudlin mouthings. A woman's gurgling contralto: "Aw—chase yerself, yer big stiff!"

A street-organ joining the Gotham cacophony with a snarling syncopation:

"I got the blue-hoos—
I got the low-down blue-hoo cemetery blue-hoo-hoos!"

The stark drama of the city, the clownish comedy, the vital, writhing soul.

Life all about her. Life, clouting, breathing — fighting eternally — loving eternally. . . . And Fathma sat there, watching, listening, envying—and thinking over the happenings of the past weeks.

Several times she had seen Gordon Lee Davies. He had taken her out to dinner and the theater.

Gradually he was wedging his personality into her consciousness, almost into her affection. Not that there was the slightest danger of her ever falling in love with him. She loved John; and she was one of those women who love once in their life—and only once. But she liked the Virginian now; liked chiefly his amazing honesty.

For the man, a pagan and a sensualist, was outspoken about his failings. Only the past Monday, when he and Fathma had dined together, he had confessed to her that, a connoisseur in human frailties, he had always turned vice and virtue alike to his own gratification.

"Aren't you ashamed?" Fathma had asked.

"Not at all," he replied.

"But—"

"But what?"

"The women whom—"

"Whom I have loved and left—as the saying goes?"

"Yes."

He had laughed.

"Honey," he told her, "there have been dozens of women in my life—literally dozens. And yet," he added, and spoke the truth, "I reckon there isn't a single one amongst the lot who hates me—which is one advantage of being a thoroughly bad egg."

"Oh—"

"Sure enough. You see, when you're bad, people don't expect so much of you—and when people don't expect much, you don't disappoint them, don't hurt them. It's the good people who are dangerous—chiefly good women."

He smiled ironically at her; and she demanded:

"Meaning me?"

"Yes, honey." He had lowered his voice. "Of course you know that I'm in love with you."

"Gordon—please—"

"Never mind playing injured innocence. You know I'm in love with you—don't you?"

"I do."

"And *I* know that you're quite unattainable—that you'll never be mine. And,"—sharply,—"I'm glad of it—and damned lucky!"

Her vanity was hurt.

"B-but—" she stammered.

"Damned lucky!" the Virginian had repeated. "And d'you know why?"

"Well?"

"Because you're one of the 'good' ones—the dangerous ones—and because there's nobody quite as unfeeling and as selfish as a good woman. I prefer bad women. A bad woman wants only one thing from life—mostly money—while a good woman wants everything. And when she can't get it she—"

"Pleading for John?" Fathma had interrupted.

"Not a bit. I'm just telling you what I think of you—telling you straight out."

"Why should you?"

"Because I love you."

Life rolled across the bridge—life of the Orient, thought John

After a silence, he had changed the conversation.

"I'm going to Bar Harbor tomorrow. Shall I bring little Hendrick some toys?"

"No. He has plenty. But you might give him a kiss and a hug —from me."

"I'll do that small thing. By the way: I needn't remind you—but what I told you last year, on board the ship, still holds. If ever you're in trouble, send me word—write, wire, phone—and I'll be there with bells on."

Fathma thought of his words; thought how, once she had disliked him. Today she liked him, trusted him—oh, yes—he was her friend. . . .

He was in Bar Harbor now. She wondered if he had seen little Hendrick, her son, and she sighed; felt depressed and lonely amidst the coiling throng that moved up and down through the Square.

A tall man passed, a sailor, with an arm about a small, slight girl's waist.

"Gee!" Fathma heard her sibilant whisper, "I'm sure nuts about yer, boy!"

"Right back at ye, kid!" came the gallant reply. "Ye're the cootie's monocle—take it from me!"

Fathma looked at the sailor.

Big he was, wide-shouldered, curly-haired. He reminded her of John. . . . And she sobbed; she was lonely, so lonely!

. . . . *satisfied with its dusty, well-worn, ancestral ways.*

She got up and going home, sat in her bedroom, near the window, brooding, unhappy.

She remembered an ancient Arabic saying that had often been on her father's lips:

"Once in the life of each man, sayeth the Koran, comes to him his chance for happiness or woe. Once—and only once. And while all else is written from the beginning in the book of each man's life by the Angel of the Scrolls, sayeth the Koran, there is left one page whereon each is permitted to trace, himself, the record of his choice. . . ."

The record of her choice, she thought; she had made it, had traced it herself. She had broken the shackles of Islam, had torn to pieces its swathing veil; she had followed the man whom she loved to his alien land—had followed him to freedom and happiness—

Freedom and happiness no longer.

For with her own hands she had forged new shackles about her life; had done it because of hard, unyielding pride—and now tonight she hated this pride, feared it.

Why, she reflected, had not the Prophet Mohammed said that pride can neither cleave a rock nor cause a man to equal the mountains in stature? And Jesus the Great Saint—was it not written of him in the *Hadith* that he had said to the haughty, the unforgiving: "The world is but a bridge; pass over it, but build no houses there. The world is but an hour; spend it in love and devotion?"

She must conquer her pride. . . .

She would go to John, tomorrow morning. . . . No! Tonight! Now! She would tell him, so simply:

"I love you! Take me back!"

John—dear, dear John! To see his face—to hear his voice—

She jumped up, put on her hat, went to the door. . . .

And then suddenly she reconsidered.

She could not go to him; could not.

For John, she told herself, did not need her. Had he needed her, any time during these last six weeks, he would have come to her; would at least have written to her, if only a single line. . . .

She took off her hat and retraced her steps.

Nor was it pride which kept her from going, since her pride was shattered. It was the opposite of pride; it was humility. Heretofore—although she had denied it to her mother-in-law, to Shirley, even to herself—it had been an ultimate assurance in her mind that she was indispensable to her husband. Now this belief in her own value and worth, was assailed—and she felt a sense of inferiority creeping over her as she told herself dully that John needed her no longer.

She was quite sure of it—and she shrugged her shoulders and whispered:

"It is over!"

She went about the room, attending to a dozen aimless and unnecessary tasks, after the way of women: placing fresh towels on the rack in the bathroom, pressing some crumpled silk ribbons, putting trees in shoes, arranging and rearranging the things on her dressing-table —making a brave, pitiful pretense of being active.

Then the door opened, and Shirley Frisby came in, a paper in her hand.

"Hello, Fathma!"

"Hello, Shirley!"

"Brought you the Evening *Mail*."

"Thanks. But I don't think it—"

"You don't think it'll interest you? It may." And Shirley gave her the paper. "Here,"—pointing at a news-item,—"take a look!"

Fathma read. "Oh!" she said.

All at once, she laughed—and the other, amazed, demanded:

"What's so funny about it? Your husband—well, he's ruined, from what the paper says—his oil concern gone blooey—and he on his way to Turkey to save the pieces! Say,"—very angrily, as

Fathma still laughed,—"what's the matter—are you getting hysterics?"

"No, no . . . . but I am happy—so happy—"

"Happy?"

"Yes—don't you understand?"

"You bet I don't!"

"Oh, but you see, John needs me now—he needs me!"

"Completely nutty!" commented Shirley, while Fathma hurried to the telephone, jiggled the receiver up and down, cried:

"Long-distance—I want long-distance. . . . Bar Harbor . . . . yes, Bar Harbor, Maine. . . . I wish to speak to a Mr. Davies—Gordon Lee Davies. . . . Oh,"—impatiently,—"*D* for Denver, *A* for Alabama, *V* for— Yes—yes—Davies! Please—as quick as you can, Central!"

Chapter Twenty-three

REPEATEDLY, since Shukri Yar had sent his warning message, Duncan McEntee, John Perrington's attorney, had advised John to come to a compromise with the Anglo-Scotch Petroleum Company. The lawyer happened to be well acquainted with Sir Arthur Ackroyd, the president of the British concern, for whom in former years he had handled a number of successful litigations; and, acting on his personal initiative, he had, by an exchange of cablegrams, brought Sir Arthur to the point where he had been willing to forgo his costly appeal to the Turkish supreme court and to buy out the oil-leases of the American syndicate at a fair figure, partly in cash and partly in preferred stock of a new corporation to be formed.

But John, whose vanity had been greatly flattered by the knowledge that Wall Street was hailing him as a coming man, had been obsessed with the idea of reaping enormous profits, of building up his own fortune, of heaping millions upon more millions, even as his father had done.

Not because of the money itself, nor, precisely, because of his native American craving for power. But—and here, curiously, rather childishly, his thoughts had run parallel with Fathma's—because he wanted to "show her," just as she had wanted to "show him," to show each other how well they could do without each other, how gloriously successful they could be.

So he had refused Sir Arthur's offer—and McEntee had been worried as well as angry.

"You're too cocksure!" he exclaimed. "I've gone over the whole matter, forward and backward. And, take it from me—the British have the whip-hand."

"Is that so?"

"Absolutely. Why, their terms are generous—more than generous—"

"Generous—my eye! No use wasting a lot of words. I'm going to stand by my guns—and then I'll give those Britishers all the fight they desire and then some!"

"Fine old national pastime?" came the sardonic question. "Making the eagle scream?"

John laughed.

"You've said it!" he replied. "Making the American eagle scream—by twisting the British lion's tail—if you'll pardon the mixed metaphor."

"All right. I guess it's your privilege to cut your own throat. Only you're forgetting one detail."

"Namely—"

"That you're not alone in this venture—that you've got partners to consider."

"I own control of the syndicate, absolute control. The others have a minority interest."

John spoke with a certain grim, diamond-hard ruthlessness that reminded McEntee of the late Josiah C. Perrington. Straight through his cyclonic business career the latter had followed his own counsel; had ridden rough-shod over all those who had opposed his will; had treated his junior partners, his lawyers, and his highly paid executives like so many unimportant office-boys.

Perhaps, on the other hand, John was more generous than his father. Or at least he was young enough to be guilty of an occasional fine, quixotic gesture toward the galleries; young enough, furthermore, to enjoy this same gesture—as, for instance that afternoon, during the directors' meeting which had been called on McEntee's insistence.

The lawyer explained his viewpoint in detail, with calm, legal precision. "I'd strongly advise you gentlemen to accept the British offer," he added.

There had been a short discussion. All, except John, concurred with the attorney.

"Well," one said, "it seems the Anglo-Scotch people have the jump on us."

"I guess so."

"Why throw good money after bad?"

"Right!"

"We know when we're licked."

"Say, Perrington, it was you who talked us into the scheme at the time!"

"Not that we're blaming you, old man!"

"Still, you must admit, it was a mistake—"

"Yes—and cost us a pretty penny—"

"I propose," came a heavily authoritative voice, "that we say *yes* and *amen* to the British proposition."

"And charge the rest to profit and loss."

"Not to mention experience!"

So they had argued, while John had fought them each step of the way. Not entirely because of his stubborn conviction that he was right and they wrong; but because also he felt that the others held him doubly responsible, since the oil-wells were in Turkey and since, with his wife belonging to that country, there was in their minds a connecting link between the two facts.

"I don't see it your way at all," he declared.

"But the risk, Perrington—"

"Sure there's a risk. On the other hand, consider the potential gains."

"Too potential for my taste!"

"Well, I'm going to take a gambler's chance."

"With our money!"

"Only partly — very partly — your money!" Like his father he had been—hard, ruthless. "I own control—almost eighty per cent of the voting stock—"

"Even so, you haven't the right—"

"We'll bring an injunction. . . . Can't we, McEntee?"

"I guess so."

And then came John's quixotic gesture, his play toward the galleries. "I'll guarantee you against loss!" he declared.

"You mean that?"

"Yes."

"Look here," the lawyer expostulated, "do you realize what you're doing?"

"Perfectly, Mac!" John had paused; then continued: "Well, gentlemen, what do you say?"

The others exchanged glances, shrugged their shoulders. They thought: "It's his own look-out . . . ."

"Will you send us a little line to that effect?" asked the man with the authoritative voice.

"You'll get it tomorrow morning—black on white."

They filed out of the room, and John and McEntee were alone.

"You certainly strutted your stuff in great style," was the latter's ironic comment.

John made no reply. He touched the bell on his desk; Miss Eisenberg entered; and he dictated a letter to the directors of his syndicate, assuming all financial responsibility, as well as a cablegram to Patrick Norton, his representative in Constantinople, instructing him not to give in a single *(Please turn to page 126)*.

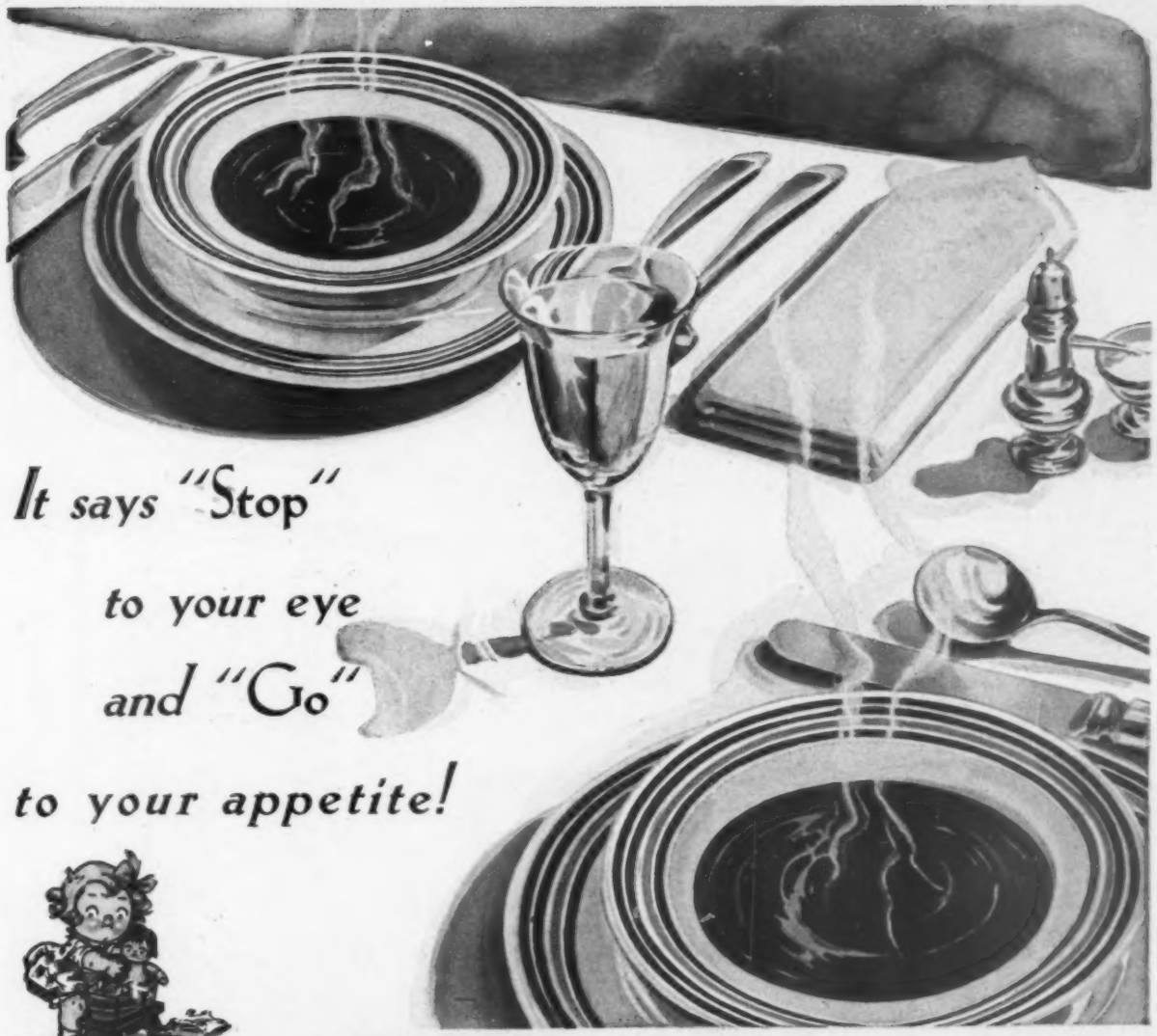
NEXT MONTH

we begin a delightful and remarkable romance of a Prince and two American girls, one of whom had position, wealth and beauty—and the other who had only beauty and —a footprint.

"THE FOOTPRINT *of* CINDERELLA"

by PHILIP WYLIE

is full of surprises and insures you of a season of enjoyment.



It says "Stop"

to your eye

and "Go"

to your appetite!

I'll scrub her neat and clean,
I'll make her fairly shine.
Then she'll be a proper lady
On Campbell's Soup to dine!

Your choice

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

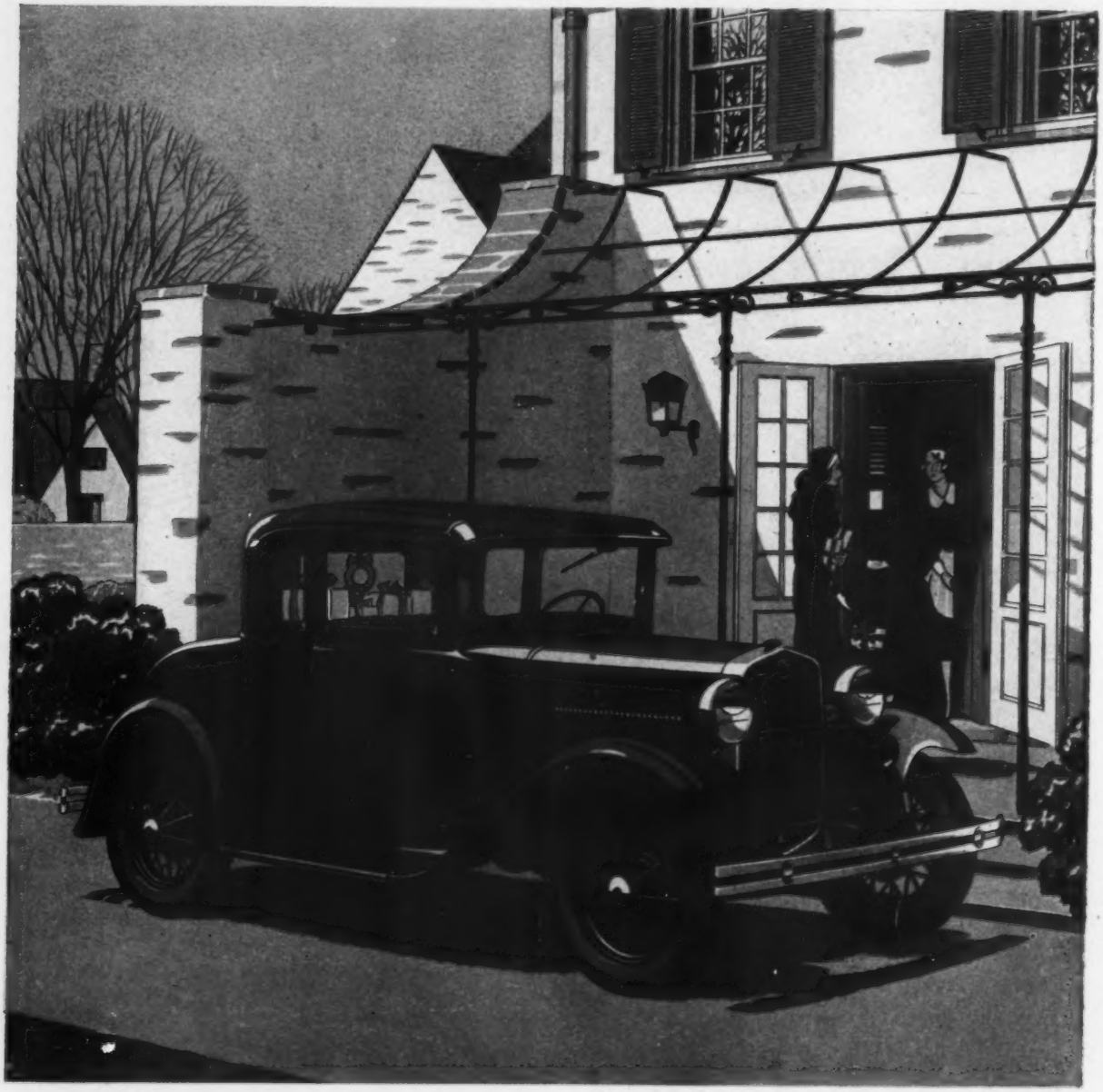
THERE'S dash and racy vigor in Campbell's Tomato Soup. Its color is a flame. Its flavor an unforgettable experience for your taste. Our famous French chefs have achieved such complete mastery in the blending of Tomato Soup that people have come to regard it as something individual, as exclusively Campbell's.

Indeed, it was when Campbell's began making it 32 years ago that the public first discovered Tomato Soup to be so remarkably delicious. Never before had people tasted such a glorious, sparkling, irresistible soup.

And never since, in the public's opinion, has this soup been equalled except by Campbell's themselves. As the result it enjoys a popularity that is overwhelming. More of it by far is bought by the women of America than any other soup. It's the soup *you* want.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

A Treasured *Gift* at Christmas Time



DREAMS will come true in many homes this Christmas. For there, among the holiday gifts, will be a gleaming new Ford. From Dad to Mother. Or from Mother and Dad to Son or Daughter.

Not a gift for the day only, but one that will be used and treasured throughout the year. A practical, lasting gift that will bring countless happy hours and shorten the miles to friends and distant places.

Illustrated above is the new Ford Coupe. There are many other body types to select from, in a changing variety of beautiful colors. A choice of soft, luxurious mohair or fashionable Bedford cord upholstery is offered in the Town Sedan, the De Luxe Sedan, and the De Luxe Coupe.

Ford

The Royal Robe of Office

by

Arthur K. Akers

The despicable Latham extended a tinfoil-covered rake handle to the anticipatory sisters.

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

ARCHITECTURALLY, Napoleon Nash gave the impression of having grown up under a table, to which chronic natural handicap the stunted Napoleon now added the facial expression of one sitting on a tack, as he glowered across "Fish Alley" at the focal point of feminine interest there.

As Supreme Magnificent Commander of Demopolis Lodge Number 237, Afro-American Sons of Temperance, Mr. Nash hated to see Latham Hooper so popular with the ladies. For one thing, Latham held the office of Tremendous Treasurer in the lodge—and everybody knew what happened to the treasury when a treasurer got to stepping out too strongly among the women!

For another—and what gave personal point to the Napoleonic peeve—Mr. Nash's own wife, Geraldine, was entirely too prominent in the admiring circle surrounding Mr. Hooper. For a third, as possessor of the other key, Latham was returning from the lodge-room with the week's accumulation of fraternal mail.

"Huccome you aint make has'e?" quarreled the commander, when Latham at length tore himself from the vicinity of Geraldine. "You act like you got mo' time dan a fed dawg at a picnic! Make hit snappy wid whut's in the lodge's mail! An' quit makin' dem ape's eyes at my wife ev'y time you sees her!"

"Cain't he'p de women lookin' at me," Latham split the difference between an apology and a boast. "—Heah de lodge rent bill ag'in."

"Aint no news in dat—'cep'n bad news. Whut else you got?"

"An' sevum letters from de brothers sayin' dey aint got no money to pay dey dues wid—"

"Cain't he'p de women lookin' at me," Latham split the difference between an apology and a boast.

"You be round close by when de white folks pays 'em off nex' Sat'day, den—"

"An' not'fication de Grand Lodge gwine meet nex' week."

"*Now* you done said somep'n!" Napoleon's mood lightened and brightened. Grand lodges were his meat!

"Whar hit gwine meet at?" he thought of an important detail.

"Mobile."

"Well, slap my face! Whut de name de big street down dar?"

"Aint know—"

"Nemmind! I finds hit! An' dem Mobile lodge boys'll find me too—right spang in de middle of hit in de big pee-rade, wid de tail of my yaller-an'-pu'ple robe dustin' de street-car tracks while I struts myse'f in front dem bands!"

Latham looked pityingly at the elevated Napoleon. Then: "You talks jes' 'xactly like you aint look in de kitty lately," he wrecked the dream.

"Whut kitty?"

"De lodge kitty. I couldn't stand off de white gent'man no longer on month befo' last's rent. So now us jes' got two bucks an' a C'nadian quawter in de tin box—"

"An' Grand Lodge meetin' most two hundred miles away an' jes' a week off?"

"You said hit."

"Us got stir ouah stumps!" Mr. Nash grew grave. "An' raise de money fo' de railroad."

"Sho *would* be a long walk," Latham put the only other alternative into words.

"An', as treas'rer, hit's yo' job to git up de money. 'Sides"—with a meaning glance in Geraldine's direction—"hit give you somep'n to keep yo' mind off de women."

"*I* cain't he'p yo' wife bustin' out in a big laugh ev'y time she git a good look at you," protested Mr. Hooper sourly. "She jes' make talk wid me to rest her eye."

"Let her rest her eyes on you couple mo' times, an' you gwine rest under a rock—wid yo' name carve on hit!" threatened Mr. Nash. "Now, to git back to de lodge bus'ness; think of de Grand 'Xilarated Commander gittin' up at Mobile an' readin' out de roll-call:

'D'mop'lis Numb-ber 237!' An' den some dem low-down Eutaw niggers holler out: 'Aint none dem boys heah—dey aint got de carfare!' "

"How 'bout you stickin' 'round an' he'pin' me think up de money, den?"

"Now you gittin' out yo' terr'tory ag'in. I w'ars de robes; you raises de rev'nue: dat's de way de rules reads. 'Sides, I's a waiter at de white folks' club now. An' you know dawggone good an' well Majuh Lee out dar so 'stracted now wid gittin' up whut he call de 'Venetian Carn'val' on de swimmin'-pool he ruther shoot me dan listen to me, is I show up late."

"Dat's a fact. Majuh sho' shoot a mean clay-pigeon too. He never *would* miss nothin' yo' size."

The perspiring Napoleon reached the scene of his labors at the Colonial Club not a second too soon. In fact, he came through the swinging doors of the club's service pantry buttoning the last button of his white jacket just as its president, young Major Kenilworth Lee, was entering the dining-room from the opposite direction. The expression on the face of the young woman whom the Major was escorting in to lunch indicated that he, too, had been late. —And that the charming Miss Lida Mason didn't wait on any man but *once!*

Which naturally made everything all Napoleon's fault. A status which he accepted for what it might be worth to him: in the end Major Lee was liable to slip a boy about four-bits extra for getting under any loose blame about the place. So:

"Sho' is sorry us done kep' you waitin', Majuh," he murmured just loudly enough for good effect as he carefully drew back the Major's chair.

"Couple of feathers and a cuff-link is all they're going to be able to find of you around here if you let this happen again!" the Major loosed language that didn't go with the look in his eye on Napoleon's side. "Got trouble enough getting this Venetian Carnival to going here, without you boys showing up late at lunch-time. Ah—Miss Lida here's going to be the Queen of it."

"She sho' be a purty one!" Napoleon mixed diplomacy with truth.

This lovely young Miss Lida was leading the bachelor Major a hard race: everybody, white and black, knew that. And if she was going to be Queen of the carnival, something else was settled too: the Major would be its King. The Major was that kind when he got the bit in his teeth and a little opposition in front of him.

Napoleon slid discreetly back to stir up the kitchen in the interest of his white folks, while from the direction of the swimming-pool in the grove below the club-house, came the sound of hammers, building a barge for this Demopolis Doge and his lady.

Within, Miss Lida discussed Major Kenilworth Lee with himself, above her salad: "You *were* late, Ken. You're *always* late. And if you're late again, to be the Doge that night. . . . . Well, just use your own imagination!"

Expose Napoleon Nash to an idea long enough, and it would "take." In fact, heaps of times he had an idea and didn't even know it. As now, roosting on a box in front of Bees'-Knees Thompson's barbecue-stand in Fish Alley.

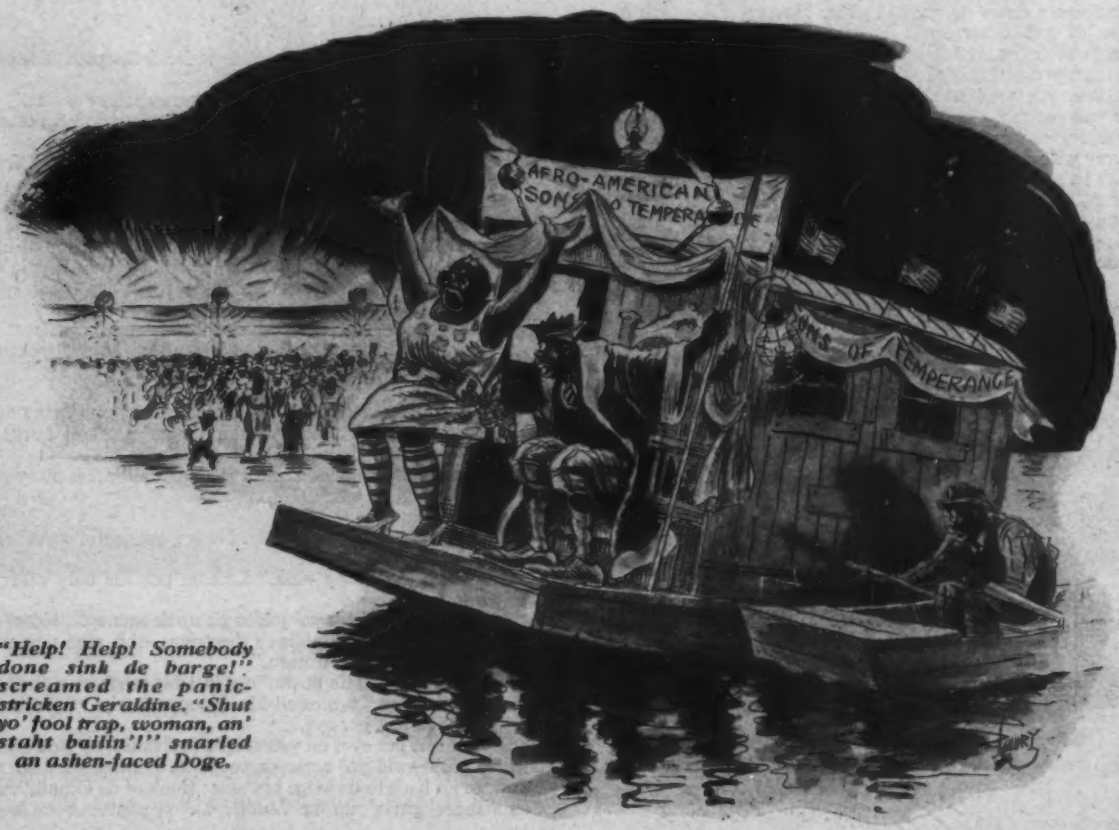
"I wuz jes' lookin' at my r'yal robe of awffice, over at de lodge room today," he conferred importantly with Tremendous Treasurer Hooper, "an' reckon de lodge better git dat robe wash' fo' me befo' I w'ars hit to Mobile."

"You aint wrawng 'cep'n in two places an' all ways," retorted Latham disagreeably. "First place, you aint gwine to no Mobile; beca'ze I caint figure out no way to raise yo' carfare without de brothers axin' lot of fool questions 'bout whar at de 'balance on hand' done went to. An', in de secumd place, dat yaller-an'-pu'ple robe of yourn aint wash. You git water on one dem robes once, an' you couldn't do nothin' but dye Easter aigs wid hit. Dat robe run like a rabbit."

"Washin' or no washin', dat robe gwine to Mobile," Napoleon grew firm on the fundamentals. "Wid me in hit. Raisin' de carfare, dat's yo' job."

"Whut all dat hammerin' an' wirin' gwine on over to de white folks' club?" Latham dodged admission of defeat by changing the subject. "Say dey gwine take in a wash-b'iler full of money wid some sawt of water carn'val dar."

Napoleon's mind established a connection that completed a mental circuit! Mobile streets—gay with flags and robes, loud with drums and brass—suddenly shimmered and rang ahead of him! And he'd kill two birds with one robe, as well! If Latham couldn't figure it out, he could!



"Help! Help! Somebody done sink de barge!" screamed the panic-stricken Geraldine. "Shut yo' fool trap, woman, an' staht bailin'!" snarled an ashen-faced Doge.

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This Venetian Carnival was to take in money. Money was the universal need, clear on down to his and Latham's lodge. And if the town was already carnival-conscious, why not—

"On Prout's Lake!" he wrapped his new-born brain-child in the first words that came to hand. "Us puts on one dem V'netial Carn'vals ouah ownse'ves! Fo' de ben'fit de lodge an' my trip to Mobile! Wid a King—"

"Aint call 'em king," interrupted Latham. "White folks call dem V'netial kind of kings 'Dawgs.'"

NAPOLEON winced at the word. "Shet up 'bout 'dawgs'!" he muttered.

"I'd holler too," persisted Latham, "is I done whut you done! De brothers aint fo'git hit neither—you stealin' a brother's po-lice dawg an' shearin' hit an' tryin' sell hit to 'nother brother fo' a bloodhound—"

"Shet up! Shet up! Dat all done past!" interposed Napoleon hurriedly. "Ev'y-thing harmony in de lodge now; don't stir up nothin'."

"Jes' tellin' you 'bout de king Dawg, is all."

"Says shet up! An' my yaller-an'-pu'ple robe come in handy when I's de K—er—de *Dawg*, on ouah V'netial barge on Prout's Lake dat night. W'ars hit while dey crown-atin' me an' de Queen—"

"Crownatin' de Queen an' *who?*" Latham lit the fire that was later to become a conflagration.

"Who de S'preme Magnif'cent Commander round heah, nohow?" countered Napoleon, stiffly. "Wid a robe of awffice, all set fo' de crownation—'cep'n me?"

"An' a hawg fo' gittin' in de headlights too!" Latham widened the rift within the lodge. "Whut de matter wid *me* fo' de big Dawg?"

"You? Don't ax me—ax yo' lookin'-glass!" retorted Napoleon nastily. "Be-sides not havin' no robe to w'ar, wuz you de Dawg, you looks mo' an' mo' to me like de small change from a nickel. An' a other thing, black boy: I done told you 'bout standin' 'round de streets all time gassin' wid my wife, Ge'ldine. Next time I sees you hangin' 'round her, I gwine fix you so you look like de li'l grease-spot whar de elephant sot down on de monkey."

"You an' who else?"

"De lodge meets tomorrer night," Napoleon ignored him. "Aint nobody but me got no robe fittin' to be de Dawg in, but I lets 'em vote on hit, jes' to make hit look better. Den, after I's 'lected, I picks de Queen, but aint 'nounce who 'tis twel de night of de crownatin' on de lake. Dat keep de gals all politickin' 'round twel de last minute."

"When hit gwine be?"

"Nex' Tuesday night. White folks has deir'n Wednesday. Us beats 'em to hit."

"Who gwine build de barge?"

"You is."

Napoleon waited for already-overdue opposition. None came. Which was puz-zling—until later.

"You borrers de planks, buys de nails, an' drafts de labor," he continued. "Heah de picture of one dem barges, whut Major Lee gimme."

"Sho' is fancy lookin'!"

"Nemmind all de fancy-work. Whut us wants is one dat'll float."

"Sho' is. Dat lake git deep out li'l ways from de shore."

"How deep de lake is aint gwine pester *you* none—you aint gwine be on de barge nohow," interjected Napoleon pointedly. "You aint got no robe to w'ar. I is."

"You been 'round de jail-house lately?" Latham seemed to change the subject.

"Huccome you axin' dat?"

"Jes, thinkin' 'bout dat pants-pressin' boy, Willie Freeman. Wonderin' if dey got room fo' him yit: dey wuz full up las' week, an' wa'n't no use gittin' him 'rested twel dey got place to put him."

"Dey has so much trouble gittin' Willie away from dem free meals last time, jail-house gent'man tell me he aint gwine let him in dar no mo'," contributed Napoleon.

Latham's face fell momentarily. Circumstances might be weakening his hold on Willie. But: "Aint keer whether he likes hit or not," he decided to stick to his rights. "Dat boy done owed me dat dollar long 'nough!"

"Whut dollar?"

"One whut he find."

"Whut *you* got do wid dollar whut *Willie* find?"

"He find hit in *my* pants pocket, dat whut—when he pressin' 'em. Dat boy gwine come clean wid dat dollar befo' Tuesday, or I clamps down on him."

Napoleon suddenly sat bolt upright. "Whut you does depends whole lot on whut dat crossin' de street in front of us over dar," he nervously indicated what had partially caught his eye.

"Dat? Huh! Dat aint nothin' but Bees' Knees' old white tawm-cat."

Mr. Nash settled back in relief. *"White* cat all right," he voiced it.

Yet something new in Latham's look just here vaguely perturbed him—also the cat, which suddenly broke into a run. Cats are psychic that way, it was to prove!

AT eight the following evening, Supreme Magnificent Commander Nash, robed in royal yellow and purple, called his lodge to order, oiled up the steam-roller, and summoned his vassal voters to go through the motions of electing him Doge for the forthcoming Venetian Carnival on Prout's Lake. It was also made clear to them who had the right robe for such an important office.

At eight-fifteen Mr. Nash was staggering in circles, seeking air and explanation. Another good man had been ruined by the Australian ballot system! He still had the robe, but somebody else had the office! He was still destined to attend Grand Lodge in Mobile, but the brothers hadn't been able to shift their minds and memo-ries from dog to Doge, it seemed. As a dabbler in other people's dogs, he had been sunk when it came to being Doge of the Prout's Lake carnival. From Doge to spectator in one move, was his history! Final tabulation, as the lodge's Sonorous Scribe read deeper into their infamy, burned like hot irons:

"Fo' Dawg of de Carn'val: Com-mander Nash, fo'teen; Treas'rer Hooper, sixty-five. Brother Hooper wins—an' gits to pick he own Queen, on de night of de Carn'val."

Instantly the victorious Latham was pressing forward toward the flattened-out Napoleon.

"Remember, wuzn't *me* kept you from gittin' to be de Dawg," he outlined irritat-ingly. "Brothers jes' gits reminded of dat bloodhound deal of yourn, wuz all. How 'bout lendin' me dat yaller robe of yourn to w'ar while I's dawggin'?"

"I wouldn't lend you de smoke off my seegar!" snapped Mr. Nash savagely. "An' another thing, you make talk wid my wife one mo' time *now*, an' hit take you a week to walk back from whar at I runs you to!"

Around the Colonial Club, the chastened and white-coated Mr. Nash couldn't see that times were improving any. As out-come of some new urgency, messengers were being dispatched practically hourly with propitiatory flowers from Major Lee to Miss Lida Mason. That harassed club president was burdened now with all the bunglings of other people that make last-minute nightmares of such affairs.

The barge leaked, the lighting circuits had been wired wrongly, two absolutely vital cartons of colored lamp globes had been smashed in transit. And in the press of it all, he had been late again for a dinner engagement with Miss Mason. Hence that young woman declining even to answer the telephone, hence the flowers, hence the Major verging on the man-eating stage in respect to the attachés of the club.

FOR all of which reasons, Napoleon couldn't have picked a worse time to drop a crate of eggs on top of an innocent-looking pasteboard box that had just arrived by the same express.

The ensuing roar from Major Lee as he jerked the egg-soaked top from the box, sent Mr. Nash out over more golf course in thirteen minutes than Bobby Jones ordinarily covers in a couple of hours. In fact, it was only by pursuing him in relays that three other perspiring club attendants finally earthed him in the most distant rough of all.

"Majuh say you d-d-done it. Aig all *over,"* the foremost of them confirmed his worst fears.

"All over *whut?"* gasped the frog-eyed Napoleon.

"De Majuh's robe, dat's whut. Whut he gwine w'ar to de Carn'val tomorrer night, now?"

Mr. Nash sank feebly to the sod. This robe business was getting in a bigger jam all the time. They burned crosses in front of a boy's house for *half* of this!

A second pursuer panted up. "Majuh say—come awn back—an' git to work," he delivered himself of a temporary respite for their quarry. "He say he aint—got time to shoot you—twel tomorrer or nex' day!"

Napoleon came up the club steps like a crab—sideways, to save time in turning if the signs weren't right. Old Major was right there too—looking more like business than the front door of a bank. Napoleon's legs kept on trying to walk out on him as well as with him. He heard what sounded like another darky trying to tell the white folks how it happened.

"Accident, eh?" barked the Major. "All right! Accident then—the same as my mistaking *you* for a clay-pigeon will be, if anything else goes wrong around here between now and the carnival tomorrow night!"

Mr. Nash shivered and tried to remem-ber when the Major ever had missed a clay pigeon.

"Now, take this robe you've ruined down to the Bon Ton cleaners!" further snapped its owner. "P. D. Q.! And tell

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Every type of dangerous germ swiftly succumbs to it. Among them are the Streptococcus Hemolyticus, the organism associated with sore throat, Micrococcus Catarrhalis (catarrh) found frequently with colds, and the Pneumococcus (pneumonia).

Enemy of infection

Even Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), germs specified for test purposes because of their resistance to germicides, yield to it. Listerine kills them in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest killing time science has accurately recorded).

Now you can understand why full strength Listerine is so successful in guarding against colds, sore throat, and other infections. Why, also, it combats these diseases once they have gained a foothold.

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The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks the millions of bacteria breeding there — kills them outright. The number of bacteria on the surfaces of the mucous membrane is actually reduced 98%. This has been clearly demonstrated by repeated tests made under methods employed at Johns Hopkins, Pennsylvania, and Yale Universities.

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Make a habit of using full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle every night and morning. This treatment under normal conditions of health is considered sufficient to keep mouth germs under control and maintain a clean and healthy condition in the oral tract.

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them they've got to clean it and have it ready for you to pick up for me—in the morning—without fail. You hear?"

"Done left a'ready!" Napoleon breathed fealty and freely again. Circumspect would be his watchword now. He broke out in fresh gooseflesh at the narrowness of this escape—and the impossibility of another one, should aught else go amiss.

Arriving at the Bon Ton, Mr. Nash wasn't going to endanger his personal observance of No Accident Week by dealing with underlings. He had to see the head cleaner himself.

Which was all right save in one respect: the new head cleaner was also the only cleaner—and was Willie Freeman!

Willie's eyes popped respectfully at the grandeur of the Major's flame-colored orange robe. Even Napoleon's looked dull beside it.

"Sho wuz good-lookin' cat dey git dat fur collar from!" admired Mr. Nash as Willie estimated the damage.

"Dat aint cat—dat's uhmine. Come off polar b'ars, up in Minn'sota," Willie spilled a lot of technical information to a good listener.

"Whutever 'tis, you have hit ready fo' me in de mawnin' when I comes fo' hit. Anything else happen to dat robe an' hit be jes' *too bad* fo' me an' you, both."

"Us cleans ev'ything but yo' rep'tation—and you aint got none dat nohow, since de brothers vote who gwine be de Dawg on Prout's Lake," rejoined Willie. "An' dat r'minds me, is you see Latham Hooper lately?"

"Don't make me no sicker," retorted Mr. Nash. "Ev'y time I thinks 'bout dat double-crossin' home-breaker, I has to take my temp'ature an' sevum pills. And he aint never sa'sfied wid nothin', neither—all time got add on some trimmin's to ev'ything he tetch, even if hit jes' be bein' de Dawg on a barge."

NAPOLEON got back to the Colonial Club without time to attend to his reconnoitering. Which came under the head of dangerous business. It was over a plate of pole-beans and fat pork on the club's kitchen porch that he got the first of new storm signals being flown there.

"Majuh Lee sho' *is* t'ar up de patch now!" related an awed chef.

"Huccome?" Napoleon didn't let eating interfere with his ears.

"He been sendin' Miss Lida flowers, to sawt of smooth her down 'bout him fo'-gettin' 'bout her. And she sont 'em back! He gwine up see her after lunch; but jes' now he dawggone near *kill* a bus-boy whut git somep'n wrawng—"

Speaking of bus-boys, one shot through the swinging doors from the club dining-room on anguished ankles.

"You better git on in dar an' staht waitin' on table, 'Poleon!" he greeted the still-dining Mr. Nash. "Majuh fixin' to b'ile over bad! Sho' is cravin' suhvice out loud!"

Napoleon went from beans to business in one leap.

"Jes' been out in de kitchen gittin' de chef fix you somep'n special, Gin'ral," he preceded himself verbally through the dining-room door.

"Out in the kitchen ruining enough groceries to stock an orphanage, you mean!" barked the Major. "Take my order, now! The regular lunch—with chicken—and make it snappy! What did that cleaner say?"

"Done pick out de chicken pussonal on de roost fo' you, Cun'l," lied Napoleon. "Cleaner gwine have yo' robe done all right. I tells dat Willie Freeman dar to do you good job, or I draps word in yo' ear 'bout who wuz w'arin' yo' dress-suit to Willie's wedding last week—"

"One trouble at a time!" interrupted the club president. He leaned forward and grew swiftly calm—a cold dangerous calm, like that of the Antarctic.

"Listen, Napoleon," he fixed that fluttering servitor with a steely eye. "All the things have gone wrong around here that are *going* wrong—you understand? If you don't want all your lodge brothers marching back of you wondering if your insurance will cover what you owe them, you let one more little accident happen to anything between now and when this carnival's over, d'you hear?"

"Gwine bring yo' robe back first thing in de mawnin'," protested Mr. Nash.

"Well, see that you do it! I can't risk anything else slipping up. I'm Doge around here—and I'm in no position to disappoint Miss Lida *now*. Fact is, I've run out of excuses with her—the same as you have with me!"

PROUT'S LAKE hadn't been so busy since the night Gladstone Smith had dynamited half a ton of its fish in an ill-starred effort to cut down in his prime the lone bull-frog that kept Gladstone awake. Gasoline torches strove flaringly to produce the same effects as the white folks' electrics over their club pool. On the lake's muddy bosom floated an architectural cross between a ferryboat and a sea-going chicken-house, which represented the compromise between Latham's blue-prints and what material a boy could pick up when the owners weren't looking.

Over the moonlit waters wafted the witchery of music—from Latham's second-hand steam calliope stationed on the farther shore—while from nearer by re-sounded the lusty notes of Professor Ding-house's one-man band.

Every lodge sister under sixty was out in all her finery—ready to be chosen Queen of the carnival.

Morosely Napoleon Nash eyed the crowd in his purely private capacity. Opposing emotions wracked him. Every time he started to swell with pride over the noble figure the carnival gate-receipts would enable him to cut in his robe at Grand Lodge in Mobile, he bumped into the galling fact that everybody from Lick-skillet to Rock Cut knew now that he had been defeated by Latham for Doge. So that this was not only a big night, but Latham's night—knowledge that stung.

Higher flared the torches. Enthusiastically Professor Dinghouse wrung a wild fanfare from his accordion. Only the safety-valve saved the over-fired steam calliope. Music swelled the breeze and Temperance breasts, and a great admiring gasp went up from all along the water's edge as shoreward down the gang-plank of the barge strutted a dusky Doge of latest Demopolis model!

But the biggest gasp of all was Napoleon's! He felt his eyebrows and scalp collide in puzzled astonishment! The Doge was unmistakably Latham. And Latham owned no royal robe. Yet this Doge was unmistakably Latham. And a white fur collar gleamed against the background of Latham's neck!

Fury shot through the reeling intellect of Mr. Nash. Cause and effect—question and answer, were inescapable here! Latham was wearing Major Lee's robe! Major Lee, who was in no mood to trifle. The collar identified and verified it. And Major Lee was holding Napoleon personally responsible for that robe; for anything else that went wrong with his business between now and the white folks' carnival!

Nor was explanation lacking with Napoleon as to how this outrage had come about. Willie Freeman was the answer. Willie had that robe to clean—Willie who was admittedly in Latham's power over a dollar debt, Willie who could not say *no* to Latham!

But worse was yet to come! The despicable Latham stretched forth a tinfoil-covered rake-handle toward the ranks of anticipatory sisters and touched one of them in graceful designation of her signal honor. The one on whom the glittering scepter fell would be Queen—

Then indeed Napoleon saw red! Here was the crowning insult: to stand as a mere spectator upon the Venetian shores and see a hated rival choose for his Queen *—Geraldine!*

It was too much! Not to speak of unthinkable, unbearable—yet unavoidable. What could an injured husband do? Madness swept Napoleon and blurred his judgment. Then for the third time that evening, in the midst of his despair, the wracked and wretched Napoleon saw stars. But of a different sort now. Ultimately, indeed, he perceived that he was not beholding stars at all, but merely the reflected brilliancy of his own intellect—missing on one cylinder as it was yet to prove, at that. After which the darkness mysteriously swallowed him. Revenge would be sweet!

OVER Prout's Lake rang the continued sounds of revelry by night. The barge of Queen Geraldine and Doge Latham had cast off its gang-plank, and was drifting slowly out into deeper water.

"Whut all dat splashin' sound back on de dahk side de boat?" the Queen was inquiring idly of her lord the Doge, as the distance widened between them and their loud and loyal subjects upon the shore.

"Aint nothin' but one dem big catfish, Ge'ldine," explained the lordly Doge in his noble robe. "Y'ought see one of 'em—look jes' like 'Poleon in de mouth! An', speakin' of cats, I—"

But just here the royal explanation was broken off by a mysterious grating sound. Following which, Old Faithful seemed to have moved its location from the Yellowstone to the bottom of the Doge's barge—as a geyser of Prout's Lake water shot suddenly through the hole there where an anonymous auger had just been hurriedly withdrawn.

From the surrounding darkness came renewed sounds of splashing—and of the creak of frantic oars in a receding skiff.

"Help! Help! Somebody done sink de barge!" screamed the panic-stricken Geraldine.

"Shet yo' fool trap, woman, an' staht bailin'!" snarled an ashen-faced Doge, suddenly too busy getting his robe above high water to observe extra amenities.

"Shet up an' bail yo' ownse'f!" was the

queenly response. "I ought had mo' sense dan go boat-ridin' in de dahk wid you, nohow! *Help!*"

But if there was fear and recrimination on the barge, it was as nothing to that suddenly developing on the skiff. In standing on the lake bottom beneath the barge long enough to bore a hole in its bottom, Napoleon realized too late the price he would pay. In ruining Latham's dignity, he had also ruined his own domestic situation and Major Lee's robe! He hadn't thought of that soon enough.

Revenge might be sweet, but in this instance it was also packed with dynamite. Water ruined robes, and Major Lee ruined the boy that ruined the robe, was the way the sequence ran. Which made all roads lead to Napoleon when bad luck was at the wheel. And the Major, who had his tonnage of trouble already, had plenty more mapped out regarding what would happen to any low-hung boy that got him into any deeper difficulties with Miss Lida via any tardiness due to damage to the Doge's robe—the robe in which even now the frantic Latham was going hastily overboard into the lake, as the barge sank behind him with a gurgle of muddy water and a hiss of extinguished torches.

This was no time for boats! In fact, there had been too many boats mixed up in this thing already, thought Napoleon as he, too, went overboard in five feet of water—just as a strangling, crowing, mad-enough-to-bite-nails Queen came up alongside his skiff.

"Grab de boat an' hang on, honey!" he instructed her shortly. "I got to git to Latham!"

"Let Latham—drown!" gasped the Queen vindictively.

"I *is*—soon as I gits de Major's robe offen him!" floated back to her over the vast splashing which was Napoleon doing a Gertrude Ederle toward where bubbles were rising in the lake's deeper portion.

Geraldine's: "Done through wid Latham fo' life! I wouldn't go to a dawg-fight wid him now!" spurred him on.

Latham went under again. A frenzy came over Napoleon, lest he be too late. Major Lee was going to need that robe sooner than they could drain or drag the lake for Latham. And he'd be looking to Napoleon for it! For the next fifteen feet Napoleon hung up a record for hydroplanes to shoot at.

After which first-aid enthusiasts with a barrel were hampered by a short darky with a mission—getting that water-soaked robe off an ex-Doge in the interests of the next Doge.

BUT for Napoleon, life seemed destined to be nothing but an ever-swifter sequence of ups and downs. Scarcely had his situation been improved by the downfall of Latham, the happy error of Geraldine in mistaking him for her rescuer instead of the Man with the Auger, when he made a further discovery.

And at it, birds sang, music played, the sun shone, the aroma of fried catfish from celestial fish stands was wafted to the Napoleonic nostrils! Willie hadn't weakened after all, for—this wasn't the Major's robe on Latham!

Then a torch flared higher—and Napoleon's soaring spirits sagged dully to the depths. The extent of the lodge-key-bearing Latham's perfidy stood revealed! He

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had worn—not the Major's robe, but *Napoleon's!* With a white fur collar in imitation of the Major's, inexplicably added. And its glory forever subtracted by Napoleon's own auger!

Far and dim grew the streets of Mobile. What was a Grand Lodge meeting, what was a parade, what was expense-money without a robe? And this one was no longer a robe. In the words of Latham, it had run like a rabbit. The jig was up, the parade without a point, the robeless Napoleon a hissing and a by-word among the lodge brothers!

"What's the big idea, Napoleon? —Going around here with your lip in your lap!" a strangely jovial Major hailed his sawed-off servitor the following hectic noon.

"Feelin' better'n I wuz, Cun'l—but I sho' is sick still," gloomed Napoleon. "Heah *yo'* robe, suh. Willie do a good job on hit. Tells him I kill him if he aint."

Whistling, the Major opened the package, to survey and admire its flame-colored contents, its snowy ermine collar. A longing that hurt swept Napoleon.

"I'm just a little mad, I think, this morning," observed Major Lee with something in his voice and eye that Mr. Nash couldn't quite match up with his understanding of that word "*mad*." Major didn't generally hand out a dollar this way, either, when he was mad.

"Yes—just a little mad," he was repeating oddly. "You see, after all, Napoleon, Miss Lida has decided there's just one way to keep me from being late: so she's taking me in charge soon—for all the days of my life!"

Napoleon tried to be glad. But, as the Major finally got it out of him, how *could* a Supreme Magnificent Commander be glad with his Grand Lodge robe a total loss—fit only to dye Easter eggs with? The glory of his triumph over his wife's admirer made as streaked and tawdry as his own ruined robe in the recoil from his revenge!

Yet only then did the Major prove that he was mad indeed! With a quizzical: "Napoleon, I'm through as Doge after tonight. So I wonder if it wouldn't knock those Mobile boys for a couple of rows of owl-eggs if you were to—er—*borrow* my royal robe for your Grand Lodge parade?" . . . . . And when a boy is still all dazzled with again watching himself strut down Mobile streets in velvet and ermine, he is no longer interested in how his old robe grew a white fur collar. . . . not even with a barbecue-stand darky named Bees' Knees anxiously paging the populace with: "Is none of y'all seen dat 'ar old white tawm-cat of mine? I aint find him since I see Latham unlockin' de lodge-room an' 'ticin' him in dar, yest'day!"

LEAVE US OUR DREAMS

(Continued from page 51)

Dick showed him the wire.

"God, they want to drag you back to that stuff," shuddered Holcomb.

"What I must do is to rip the human soul right out and show it as it is," said Dick fiercely. "When one thinks of the tragedies going on all around us— We must show the world. We couldn't dare not be truthful. We must try to help—"

They walked toward the entrance lobby.

"We must grip life, get it by the throat, get it down between our knees and wring its secret out," said Holcomb with set lips.

"Before we go to your room to sit down with that script of yours," said Dick, "I have two girls out here I want to show you. I was thinking of you all the time I was talking with them. This is something like what we want. The idea of dishing up frothy unreality in the face of a life like this girl's!" Dick told Holcomb about Joyce as they went through the hall. Holcomb nodded, his forehead lined with thought.

"Sounds like a real type."

ON the sidewalk Dick jogged Holcomb's elbow. In front of the lunchroom the street light shed a snowy gleam on the white polka-dot scarf around the muscular neck of Halterman.

"Persistent devil, isn't he?" remarked Holcomb. "He means to have her. She can't escape him. It's in the cards."

"I'd like to present Mr. Duane Holcomb, the celebrated playwright, author of 'Sunk,' winner of last year's Pulitzer Prize." Dick introduced him to the girls.

"We saw your admirer, the gentleman in the tight blue overcoat and dotted muffler," said Holcomb.

"You'd better look out for him," Billie warned. "He was in the prize-ring once."

Joyce sat pallidly turned away from the window, her hands nervously twisted together.

"You see what I mean," hinted Dick.

"Splendid. Corking study."

"Well, we must go." Billie started to arise. "Awfully glad to have met you and all that. Come on, Joyce."

"Wait," Dick interposed. "Let's chat a minute. I was very eager for Mr. Holcomb to meet you."

"I see what you mean. It would be bully if it could be followed right through with frank realism," said Holcomb. "Bully stuff."

"What a cursed insult to offer a tinsel puppet-show in a world like this," said Dick between his teeth.

"Realism—stark, downright realism—is the answer to fling to it. And at the end, throw back your head and laugh, a great sardonic laugh."

"I'll throw back my head and laugh some kind of a laugh if I don't find out what this is all about," said Billie.

"Child,"—Holcomb turned to her,—"I was saying I am so glad to have met you."

"What I mean is that this is simply fascinating, if you follow me, if anyone knew what it meant. Do you get taken this way often?"

"I was talking with my friend about a play," said Holcomb. "What we were discussing was the necessity of making it true to life."

"Oh, yes," said Billie. Under his eyebrows Dick was watching Joyce as she sat, white-faced, dumbly twisting her gloves.

"We must be realists," declared Holcomb. "Art must show the inevitability of what must happen. It must show destiny advancing step by step, inescapably. What must be, must be. There is no escape from fate."

"What is fate?" asked Joyce, stopping for a moment twisting her gloves.

"It is a mighty steel vise," asserted Holcomb impressively. "The steel jaws hold you inexorably. You seek to escape, but at every turn they close in upon you until you are crushed between them at last."

"You might as well give up sooner as later, then?" she said hollowly.

"The most enthralling tragedies of all time have been the vain struggles of a soul against fate," continued Holcomb. "Writhing, struggling, battling, tearing to be free—but broken, conquered, crushed at last in the inexorable jaws."

"Do you believe that?" Joyce turned to Dick.

"Of course. That is reality. I believe the most cursed cruelty is the fairy-tales that deceive people about life when what they need above all is to look it in the face and know it for what it is."

"You mean these comic operas, where the fairy prince waltzes in from nowhere to fix everything up?" said Billie. "As a matter of fact, in the last twenty years or so, man and boy, I don't believe I ever saw a fairy prince, except disguised as a fat visiting buyer—just a lonely, vagabond lover—"

"There is no use my waiting here any longer." Joyce stood up. "I have to go and I might as well go now."

Dick stood beside her. "No. Don't go. Stay here."

"Look here—what nonsense!" Billie jumped up. "She has a friend waiting for her."

"He'll have to keep on waiting."

"I've got to go," said Joyce.

"I'll go with you, then." At the door Dick drew her hand under his arm.

Billie followed angrily. Holcomb went as far as the pavement and then stood watching them walk past the hotel.

"A little while longer. Just a little while," said Joyce, with a catch in her breath. "Are they behind us?"

"Your friend, Billie, and the fellow in the polka-dot muffler? Yes, they are a few paces behind."

THEY walked the next block and then kept on and turned to the left on State Street.

"Can't I take you somewhere?" asked Dick under the brilliant lights.

"In here—in here," she said. He looked up. Over his head blazed the words, "*Dick Raymond in Falcon Heart.*"

"Oh, not this rot!" he protested.

"Let me see it again. Take me in here."

With his hat pulled low and his chin down, Dick paid at the window. There were seats in the balcony. "To see this unreal trash at such a crisis!" he groaned on the stairs.

He settled her in a seat. The feature hadn't begun. The news-reel was on. Mussolini making a jaw at a Fascist parade.

Over Dick's shoulder in the dark a hard little whisper rasped in his ear. It was Billie.

"Al Halterman will be outside and some friends with him, so you'd better do a

quick fade-away when you come out, Mr. Buttinsky!" After the crisp warning she melted away in the dimness. Joyce had not heard.

"This picture-play is about the most sickening of its kind," Dick said, as he settled himself to endure the sight of himself on the screen. He had determined to see the affair through. Joyce did not catch his words. With parted lips and hungry eyes she was gazing as the palace scene slowly dissolved into view.

"He's wonderful in the part," she murmured softly.

IN the play, Dick was the prince of some imaginary Balkan country. He had fled from the palace for love of a beautiful peasant girl, and had become a *gigolo* on the Riviera, the peasant girl meanwhile being locked up in a mediæval dungeon.

"He'll save her," Joyce breathed. Dick gritted his teeth. The scene at that moment was one of Morvich's pet shots displaying Dick's profile. A beach sequence followed, with sun-bath effects, featuring Dick's Diomedean physique.

The hero repulsed the advances of the wicked, exquisite countess sent to entrap him. Dick heard Joyce's sigh of content.

Desperate danger supervened. The Main Menace of the play, the treacherous Colonel of the Life Guards of Whatsovinia, the most deadly swordsman and duelist in Europe, was set on to insult Dick, get him in a duel and kill him. After the challenge, Dick's honor was imperiled. He learned that the peasant girl was imprisoned at the mercy of debauched ruffians. Dick fled to the rescue, apparently running away from the duel.

"Don't worry. He's not going to be disgraced," Joyce assured Dick. For the moment she had forgotten all. She was in the Balkans.

"That Colonel is as good as dead now," sneered Dick.

He swam the moat, scaled the castle wall, overpowered the sentry and penetrated, disguised in the sentry's cloak, to the girl's dungeon, Joyce avidly drinking it all in. Dick was immured in the dungeon. His enemies quickly discovered him. The mutinous Life Guards, led by the duelist Colonel, came to finish him. With the sentry's sword, Dick hewed a path for the girl to the great hall of the castle.

Dick's own eye brightened, appreciating the technique of the mounting intensity of the action. Man to man and blade to blade, the killer Colonel, fresh and unwounded, faced him with his saber. Dick, bloodstained, his shirt torn off his brawny chest and arms, assaulted the traitor like a lion. The sound track reproduced the soldiers' cheers, the sudden silence and then the clang and rasp of the blades and the panting breath and stamping feet of the fighters. Irrepressible yells exploded from the audience. "Kill him!" "Get him!" as Dick drove in, slashing, parrying, thrusting. Down went the Colonel, run through to the hilt. Dick, dragging his sword free, leaped back to face the others, the peasant girl behind him, his bloody blade her rampart. Joyce had been clinging to Dick's arm. He could feel her heart thumping.

The loyal guards burst in. It was the end of the conspiracy. Dick led his peasant princess to the throne. Joyce stayed

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to the close in rapt forgetfulness. Dick watched her patiently. She was one of the last to arise as the balcony emptied itself. Back to reality now.

"So that's that," he remarked gently, as they descended the stairs.

"Don't try to take it from me," she replied with unexpected fire. "What would you give me in place of it? Leave us our dreams."

"Dreams." Dick shook his head. They were alone for a minute on the staircase. She leaned against the wall with her hands on her breast and her tear-wet eyes trying to meet his. "Dreams," he repeated. "You imagine that such things could happen?"

"They would happen where there was a man like Dick Raymond!"

"Our friend seems to be at the door," Dick nodded, and she looked down. At the ground level in the sidewalk entrance Halterman was standing.

Joyce drew a long breath. "No," she panted. "I won't go with him anywhere. He shall not touch me. I don't care what happens. Not that. No one can make me."

"We might as well go down." Dick placidly hung his light overcoat over his arm. At the foot of the stairs he stepped before her, laid his powerful grasp on Halterman's collar and threw him spinning across the sidewalk.

A man rushed at Dick from the right and another thug was running from the alley side. Dick tossed his overcoat at the man from the alley and charged the other, sending him with an uppercut into the arms of a doorman. The alley thug was delayed a second. He missed with a kick and was down from a terrific smash.

Dick whirled about to face Halterman who had torn off his overcoat and was coming in, rocking his head in professional style and hooking dangerously with both hands. Dick took a left-hand blow to land his own right. Al Halterman reeled back, streaming blood, and the next instant crumpled on the cement as if a truck had struck him.

A policeman hurtled through the jam. Doormen were forcing their way after him. Joyce held to the door in a daze. Suddenly an hysterical scream arose: *"Dick Raymond!"* A theater executive clawed his way maniacally over people's shoulders. "Dick Raymond!" he was yelling. "It's Dick Raymond!" Crowds debouching from other theaters rolled in from both sides. In a few minutes police-cars came roaring with reserves to clear the street. The press-agent of the theater chain was sobbing into a telephone—his assistant babbled into another. Newspaper rewrite-men at the receiving ends buzzed their typewriters to beat the deadline.

In a corner of the lobby, fenced off by his arm, sheltered by his broad shoulder, Joyce gazed up in trembling ecstasy at Dick Raymond.

"YOU certainly staged your comeback in nice style, Dick." Morvich was lounging in the dressing-room. "When I saw the telegraph story about you scrapping in front of that Chicago theater where they were running the 'Falcon Heart,' I said, 'Dick's back with us, all spraddled out.' This woman you are taking care of in the sanitarium is doing nicely, I understand, although I hear her husband is nothing but a bum. But how about her sister, this good-looking Joyce Carson? Hey, Dick?"

"I want her to keep on reading manuscripts," said Dick, busy with his make-up. "Her intuition is worth a ton of theory. I'm not working for a few sour highbrows, as Holcomb is, with that play of his, 'Fog,' that just did such a flop. I'm reaching for the hearts of the real living public, the ones I can mean something to. I won't play anything she doesn't approve."

"She's your public. 'I lof my poblic and my poblic lofs me!'" And Morvich grinned. "Hey, Dick?"

DON'T BE A GIRL LIKE THAT

(Continued from page 55)

Desire to play this game, whatever it was, the way the others played it, surged through Julie and made her silent. Perhaps Hal's lightly spoken words held more truth than she thought. Perhaps if she could do as they did, drink with them freely and gayly, she could shake off the self-consciousness which constantly stood between her and others like an impassable barrier.

"All right. I'll have a highball too."

"Ginger ale or mineral water?"

Julie had never drunk a highball in her life and had no idea whether she would like one kind better than the other, but she didn't want to reveal her lack of experience. Harriet had asked for mineral water. She didn't want to seem to be mimicking Harriet. "Ginger ale, please," she said.

She took the highball from his hand and began to drink it as she would have a glass of water. She had always liked ginger ale. There was a "party" feeling about it. She liked too the sound of ice clinking in the tall, thin glass. Not until she had set her glass down, empty, did she feel the sour, biting, alien taste of bootleg whisky on her tongue, or notice that the others were sipping their drinks slowly, almost carefully.

Before she had become accustomed to the new wave of dizziness which was upon her, Hal had thrust her glass into her hand again, full. She sank weakly into a chair, not knowing what to do. Well, she needn't drink it right away. She saw Harriet setting her glass down, so it must be all right to wait a little. Julie put her glass on the tiny table at her side and waited.

"Ben's coming over," Hal was saying. "You're going to like him a lot."

"Harriet told me about him," Julie answered. "I think I'll like him too."

"Ben was quite a hero in the war," Hal went on. "But he wont talk about it. He got medals from America, France, and Italy, but he keeps them hid the way some dames do their wedding-rings. He doesn't have much to do with women—sort of shies away from them. I suppose he's had plenty—maybe American girls seem tame to him after Paris; you know what the American soldier on leave in France was like—"

Hal himself didn't know what the American soldier in France was like, having been thirteen when the war broke out—but it sounded like a good generalization as he began to say it. Then he saw Julie's bright eyes looking at him intensely as he talked and he felt vaguely uneasy.

"Maybe he got tired of them over there," he finished weakly, and as Julie still watched him, "maybe he didn't. I don't know. Maybe he just never did like them much."

There was something disturbing, he found, in those bright, excited eyes that watched him from Julie's chair. What was it that bothered him about her? What was it suddenly made him want to be more accurate about Ben? He was not used to choosing his words carefully. It didn't matter much what one said so long as it was said cleverly. Of course he wouldn't deliberately slander anyone. But when you're drinking with a crowd it's all good fun and anything goes. But there was something about Julie's expression that cramped his style. Quite unexpectedly he found himself wishing that he hadn't been quite so glib in characterizing Ben's conduct in France about which he knew nothing. Though Julie had never met Ben it seemed, in an inexplicable way, to mean something to her.

Some dim presentiment of all this came to Harriet. She looked curiously at Julie and broke the silence, just as it was becoming a little difficult.

"Julie darling, that highball certainly agreed with you. I've never seen you so attractive!"

Julie looked at her gratefully, finding no answer. But she felt that she ought to do something. She smiled at Harriet and began to drink again from her refilled glass; then, remembering how the others had drunk, took it from her lips and began to sip more slowly.

The doorbell rang and Hal left them to answer it. Harriet crossed quickly to Julie's chair. "You like him, don't you, dear?" she whispered.

"I haven't seen him yet, but I know I'm going to." She said it languidly, her head back against the cushion on her chair.

"I mean Hal, silly!" Harriet was a little annoyed. "Julie, you look positively voluptuous tonight. What's happened to you?"

"I think he's grand, Harriet. I'll bet his friend's grand too. I'm going to try to make him like me, Harriet. Men never like you much unless you try to make them, do they?"

"Gee, I guess you've had too much, Julie. I've never heard you talk like that before. Guess I'll have to watch you a little." She laughed and patted Julie gently on the shoulder. "Don't you worry about men not liking you, darling. Any man with any sense would, and you're just as well off if the rest don't bother."

But Julie hardly heard the last because she was watching over by the door where Hal stood, hurrying to finish some private, preliminary conversation with a tall chap who was smiling in a noncommittal, friendly way.

She hadn't pictured Ben as looking quite like that. But then, she suddenly

thought, she hadn't pictured him at all, really. He had been simply a nebulous fancy as Harriet had told her while they were at dinner that he would be there, a potential excitement as Hal had talked of him. Now she saw him clearly and appraised him quickly in her mind. Certainly if he didn't like women, it wasn't because women didn't like him. There was gauntness in his long, easy-moving body, with just enough careless stoop in his shoulders to show somehow that he was the sort who would be a good loser. Looking at Ben's shoulders she was sure that he would put his hat on carelessly without thought of how it was going to look, and she liked that.

And his face—any woman would love his face. It was serious and just a little seamed, with an obvious thoughtfulness and kindness behind it and his eyes were deep and penetrating with the hint of a smile at their corners. It was the kind of face, she was thinking, which made a lot of girls like married men better than single, even though that was sometimes inconvenient, and not exactly nice. Experience and tolerance were written into it and the feeling that it was better not to take all things with the death-like earnestness of passionate youth.

Although Julie saw this in one quick glance, there was something more, something of vastly greater importance—a something which met between them and clasped hands warmly. Her mind was working with a swiftness and certainty she had never known before, yet all about it was an enveloping fog. Her new feeling of perception, born of the unaccustomed stimulation of alcohol, acted as a magnifying-glass on all she saw, prolonging moments, accentuating values sharply, exaggerating consequences. She felt suddenly as if she—who had been nobody, unwanted, unnoticed even—had before Ben's clear gray eyes achieved a new dignity, become a woman in her own right, one who might be wanted by a man as other women are wanted. She felt as though she had something for him, something which he might seek and prize highly. She trembled inwardly and then, afraid that he would think her staring rude, she looked quickly away to a corner of the room.

HAL was waiting, the bottle in his hand. "We're two up on you, Ben," he said. "You'll have to work overtime to be even. How'll you have it?"

"Just a little straight, Hal."

"Well, here's to crime," Hal said, after handing Ben a glass and lifting his own; and Julie, seeing Harriet follow his example, and remembering Hal's lightly spoken words, "Don't be a girl like that," lifted hers too and drained it. Ben took his whisky straight. That meant that he would probably scorn a girl who couldn't drink like a regular fellow. Well, she wouldn't let him down. She'd drink with him.

With his glass held high Hal began to sing:

"Oh, the minstrels sing
Of an English King
A thousand years ago—
How he ruled his land with
An iron hand
But his mind
Was weak and low—"

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But just there something stopped him. He didn't know what it was, but he was conscious again, without really looking, of the bright, eager, intense look he had seen in Julie's eyes before. He supposed that was it. She was cramping his style again.

"Oh, go on," Harriet urged. "That's swell!"

But Ben, looking quickly at Julie, reinforced his silence.

"Why bother? It's a bum song and anyway everyone's heard it. I'll bet Julie knew it long before she ever left Davenport, didn't you, Julie?"

"I've never been in Davenport," Julie answered irrelevantly, and then, confused because it seemed the wrong thing to have said, began sipping again from her now empty glass.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Ben said. "I thought your home was in Davenport."

BUT he didn't offer to refill her glass. It was Hal who, ignoring Harriet's vigorous silent protests, crossed the room and took it from the table beside her.

"Ump-um," Julie responded. "Rockford, Illinois. It's on the Rock River."

A poignant nostalgia engulfed her as she said it. She saw a vast expanse of placid water stretching away between green banks with friendly trees bending over it and little towns hugging its shore, straddling it with puny bridges that would have looked impotent and toylike beside the Brooklyn Bridge or the great Bear Mountain Bridge she had seen on a Sunday boat-excursion up the Hudson.

But she quickly forced her mind away from the pleasant picture of that grand old friend of her childhood. She was not a Rockford girl tonight. She was a New Yorker. She must show that, somehow, so that Ben, this experienced, glamorous person who sat looking at her, would not despise her for her inexperience.

"But I've been in New York two years," she added, a little thickly. Then: "—Make it like the last one, Hal. They're good."

"Make it weak, Hal," Harriet said anxiously. "I think Julie's had about enough."

"Do you like being here?" Ben asked, smiling. "Isn't it a little wild after Rockford?"

"I think it's grand, Ben. I think it's grand here. Nothing ever happens in Rockford. There aren't any big buildings, or any subways—or any big bridges—or any men, much."

"Do you like men a lot?"

For a quick moment Julie was herself. She wanted awfully, through the increasing haze of her mind, to tell him exactly how she liked men, how she had always looked up to the strength that was in the best of them, how much she had wanted these best of them to like her and particularly some one of them to like her in a particular way, in a way that he liked no one else, and nothing else—and how none ever had. And in that moment she sent him a quick appealing glance, the direct, asking look of a child. But she recovered herself at once and answered him in an offhand, falsely gay voice, trying to look at him out the side of her eyes as she had seen Harriet look at Hal.

"Sure I like them. I like exciting men, men who've done things, not the sticks that live in Rockford."

"Are you sure they're sticks—all of them?" There was a fine even quality of fairness in his voice, as though he were there to defend a group of men he had never seen, out of a sheer sense of justice to the whole race of overburdened mankind. It was something Julie didn't know how to cope with. Pretending as she was on what was to her a grand scale, for the first time in her life she found herself, before Ben's direct honesty and kindliness, in much the same position as Hal had found himself earlier in the evening before her own direct gaze and eager eyes and, a novice in pretense, she didn't know what to do about it. Was this a game Ben was playing with her? A woman-hater, was he trying to do battle with her at the outset, to break down the defenses her pretense set up and show her as the shallow creature all women were in his conception?

She wanted suddenly to rise in her own defense outrightly, in defense of all womankind, to tilt the lance of her sex against the lance of his. The men of Rockford needed no defense to her. What right had he to sit there telling her what her friends at home were like? But what could she do? She had gotten herself into this.

"Oh, well, not all of them," she answered weakly.

Hal was telling Harriet a story and Ben turned to listen. Julie tried to listen too, but felt a great sense of relaxation and letting go of awareness within her. She had to fight now to keep her eyes open, even to appear intelligent and listening. Their words came to her as a pleasant, distant rumbling, musical but without meaning. Now and then she could distinguish a word, sometimes even three or four words in sequence; sometimes it seemed as though she could get all of the words in a whole sentence, but by the time she had gotten the last she had forgotten the first.

Now Harriet was telling a story. Julie must listen hard. She smiled when they smiled, automatically following their grimaces with like ones, trying desperately to be a part of what was happening.

But as they talked, she felt more and more out of it. Before her own eyes she seemed to be dwindling, fading into an impossible insignificance. Things had happened to these persons—to all of them—through themselves and through their friends, Hal, Harriet, and most of all, Ben, who sat so silently in his chair. If only he would tell his story! Julie didn't even know anyone who was glamorous. Nothing ever happened to her. Nothing ever happened to her friends.

HARRIET was through with her story. For the first time since Ben's arrival, there was silence in the room while Hal and Harriet looked expectantly at Ben as though it were his turn to talk. Now you tell a story, Ben, they seemed about to say. Tell us what made you enlist among the first in America. Tell us of the horrors of war. We want to be excited by adventure, entertained by fears!

But Ben remained silent, slowly taking a cigarette from the table near him and lighting it. Still they waited in the room's unaccustomed stillness as though for some imminent importance. Perhaps the great adventurer, the hero of many dangers and triumphs, would speak when he had filled his lungs with smoke.

Julie, ignored in her corner, saw the room reeling before her. In her clouded mind memory was striving furiously, tryiny to find some tid-bit of excitement she could hand on to them, searching for scraps, something, if only a crumb, to put beside their fulsome knowledge, so that she might be spared that agony which had been hers so often of coming empty-handed to a banquet at which only those who brought food mattered.

Oh, think, Julie! Think hard! This is your break. This is the moment for which you prayed. Speak now, while there is silence; get in a word now—anything at all—to be saying something before another speaks and takes your chance away from you. This is yours—seize it!

LIKE fingers in the dark her searching thoughts ran over her store of commonplace memories and came back to the foreground of her consciousness empty. Try once more, Julie! Brush away this fog somehow. Make things come to you in their proper proportions again as they did before you drank the wine and the highballs. Think! Think! Take things in order backwards. Take the places you have lived and been. Forty-sixth Street? Nothing; save Jehosophat—and you can't tell about him. The girls' club where you first lived when you came to New York? Nothing—less than nothing. The ride from Rockford to New York? Nothing. Not even a man smiled at you! Rockford? Stepmother, huge and ugly, towering like a giant over the whole city and life itself, a huge dark shadow against the sun of life. Don't talk about her. Don't think about her. Deadlock? Cool green woods with the fragile beauty of a frantic deer starting out of them. Porcupines waddling across the road in front of you. The gleaming eyes of a startled nighthawk shining ahead of you in the glare of an automobile spotlight. Loons crying at night from their jewel-like lakes—Come back, Julie. You are not in Deadlock, but New York, and this is your break. It will slip away from you if you let it. Quick now! Push the wedge of your words between their silence and their desire to speak.

"Did you ever, any of you, see a horse break its leg? I did." Her words came rapidly, tense and confused. They broke against the walls of the room like a small startled wave, suddenly rising out of a calm sea, and came back to her as from a great distance. Harriet, Ben, Hal, each on the little hill of his own thoughts, looked down again into the sea of silence that had been ruffled. Hal looked at Harriet with a quiet smile which said, "She *is* drunk, after all." Harriet looked compassionately at Julie, wanting to stop her but not knowing how. Ben's eyebrows drew together ever so slightly as he looked down to the low table beside him and toyed with a box of cigarettes.

"Tell us about it," he said gently, and looked at her encouragingly. But to Julie his face was enveloped with mist, far away and vague. She could not tell whether he was approving or disapproving. But she must go on now; she could not stop here. She looked for her glass,

found it, raised it slowly as she had seen Hal do before he went on with a story, and drank, enjoying dizzily the waiting silence of her audience.

"Got scared," she said thickly. "Got scared of 'n aut'mobile. Jumped the pasture fence, see?" She paused, trying dimly to recall the gesture Hal had made when he said *"see?"*—gave it up and went on: "Went down the road—runnin' down the road an' slipped on a stone or somethin'. Couldn't get up because he'd broke his leg. I saw 'im an' couldn't help 'im up. I saw 'im. He was my best friend an' they shot 'im. He looked at me like a baby. Worst thing ever happened to me."

She subsided into her chair, vaguely conscious that something had gone wrong. When the others told stories there had been questions, exclamations, little sounds and movements expressing interest. Now there was only silence and dim faces far away, making no movement or sound. Wait—some one is speaking. Ben! Of all persons, it's Ben! Speak slowly and distinctly, Ben. I can hear you, but it's hard to know what you are saying.

"Was he your horse, Julie?"

Oh, thank you, Ben! It's so very good of you to ask a question—any question, but especially that question. You know about horses. You know what it would be like to have your horse shot like that in front of you. Can my eyes tell you how grateful I am?

"Sort of mine. Just sort of. Not like owning anything you could sell or give away. Pa used to let me ride 'im all I wanted and I talked to him a lot. Better'n people to talk to. Never laughed at me—" But it was too great an effort. She could not remember what she was trying to tell. . . .

Sometime later—she couldn't tell how much—she felt the tingling of cool fresh air on her cheek. Ben was helping her, half lifting her, into a cab. He followed and settled down into the seat. Slowly she was sinking back into the semi-coma which had assailed her when she had been talking. Then she was aware that Ben had her shoulder in a firm grip and was shaking her gently.

"Think, Julie," he said. "Think hard, and tell me where you live so I can tell the driver."

"Don't want to go there," she said thickly. "Want to stay here with you. Want to go wherever you go."

"But you can't, funny child. You've got to go home. Tell me where it is."

With a great effort she remembered and told him.

THE movement of the cab and the cool air rushing through the open windows brought back her sense of the situation slightly and she tried to think what to do next. Maybe Ben would want to kiss her. That was what men wanted to do in taxicabs and girls who got men made them want to. What would it matter if it would mean one thing to her and another to him? If she kissed him she would love him, and it would be just another kiss to him. He was adventurous. He was a man of the world. Well, whatever he wanted of her he could have—or at least almost anything he wanted. She could stop him, if he went too far. But she ought to do something to let him

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know it would be all right, and she didn't know what to do.

She shifted her position slightly and leaned a little against him. He looked up at her and put one arm about her shoulders, but she could not see, through the haze before her eyes and the dusk of the cab, whether he was smiling. For a moment she was content to feel his arm there protectingly, a friendly arm, something kind and dear against which she might lean her tired head. If only she could let it be that for a little while. If only Ben meant what it felt like! But she had a part to play. She must not relax now. This was her chance; she dared not let it slip away. But she did not know what to do. Ben was friendly and kind. He would help her if she asked him.

"What do I do next, Ben?" Her voice was confidential and questing. He was a third person, a friend who knew, a friend to whom she could come for advice about how to act toward himself, the second person. Her world reeled and swayed before her in confusion. Ben was the person she wanted to impress, not the friend who could give her advice as to how to impress him. The matter became too involved. She wanted to be the quiet, unobtrusive person she had always been, wanted to go back to the time before she had drunk the wine and the highballs which had brought this weary fog to her mind; she wanted to lean back against Ben's arm and accept its protection and take its friendliness to wear about her heart like a warm garment. She leaned back a little more and put her head against his shoulder.

Dimly somewhere in the past she heard a voice saying:

"Don't be a girl like that—nobody'll like you."

She must act sophisticated. She must make Ben think she'd had a lot of experience. She sat up straight, swaying a little, and looked at him through half-closed eyes.

"I know all about things, Ben," she said unsteadily. "Where do we go from here? You don't have to be afraid I'm a softy. I know more'n you'd think. Wanta kiss me, Ben?"

There was a pause and she was faintly aware that his arm had tightened about her shoulders a bit; but he didn't kiss her.

"Let's not bother about that tonight, Julie," he said gently. "You're pretty tired. Suppose you go to sleep."

With both arms about her he gently arranged her body in a more comfortable position, her head on his shoulder, his arms supporting her.

IT was noon the next day when Julie awoke from a sleep so sound that at first she scarcely recognized the familiar surroundings of her own room. She was lying outside her bed, fully dressed except for her shoes. The spare blanket from the foot of the bed had been spread over her carefully and tucked in neatly at the sides.

She rose wonderingly, not yet fully aware of what had happened, and put on her slippers. In a little jewel-box on her dresser she found the four hairpins with which she had restrained her once-bobbed hair, now shoulder-length. Why had she put them there? Usually she left them anywhere within arm's reach. But she could not find her shoes. She looked under her bed and under the dresser, and finally found them standing neatly, side by side, in the clothes-closet.

With a rush memory came back to her. She had been drunk! She had been given her break and muffed it. She looked at the clock. She had missed her morning's work and had no excuse. What had happened to her anyway? What had she done?

Painfully scattered details came back to her: the wine in the restaurant, her story that had fallen flat, the ride home in the cab with Ben's arms about her. Quick pain and longing struggled within her as she thought of that. She had wanted so much to make him like her and she had failed so completely! He had not even wanted to kiss her. She probably had disgusted him. He would never want to see her again. But for that matter she would be ashamed ever to see him again, or Harriet, or Hal.

With an agonized feeling of complete failure and futility she flung herself on the bed and wept. Suddenly she was in the grip of an overpowering nostalgia. She longed for the straight roads of Illinois country places, their green fields, the kindly, unsophisticated friends of Rockford, Illinois.

AND suddenly the thought came to her as a great boon: she could go back! Really and truly! There was nothing to make her stay here. What if her stepmother did hate her? She could put up with that—she had before. She needn't even live in her stepmother's house. She, Julie, who had made a living for herself in New York City, could make a living in Rockford and have her own home as she had in New York.

She dried her eyes and rising, went to the window. The Channin Building stood before her, sheer and inaccessible, austere and impassive.

"Oh, Jehosophat!" she cried. "What a fool I've been! Even about you! I pretended you could feel and think and help me, but you're just a pile of stone. I don't belong to you at all. I belong to the Rock River and fields of daisies and mint, and the woods of Wisconsin. I'm going back, Jehosophat, and you'll never know that you had a worshiper for a little while."

There was a train for Chicago at five-thirty that afternoon. Feverishly she began to throw things into her two suitcases—all that was hers in this room. Suddenly she remembered that she must have train-fare, and, hunting through the dresser, found her savings-bank book and looked carefully at the figures in it. Three hundred and twelve dollars! Pretty good for two years on a stenographer's salary. It would carry her back to Rockford and keep her three months, if necessary, while she looked for a job. She hurried out and almost ran the three blocks to the neighborhood bank where her savings lay so securely. She withdrew the whole amount, closing her account, and hurried back, stopping on the way to call her office and say that she was being called home suddenly.

Then she hurried to the Grand Central Station for her ticket and back to her room to finish packing. She had completely forgotten the matter of breakfast and lunch. In three hours now she would be on her way, going toward the place where she belonged, away from the glamour, the color and light and movement that she loved—but away from her shame too, away from her failure, back to the place where life moved in ways that she could understand.

An hour before her train left, she was ready. She gave one last look about her, then with a quick breathless movement went to the window again and waved gently at her silent, gleaming tower.

"Good-by, Jehosophat," she whispered. "I'm going home."

With tears slowly forcing their way out of her eyes, she reached for her hat.

Then her door-bell broke into gay and turbulent sound; *tum-de-tum-tum—tum-tum!* Like a tap dancer. Dabbing at her eyes quickly, she opened the door to find Ben grinning at her.

"Thought you might have missed work today," he said, stepping past her astonished face into her room. "Thought I'd better come up and see if you found your shoes and hairpins all right. Didn't know rightly where to put them. How do you feel?"

He was grinning at her, not being reproving, but gay and kind, as though there had been a friendly joke between them. It was almost more difficult than if he had ignored her. To have him come like this, when she had known that he would never come again, to have him come just as she was running away from him and all the rest! But she must go on with it. No backing out now. She wanted to laugh, but she knew she must hold on tight in order not to cry.

"Oh, Ben, you've come just in time to tell me good-by. But I'm so glad you've come. I hated going without seeing you again." There were tears in her eyes, but she couldn't bother about them. There was something she had to say to him now. "Sit down just a minute while I tell you. It's shameless, but I'll probably never see you again, so it's all right."

HE looked gravely at her. "But you don't have to explain anything to me, child. There's nothing for you to be worried about." He sat on the chair, leaving the bed for her. She looked at him appealingly as she sat down, then to the floor.

"I've got to say this, Ben, and then I'll go. I think you're the nicest person I've met since I've been in New York. I wanted awfully to make you like me, and nothing has ever happened to me to make me interesting. You've had so many adventures and everything that I thought you'd like women who weren't afraid to drink, weren't dull and— Oh, you know what I mean. But I couldn't make the grade. I was lying to you. Nothing's ever happened to me—nothing, I tell you! And I'm not the sort of girl I tried to make you think I was in the taxi. I can't help it. I'm just dull and uninteresting. But I'm going away and I'd rather you knew it was a lie."

She was crying frankly now, but she dried her eyes and looked up, smiling wanly.

"I guess that's about all," she said.

"Does it make you feel any better, say-

ing it?" Ben rose and came over to where she was sitting on the bed and sat beside her. "Now I'm going to tell my story, quickly and succinctly, as all autobiographies ought to be told. First, though, I'll tell you some more things about yourself. You were never drunk in your life before last night, were you?"

SHE hung her head. "No, Ben. If I must tell the truth, I'd never tasted whisky before. I'd had wine five times before—a little."

"And you're really just a good little girl from the country, aren't you?" He said it a little fiercely, as though it were an accusation, but there was a strange quality of tenderness and hunger in his voice. It was the way men say things angrily as though to defend themselves against the desire to be tender and womanish.

"Oh, I don't know how good I am, really. I've never had a chance to be anything else. I don't know what I'm really like. I tried last night to be something else because I thought that was the kind of a girl you would like and I wanted awfully to make you like me. But I was no good at it. It's no good pretending you're something you aren't naturally inside yourself."

"That's right, Julie. That makes sense. And the story about the horse—that happened, didn't it?"

"Yes, that happened, Ben. He was such a lovely horse! But it was a stupid story to tell."

"It was the only story told all evening that was worth listening to. You see, you did make me like you—not your pretending—it was such very poor pretending, Julie. The kind of person you are naturally inside yourself stuck out all over through it, like feathers on a bird.

"You see, Julie, I'm in sort of a devil of a fix. The kind of person I am naturally inside myself doesn't fit in here any better than you do. And yet part of me—the part that makes me do things, belongs here. I love New York. And I hate it. Whenever I make up my mind to leave it, it does some perfectly gorgeous and futile thing—puts up a new seventy-story skyscraper in a neighborhood where empty offices are going begging—like a child building tottering block houses—"

"Oh, do you like skyscrapers too? I thought New Yorkers never paid any attention to them." There was sudden hope and recognition in Julie's voice. Ben liked skyscrapers!

"I love them—gorgeous, silly, insolent, beautiful things! Skyscrapers, and horses, and subways, and mountain brooks, and the flat, unexciting fields of the Middle West, too. I was born in Aurora, Illinois. That's the trouble, Julie. I love such a mixture of things and I don't fit anywhere.

"Underneath I'm an old-fashioned fool—fit for one of those sticks you talked about."

"They're not sticks, Ben. I was ashamed of that too. They're just—well, they just live a different way, that's all. But it's their way and it's a good way."

"I know. Well, somehow it's a lot my way, really. I want all the things it's so hard to find in New York, all the queer, sentimental, commonplace old virtues in people—not just a drinking-party and for-

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"I suppose it sounds sentimental and self-pitying—I couldn't say it to most persons, but there's something in you that won't mind my saying it. You'll get what I mean without thinking that I'm a perfect fool."

He paused and would not look at her while she sat waiting, her heart beating wildly against the desire of her compassionate arms to hold him close to her. And then his voice filled the room with rich deep sound and she stifled a cry of longing at the pain and beauty that were in the old slave-song he was singing, looking straight ahead with unseeing eyes:

"Goin' down that lonesome road,
Oh, goin' down that lonesome road,
An' I won't be treated this-a-way.
Springs on my bed all broken down,
An' I aint got no place to lay my head."

He dropped his head into his hands, covering his eyes as though to shut out the sight of something before and behind him that he could not bear to see, while Julie let her hands flutter helplessly toward him, then back limply. She dared not touch him, dared not speak or move. Anything now would be more than was hers to do, would be an invasion of that deep part of him which was always alone and would be always alone whatever anyone might do. She could only wait for him, only be there if he wanted her for anything.

Then he looked up, pain and hunger in his eyes.

"Oh, Julie," he cried. "Don't go back to Rockford! Stay here and be my friend, Julie, for better or for worse—or for whatever happens. I need you so much!"

Then, without her knowing how it had happened, she was holding his head close to her breast and had kissed gently the back of his neck where the hair thinned a little at his shirt collar. Her ticket to Rockford didn't matter at all. What a cheap, tawdry little thing it was! Tears streamed unchecked from her eyes as she said over and over:

"Oh, Ben, my dear—my dear! I'll never let you down. Honest and honest, I'll never let you down!"

ISLAND OF DESIRE

(Continued from page 25)

He introduced Kilgore to the various sails and halyards. He seemed a very intelligent man and patient. He showed Kilgore the bosun's locker with its stock of brooms, squeegees, brushes, holystones, paints, oils, spare rope and tools. Then he took him below and explained to him the operation of the Diesel motor and the little electric-light plant, the electric pump and the hand-pumps, after which they went to dinner.

Captain Kendrick had already dined alone and had the first watch on deck. The food was simple and well-cooked and of good quality, and when the Chinese cook had cleared the cabin table, Larson invited Kilgore to a game of rummy until midnight, when he went up to relieve the captain on watch. Kilgore accompanied him and asked if he might take the wheel and have a lesson in steering.

"How is he, Mister?" Kendrick asked the mate.

"He'll do," Larson replied briefly. To Kilgore he murmured: "He's been drinking."

"He'd better do, the ——!" the skipper warned and went below. As he was about to step down the companionway, Kilgore's hand clutched his shoulder and dragged him back.

"Let's get to understand each other, Boots Kendrick," the latter cried hotly. "All of my life, since attaining man's estate—and I attained it mighty early—I've considered myself a gentleman and have always insisted that all men shall treat me as one. I understand you're the law aboard this schooner. At any rate you think you are. However, whether at sea, in Guatemala or Baffin's Bay the powers of government are delegated by the consent of the governed. I consent to be governed—but not like a dog. Paste that in your hat!"

"Sure," the skipper replied pleasantly. "I'll also paste *you!*" And he swung a mighty blow for Kilgore's jaw. The latter went under it and drove a terrific right swing to Kendrick's short ribs, which caused the latter to double up and grunt. For an instant his guard was down, so Kilgore snapped left and right to his defenseless chin, knocked him out, and walked back to the wheel, rubbing his knuckles. Said Larson:

"That's mutiny."

"We're a long ways from Guatemala, Mr. Larson."

"The skipper will kill you for that."

"I don't think so. He's an infernal old bully and will treat me with respect hereafter." He laid his hand on Larson's huge arm. "Where I was raised the best defense is a swift attack, followed through. The best strategy is to grasp the initiative and keep it—nor should the value of a surprise attack ever be underestimated. I've thrashed the Captain, but I'll continue to obey him."

"Take the wheel again," Larson ordered quietly. "You're a bully boy with a crockery eye and I'll not let him kill you." He went below and returned with a large caliber, short-barreled pistol sticking out of his hip pocket.

IN about two minutes the skipper picked himself up. He grinned ruefully at his mate. "By the holy poker," he mumbled, almost pridefully, "I picked a wildcat, didn't I?"

"He'll behave himself and do his work and obey, sir," the Swede defended Kilgore, "but he's touchy on social etiquette. I wish you'd leave him alone, Captain. He'll be useful if we nurse him along."

"I guess I'm gettin' old," Kendrick complained. "Very well, Mister. We understand each other now."

"Is the fight over, sir?"

"Not by a hell of a sight!" the skipper roared and ran below. When he came up he had a pistol in his hand. Instantly Larson stepped in front of Kilgore. "Kill this young fellow and I'll kill you," he warned. "Kill me and he'll kill you. He's got beef and a head, I tell you, and beef's what we need on a halyard. He's worth three of that weedy crew you shipped. Besides, you had it coming to you. He spoke to you as man to man and you struck at him first, and before that you threatened him and cursed him. He isn't scum, so why treat him like scum?"

"Very well." The skipper realized Larson held the upper hand. "But I'll get him for that, all in my own sweet time." And he went below again.

Larson smiled faintly. During the altercation the vessel had fallen off considerably, so the Swede seized the wheel and spun it several spokes until the compass-point was on the lubber's mark. Kilgore spoke never a word, for he had said his say and further conversation he felt would savor of an anticlimax. Larson loaded and lighted his pipe and commenced a slow stroll backward and forward across the poop.

Kilgore had never steered a ship before but he found it easy to steer the *Dashing Wave* now, for the wind blew fresh and true about thirty miles an hour and the sea was not confused. The task (probably because it was new) interested him, and Larson had given him no instructions beyond keeping his compass-point on the lubber's mark. Also, he had flown airplanes by compass too long not to know the value of steering a straight course; he knew how easy it is to steer a snaky course, so he kept his sails full. The schooner carried a beautiful helm and a spoke or two held her. From time to time Larson came and looked over his shoulder into the binnacle.

At midnight the mate went below and called the Captain; then came back to the poop and waited until the Captain came on deck; when one of the men of the port watch took the wheel, Larson with an imperceptible nod ordered Kilgore to accompany him below. He paused in the cuddy and looked at Kilgore with interest.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I'll be shot if I haven't forgotten the name I gave the Captain," Kilgore replied frankly. "Thomas, or Thompson, or perhaps Tomlinson. It doesn't matter. Call me Tom."

"You're an ex-prizefighter, aren't you?" Larson asked.

"No, although I've fought for pay—only I used machine-guns and bombs. I'm just a half-breed Celt with a dirty temper and a passion for peace and justice."

"You handle yourself pretty well, Tommy."

Kilgore knew the big Swede liked him or he would not have called him Tommy. "Just a fair amateur boxer, that's all. And I've kept myself in condition. No man with boots can whip a man with fists, if the man with fists knows how to use them."

"I've never seen Kendrick quit so cold before."

"Mr. Larson, a bully always quits to his master. Thanks, more than I can say, for your defense of me. But for you, I might have been feeding the fishes now."

Larson nodded in a manner that appeared to claim no great credit for his action. "You strike me, Tommy, as a man anxious to lose himself. And I think you've been to sea before. You didn't steer a snaky course."

"Yes, I'm trying to lose myself. But I assure you I've never been before the mast heretofore."

"Take my tip and jump the ship at Papeete—if you last that long."

"Can't. I'd be a beach-comber if I did. I haven't a dollar in my possession and I can't write home for any, because I have no home and I have no friends. I'm dead."

"In that case, Tommy, you won't mind dying again, will you?"

"I've roomed with Death for a long time, but I must say I never liked him."

"Well, I'll do my best by you, but if you disappear from the ship some dark night, when there's nobody up on the poop but you and the skipper, I can't do anything about it."

"The skipper told me you couldn't navigate."

"Another sound reason why you should not kill the skipper. I wouldn't care to drift around in this ship and starve to death."

"Well, if the skipper should, fortunately, disappear some dark night when he and I are alone on the poop, you need not worry. You can work the ship and I'll navigate her."

"So you *have* been to sea, after all."

"No, but I know navigation—Bowditch or the new line-of-position method."

"You're a funny man," was Larson's comment. "Good-night." And he went into his little stateroom and closed the door behind him. Kilgore waited half an hour, until he felt that the healthy mate would be sound asleep, then made his way to the skipper's cabin and lighted a match. He cupped the tiny flame in both hands and searched warily around until he found a chest of drawers built in to the bulkhead; then he smothered the match, cautiously opened the top drawer and felt around in it. Almost instantly his hand closed over the skipper's pistol. He possessed himself of it and went to his own stateroom. Here, in the feeble light of a swinging kerosene lamp he managed with the aid of his pocket-knife to extract the bullets from each of the six shells and replace them with a wadding of paper, after which he replaced the empty shells in the pistol and returned the weapon to the skipper's drawer. Then he turned in.

AT six o'clock next morning he was awakened by a pounding on his door. He boiled out and was directed by Larson, who was again on watch, to get the crew together and scrub down the decks. He was busy with one job and another until eight o'clock, when Larson bade him go below for breakfast. He found the skipper seated at the table.

"Good morning, sir," he saluted the master, and sat down. The master glared at him a moment, and said: "Get out of here! From now on you berth forward with the crew, and eat with the crew."

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"Yes sir." Kilgore did not rise. "Pardon me for asking what might appear to be an impertinent question, but am I still the bosun?"

"You're whatever I want you to be."

"Quite so. However, with a little experience, I think I'm smart enough to graduate to second mate and stand a watch during fine weather. I'm really a fair judge of weather, you know. I've had lots of training in meteorological work, and if you are willing to forget our little ruckus of last night, I am. I know how to obey. The trouble with me is that I revere my sacred person and, while I know nothing of the navigation laws of Guatemala, I'm quite certain they do not give the master the right to use his boots or his fists on a seaman. Hereafter, if you refrain from that sort of thing and speak to me fairly and civilly, I'll make a good hand for you."

Boots Kendrick appeared on the point of choking. He compromised on a cough. "And don't forget," Kilgore went on respectfully, "that I know navigation and can speak French and Spanish. If anything should happen to you, I'd be quite a help to Larson."

"You mean *Mister* Larson."

"I do. It shall be Mr. Larson hereafter."

"It had better be, you——" And Kendrick repeated a vile epithet he had employed the night previous.

"You have a poor memory," Kilgore told him. "I thrashed you for that last night and now I'm going to thrash you again." And he came around the table.

Boots Kendrick pulled a pistol. "Forward, you dog!" he commanded.

FOR a moment Kilgore looked at the pistol-barrel. There was just a chance this might *not* be the weapon he had loaded with blank cartridges—but he decided that was one of the chances he had to take or be forever branded as a coward in his own sight. So he came on—and the Captain fired pointblank at him. Still he came on; before Kendrick could rise, Kilgore had dazed him with a punch back of the left ear. He managed to fire two more shots, however, before receiving his second knockout.

Kilgore looked up from his work and grinned at Larson standing on the companion. The mate said nothing; only his eyes questioned. "Just some more mutiny, Mr. Larson," Kilgore told him cheerily. "The skipper fired me as bosun and ordered me into the forecastle. I was about to accept his dictum when he repeated his offense of last night, so I administered lesson Number Two."

"Did he shoot you?"

Kilgore explained the skipper's failure to shoot him.

"He'll put you in irons now," said Larson regretfully.

"Not unless you help him, Mr. Larson."

To the frightened Chinese cook standing in the galley door Larson said: "Give Mr. Tommy his breakfast." Then he went on deck.

THE skipper revived before Kilgore had finished his meal and appeared amazed to find the latter still in the land of the living. Presently he stooped and recovered his pistol, examined the remaining cartridges and said: "That's Larson's work. That's his weakness. He gets squeamish when I least expect it.

"While you were *non compos mentis*, sir, Mr. Larson was in command of the ship and exercised his temporary authority to order the cook to serve my breakfast here."

"You deserve it. Any man with the stuff to come at me when I have a pistol pointed at him is a man after my own heart. You're mutinous and I ought to put you in irons. But I'll not—I'll put Larson in irons instead."

"I shall be forced to protest against such treatment of the excellent and humane Mr. Larson. By the way, a sniff or two of spirits of ammonia will clear your head wonderfully, if you happen to have some in the medicine-chest. If you'll tell me where it is, I'll get it for you."

The skipper could not forbear a grin. Hard as *lignum-vitæ* though he was, yet, Kilgore observed, he had a rough sporting quality about him and respected men according to their horse-power and animal courage. "I'll have to cut out the booze or cut out taking on the young fellows," he muttered.

"Doesn't that mean cutting out both?" Kilgore suggested maliciously.

Kendrick nodded. "I suppose you want me to apologize?"

"Not at all. I never insist on that humiliation after I have inflicted punishment for an insult. There's such a thing as crowding one's luck."

Boots Kendrick laughed heartily at that and rubbed the back of his ear. Evidently he had taken one drink too many before breakfast, but the blow on his head had sobered him. "I'm sorry," he declared. "Eat hearty." But he declined to consider the spirits of ammonia or the remainder of his breakfast, and retired to his berth. As noon approached and he did not appear on deck, Kilgore wound the chronometer, helped himself to the skipper's sextant, worked out the position of the vessel and corrected her course. Then he decided to confess to Larson that the master blamed the mate for removing the bullets from the pistol cartridges. "I thought it best not to correct his impression," he added slyly.

"You got a head on you, Tommy." Larson grinned. "I'll be the goat and get away with it. But I still advise you to go ashore at Papeete and stay there when the schooner leaves."

"But I can't afford to abandon my wages and become a beach-comber."

"It might be better to do that than remain aboard, even if you and Boots continue to get along amicably. From Papeete we go down into the Low Archipelago on a labor-recruiting mission."

"That will suit me wonderfully. I have a fancy to see a lot of the South Seas before settling down to the prosaic business of mere living."

"You'll be out of luck—and I'll tell you why. You're a sort of knight-errant, even if you don't know it. Part of you belongs in the Eighteenth Century. There's an island down yonder that doesn't see even a trading-schooner once in ten years. We were there last year and created the devil's own commotion. Touched in for water and what native grub we could get. There's a girl there—a white girl, although Boots thinks she's just an extra light Pitcairn Islander off her regular beat. The Pitcairn Island people have a lot of white blood in them, you know, ever since the crew of the *Bounty* settled there in the fifties, after murdering their officers. But I tell you this girl is as white as you or I."

"She should be as lovely as an army with banners, eh, Mr. Larson?"

"She is. Boots tried to get her last year, but she seemed to sense what was in his mind, and hid, so he had to go away without her. But he's going back this time to get her. You know the sort of man he is. He wants what he wants when he wants it and he'll get what he wants if he has to do terrible things to get it. And I'm afraid you will object to his getting that white girl. I'm sure there wouldn't be room enough on the *Dashing Wave* for you and her and him—and a funeral would result. I can't see Boots killed. I own an interest with him in this vessel. So you take my advice and go ashore at Papeete."

"How did this girl get on the island?"

"I don't know; and I couldn't find out, because neither Boots nor I nor none of our native crew could speak their dialect. We traded for wood, water and grub in a sort of universal sign-language."

"And you're sure she's a Caucasian?"

"Absolutely sure. Even a three-quarter white would be born with the prehensile great toes of the Polynesian. And she has dark blue eyes and brown hair. She lacks the coarse legs and beam of a Polynesian girl."

KILGORE was silent, gazing out across the horizon. He was thinking this man Larson must have fallen from high estate, that once he had been a cultured, educated gentleman, whom a heritage of Viking blood had mastered. Undoubtedly he was a throw-back. And Kilgore thought, too, of that white girl and Boots Kendrick. He shook his head ever so little.

"I told you you were a knight-errant," Larson interrupted his musing. "Well, come along, my hearty, and we shall see that which we shall see. Yes, by Yiminy! But don't forget I warned you!"

PETER B. KYNE has had a lifetime of contact and comradeship with sailors—the real sailors—the men who put out far from friendly coasts in little vessels at the mercy of the winds, and, more than at the mercy of the weather, at the mercy of each other—in the tiny, isolated, tossing world of a schooner far at sea. In our next issue he follows these men, who become more and more irresponsible, as they put the long leagues behind them and head for the island marked on no other chart except their own—where a white girl has been cast away.

NOBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from page 75)

times, felt saddened at the verdict. But all that could be done about it was to hope for the impossible.

Exactly one week later, just an hour before the Old Man was due back from Chicago, the five United States Government hyneys swooped out from the big top into the menagerie, and then, under the leadership of Nobody's Business, assembled before the cage of Old Ugly to bray with insulting fervor. The lion had been unusually restless lately; now he became a lashing demon. Soon the entire menagerie echoed his roars and bellowings. At the Katzenjammer cage, half down the line, a frantic rhesus monkey found a loose piece of chicken wire at the end of the den and yanked mightily. An opening appeared. He went through, and forty more followed him.

WHEN the Old Man got on the lot, he found the police, the fire-department, the Humane Society and the dog-catcher. Monkeys were scattered from the mast-heads of the big top on down to the Bon Ton Millinery Parlor, eight blocks away. The hyneys had loped forth to unknown fields.

"That's the finish!" he announced hollowly. "Bump 'em off, the whole gang of 'em!"

"Aw, now!" begged the boss animal-man. "If you'd only let me send 'em back to winter quarters and put 'em on pasture—"

"Bump 'em off!" the Old Man shouted.

"Let's don't get excited about this," the general agent cut in. The animal-men had recruited even him. "We can't have a slaughter, Boss. We'll at least have to do it on the train, or away from town."

"If you'd just send 'em back to winter quarters," the animal-boss pleaded. "They'd be all right out on pasture."

"Pasture, my eye! What have those bums ever done for me? Oh, sure!" the Old Man snapped, arguing against himself. "I don't want to kill an animal to be killing it. But use some sense; shall I wreck my circus just to please a gang of half-jackasses?"

"Seems a shame to waste their cost," the animal-boss argued. It was his only chance. "Pay all that money for a bunch of animals and then just kill 'em!"

"Yeah. Yeah, that's right," said the Old Man. "But we'll save money at that. There won't be any more damages to pay." He had grown calm now. That was bad.

The boss animal-man suddenly changed his tactics. "Listen, Boss," he said. "We've had some trouble lately with lion-meat. I've been thinkin'—there aint no meat does a lion as much good as zebra."

"Yeah, I guess you're right."

"I could skin 'em out good too. Them hides ought to be worth something. So I've been thinkin'—suppose we just sort of drag 'em along for awhile. Then, as we need horse-meat for the lions, kill 'em off—see? We'll bump off Nobody's Business first. The rest won't be so bad without him."

It was the beginning of a long argument. Even the general agent joined it, and Dopey Brennan. Then Sleepy came along to say he hadn't minded chasing up the hyneys; they were kind of cute, he said. Finally the Old Man waved his arms in surrender.

"All right!" he agreed. "But no faking. And we won't wait until we're short of lion-meat either. The next time they bust out, knock Nobody's Business in the head. Take good care of the hide, though."

"Oh, sure," said the animal-boss. There was a break in his voice. Dopey Brennan walked away with his head down. The general agent reached into a pocket for a bunch of papers.

"Speaking of lions," he said, "I've wired the advertising cars to cut out all billing on Old Ugly in Burning Rapids and all near-by towns."

"That's right, aint it?" the Old Man questioned suddenly. "A lion killed a man there, didn't he?"

"Yeah, the Mastin Brothers show, four years ago. Some sucker got too close to the bars and the lion hooked him. There aint been a show there since, and the town's filthy with money—show-starved. But scared of cat animals! Say, I had to send in a half-dozen fixers to square the license."

"We can't take no chances there," agreed the animal-boss. "I'll keep Old Ugly boarded up if necessary."

"Board up all the lions," the Old Man added. Then, as he walked on: "Better get that bunch of striped dynamite out of the way before we hit there, too."

This added to the gloom. As long as the date of death had been indefinite, there had been hope. The dearth of horse-meat had been only in the imagination of the boss animal-man; any means to a reprieve. But with a time-limit on the execution, conditions were decidedly different.

THE Old Man went away, and returned ten days later, to receive reports concerning the activities of Nobody's Business and his pirate crew. They'd been doing some better lately, everyone said. It was not explained that the improvement was in the art of running away. Four days passed with the Old Man on the show, and with every possible property-man, menagerie-helper and cageman assembled about the ring to halt outbreaks through sheer force of numbers. The audience saw little of the act; vision was blocked by a wall of guardians. The Old Man left again; and slowly the show approached Burning Rapids.

All menagerie advertising ceased. The press-agents had laid away the history of Old Ugly, concentrating on the happiness of caged animals and how wild brutes loved their trainers. A week passed, and the Old Man returned. This time, he didn't question anyone in the menagerie. He went instead, to the juice-joint vendors, who held no sentiment. Then he sought the boss animal-man, and found him rubbing the nose of Nobody's Business. Of late, the animal-boss dropped around often for a few minutes at the picket line.

"Well, kid," said the Old Man, "you've got five days left."

"Yes sir," answered the animal-boss. "I'll have 'em out of the way, all right."

Then he cleared his throat and walked away. Like Sleepy said, they were kind of cute, the way they wouldn't do what a fellow wanted 'em to!

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A day passed and the animal-boss marked it off on his calendar. Another went by, and a third. The gang around the menagerie did not whistle as much as usual, or cuss the hyneys in their customary fashion. Sleepy sneaked over to the elephant line and stole them a tub of carrots. That night, the boss animal-man walked into the led-stock car with them when they were loaded, and just stood around for a while. After a time he climbed out a ventilator and went over the flats to his bunk.

HE was dreaming of five striped animals, cavorting about a big pasture, when someone shook him by a shoulder, and he realized that the train had stopped. Men were clattering about the aisles. There was a commotion outside.

"Make it snappy!" shouted the train watchman. "Three cars burning, and enough smoke to choke a horse."

"Tear out and tell somebody to open up the stock cars," the animal-boss answered, as he began to dress. "Let down the runs and get them animals out, horses, led-stock and bulls. Don't want 'em suffocating."

"They're out," growled the watchman. "And them Five United States hyneys, they're 'way out! One look at the fire and they beat it."

"Where?"

"Ask a guy something he knows!" The watchman went on, shouting from car to car: "Fire—a bad one; everybody out!"

The train was moving again as the animal-boss hurried forth—a switching job to cut off the rear and forward cars from three burning flats loaded with costumes and canvas wagons. Fifty yards away, lighted by the flames, the Old Man stood at a fishpole telephone, erected by the train crew, already sending telegrams for new supplies to be rushed from winter quarters; the show must go on.

The general manager came out of the blur of smoke.

"Everything's all right up above," he shouted. "The hyneys are loose somewhere, but I guess that won't hurt 'em. All stock's out of the cars and the elephant line standing steady."

"What about the cages?"

"Got men working to take off the sideboards, so there'll be free circulation of air." Then he halted abruptly. Sleepy was stumbling down the right of way, his face strangely green.

"I've done somethin' awful!" he gasped. "I was helpin' take off them cage-boards, an' I must've opened somethin' I shouldn't of. When I was coming back, I looked in Old Ugly's cage. He's gone!"

"Oh, Gawd!" gasped the animal-boss. "And Burning Rapids two days off!"

The manager said nothing. He merely turned Sleepy around and kicked him. Then with the boss animal-man, he ran forward to the summoning of men for a lion-hunt.

It was all but impossible. The ground was dry. There were a few tracks in the gravel beside the roadway; after that they vanished. It meant the starting of gangs with flashlights in every direction, a slow, cautious progress which could not be speeded up until dawn. That was three hours away. The fire was forgotten now. After all, it was only so much canvas and clothing; it could be replaced, much of it from reserves carried on the train. It meant at the most, a lost matinée. Old Ugly meant much more. His escape would have been bad enough in any locality. Here it might mean disaster. They hunted him frantically, but they hunted in vain.

Old Ugly was far away, his belly to the ground, and his big mouth drooling. Within the last few minutes he had caught a scent which bristled the hair of his spine, and sent his spiked tail in serpentine curlings. His rough throat seemed to sandpaper the breath which rushed through it. The hyneys had passed this way, and when he found them, there'd be no bars to halt Old Ugly's feast!

On he went, forcing his speed; the trail was fresh, agonizingly so. Old Ugly forgot caution and literally plowed his way forward, smashing through the obstructions of high grasses, and lines of hedge; once he tangled in a barbed-wire fence and roared his pain and anger until he was free again. Then he took the trail anew, all the more vengeful for the delay.

An hour passed. Mincing a path through slight forest and along stream, Nobody's Business led his comrades onward, unaware of what followed. Now and then they halted at a grassy spot and grazed for a few moments—then, nervous again, they moved anew, while in the rear Old Ugly, his tail still lashing, his tongue protruding, clung to the trail. His shoulders and hips had begun to ache. Old Ugly had spent a lifetime in a cage; muscles which otherwise would have been pliant steel were soft and inexperienced. But all that Old Ugly realized was that zebra flesh lay ahead, his for the trailing.

ANOTHER hour went by. Nobody's Business had halted his herd; they were in a wide grassy valley, and had begun to graze in the contentment which always came to them with true freedom. But suddenly a hyney raised his head and wiggled his long ears. Another followed his example. Then Nobody's Business squealed and kicked at vacancy. They moved on hurriedly in response to a strange sense of fear which they could not understand. The morning breeze had born to them the heavy, ammonia smell of Old Ugly. It never had frightened them before, but now it sent speed into their trim legs. Often they bucked and kicked at emptiness for a hundred yards at a stretch. Finally they halted again. Dawn was beginning to brush the sky. The breeze had slacked. Repeated samplings of the air brought no trace of a fearful scent. Here was another wide pasture, and they grazed again, serenely. A journey of some ten miles, and the leaping of a dozen or more fences which jutted at intervals across unpeopled western country, was nothing to the five United States Government hyneys.

It was different with Old Ugly. In all his steel-caged life, he had never traversed more than eight feet in one direction and five feet in another. His feet were sore, his chest muscles cramped until he gasped with the pain, his heavy haunches and hams had taken on a numbness, strangely weak. But the venom and the spirit were still alive, and his appetite had grown keener. He was voracious now, crazy with desire. The morning light displayed eyes that were yellow-green no longer; they were fringed with red.

Now he literally crawled, working to windward, closer. Nobody's Business stood, a striped target against the green within a dozen feet of a thicket of high weeds, and Old Ugly, creeping snakelike, moved and halted, with patient slowness. An inch at a time, he writhed along, scarcely breathing. His sore muscles fretted with desire, but caution bound them. His progress disturbed the reeds no more than barely to touch them, as he eased onward, another inch nearer toward his prey. At last he halted, red-green eyes centered. His ears drew tight against his great flat head. His claws rippled from their concealment with the padding of heavy paws, making ready the stance that was to send him forward. Then, jaws wide, Old Ugly leaped.

Midway he roared, and strove frantically to send himself farther forward. Those sore muscles had failed him; he was falling short. He would miss the neck of his prey, he would even miss its buttocks. Besides, Nobody's Business had literally folded himself in an instantaneous plunge for safety; the lion was well behind him now. The hyney squealed, desperately; two captains were struggling within his brain—the zebra part of him which commanded that he run, and the mule part telling him to kick as he never had kicked before!

Far away, on a ridge, men shouted and began to run. Nobody's Business knew nothing of that. Before him, Fire, Flood, Pestilence and Disaster had begun to scamper, only to whirl into excited circlings. Nobody's Business gave attention to nothing except his kicking. And as his heels went forth for a third triphammer motion, they struck full against the head of a descending monster, falling three feet short in his leap. Old Ugly roared with pain. He clawed viciously, and missed the heels which shot forth again, this time catching him in the breast, rolling him over to fall flat on his back as he struck the ground. But instantly he was on his feet, lashing out with those great claws before he should renew his savage attack.

Again Nobody's Business strove to flee. He couldn't. He was shaking with fear, yet his legs would not obey the command to run. He only rocked again with the shifting of his weight to his forefeet while the rear ones shot forth like a catapult; they were blurred with speed. A claw caught him on a shank, and brought spurting blood. He did not know it. He only realized that he had struck fair, that a great form had rolled away, and was coming slowly to its feet. So he stood and kicked anew,—kicked in circles, high, low, straight out from his hips, uppercuts, legswings,—and hit fair again.

Fire and Flood trotted toward him. Nobody's Business did not see them. He did not even realize that Old Ugly, with the sight of the other two animals, had shifted from his first enemy and now, upon slow, painful legs, was shuffling toward the approaching pair, belly to the ground, his mouth open in continuous, agonized roaring. He too was at sea; instincts were strong, but muscles were weak; he could not coördinate them.

THEN a man's voice sounded:

"Get around that side quick! Hey, Dopey! Unroll that canvas!"

None of the battling animals heard him. Fire and Flood had sighted the tawny animal now, and had whirled in continuous kicking. Curiosity had brought them into the scope of danger; jackass instincts held them there, their hoofs working like pistons. Old Ugly was past the leaping stage now. One eye was closed. His mouth was bleeding. His chest was laid open, the muscles badly lacerated. Bellowing in desperation, he strove to attack; but this time there were two sets of hoofs, which drove at him with the speed of a lightweight's gloves. Then Pestilence and Disaster, awakened to the fact that their three comrades were fighting a good battle, laid back their ears and circled to an attack from the rear. Nobody's Business halted his aimless kicking and scampered for a full fifty yards before he suddenly turned, swept back, twisted in the air and let go a pair of heels which turned Old Ugly completely over. Pestilence and Disaster could have wished for no more. They dodged the wide-flung claws of the lion, reared, struck out with a speed that made their forefeet almost invisible, then danced away, with only one claw-scratch on Disaster's shank as a penalty. A howl came from Old Ugly's throat; breathless, dazed, he rolled upon the ground, struck out wildly at nothing. Then as hoofs began to swing in every direction, he whined piteously, and began an awkward, shuffling effort to escape.

"Dopey! Sleepy! Stretch out that canvas!" It was the boss animal-man, in command of a dozen others. "You other guys! Shoo off them hyneys!"

There was a rush of forms. Suddenly the five United States Government hyneys realized that men were all about them, waving their arms. Others struggling with Old Ugly, now only a faintly resisting bundle under layers of canvas. Then the animal-boss shouted a final command.

"All right, Sleepy! Out with your sugar, and round up them hyneys."

There was no matinée that day; arrival was too late. But when night came and the Grand Amalgamated's tournament swung into action, the Old Man dropped by the hyney line and asked how they were getting along. They were doing fine, the animal-boss said, what with carrots and sugar and pieces of apple and everybody in the circus wanting to pet them. The animal-boss felt fine too; in his pocket was the copy of a telegram instructing the gang at winter quarters to be ready to receive five lion-fighters, pensioned to pasture.

The hyneys were in their trappings of the ring. The Old Man, with a twinkle in his eye, had ordered a farewell performance, after a heavy conference with the official announcer.

Finally the beasts were moved into the menagerie connection, fretting as always. The band played their entrance march. Into the ring went Nobody's Business, and Fire and Flood and Pestilence and Disaster. The announcer mounted the stage. He swung his silken hat.

"*Ladies-s-s-s and Gentlemen!*" he shouted. "I take great pleasuah-h-h in pre-senting fo' your edification-n the five United States Government hyneys—who will now proceed—to do as they please!"

THE RAKMANOFF RUBY

(Continued from page 47)

In a little town outside of Boston, I stopped and ordered dinner. As I waited for the meal to be brought to me, I glanced at a newspaper. On the front page was an article, signed by a woman, telling of the festivities of tennis week at Newport.

And half of her story was about the Rakmanoff Ruby. Tonight it would be worn for the first time in America, by its owner Mrs. Patten McGill, the woman whose purchase of the ruby had actually strained relations with Italy. For Mussolini had been dickering for the treasure, which once had belonged to Rome, but which, ravished by Napoleon, had been presented to the Czar by the French Government, sold by the Bolsheviki to a syndicate of Belgians, and finally acquired, only recently, by Mrs. McGill.

The McGill ball promised to be one of the most splendid affairs in Newport's history. A dance floor had been erected on the lawn. The writer estimated that the party would cost, with its orchestras, its entertainers, and its champagne, at least a hundred thousand dollars. That alone would lend it no uniqueness; parties costing that much were not uncommon. But the presence of the Rakmanoff Ruby did make the party stand out. A jewel, a single jewel, valued at more than a million dollars, would make any party different.

As I read, I ate—and as I ate, I pondered. Mrs. McGill would not dream of exposing the ruby without adequate guard. It was too highly advertised. And while no crook could hope to dispose of it in America, there would be a sale for it in Europe. Or its owner would offer a tremendous reward for its return. But why speculate? Barnard would steal it tonight, if he could.

If he could. . . . But suppose he were caught?

Oh, I know the impulse was silly, but it could not be resisted. I finished my dinner, got into my car again, and started, not for Boston, but for Newport.

It was about eleven when I parked my car in the space opposite the public bathing-beach and Casino. A gay orchestra played as I climbed the long hill that led to the Cliff Walk, that beautiful path which skirts the great estates, and which is forever public.

The McGill estate, about half a mile in from the main road, is hedged for privacy's sake. But scores of people, anxious to witness a gayety which they could not hope to share, stood on tiptoe, peering over the green barricade.

I shamelessly joined them, and looked upon a fairyland. Lights gleamed in the great trees; the dancing pavilion, erected for this one party, was a bower of electrically illuminated flowers. Servants in the famous McGill livery of silver and gold hastened to and fro. Little tables invited couples. An orchestra played. A lovely soprano managed to stop the dancing, even to hinder the drinking, for a few moments.

Some one of the uninvited spectators called something, and the people near me

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departed. The view was better, it seemed, where the speaker stood. And I, in a fever of fear, pushed my way through the hedge, unobserved, and stood upon the lawn. Without challenge, I gained the shadow of a huge tree, and from here I could see right into the great mansion.

I could not distinguish faces, but once I thought I saw Barnard, and once I was sure that I recognized Mrs. Patten McGill. Several times I trembled as watchmen, carrying electric torches, made their rounds. But each time they came near me I circled my sheltering tree and none observed me.

One by one, as the night wore on, the spectators on the Cliff Walk moved away from the hedge, until at last, at three in the morning, I realized that I was the sole uninvited person on the grounds.

THEN, in the middle of a dance, quite without warning, the lights went out. I heard hysterical laughter, and then screams of angry fear, and then shots. I heard the bass cries of men drowning the soprano voices of women; and then I heard racing footsteps on the grass.

Past me, running as fast as any college sprinter, a dark shadow in the night, came a figure. I could hear his deep breathing, could even see his eyes gleam faintly in the white of his face. He reached the hedge fifty yards from me, and was lost in its obscurity for a moment. Then, as he straightened up, the moon came from behind the rain-threatening clouds for a second, and I thought I recognized him.

His coat was pulled across his shirt-front, lest its gleam betray him, and an arm was across his face; nevertheless, I knew it was Barnard. Then the moon vanished, and his figure was just a dark blob speeding across the grass. I followed it with frightened eyes, lost it—and then the lights were on in the great house once more.

Staccato commands, shrill cries, harsh calls. . . . Bending low, I fled across the lawn, thanking Heaven for my dark blue dress and inconspicuous hat, for I knew the grounds would be searched. I stopped at the green hedge. I knew within five yards of the spot where Barnard had stopped. One minute, two minutes, three minutes—then, in a cache that I might never have seen, but that my fingers knew, from the disturbed grass, hid something, I found something; something hard and round. . . .

I did not have to be told that my hand held the Rakmanoff Ruby. For nothing else could Barnard have arranged the turning off of the lights. . . . The sheer daring of the deed thrilled me. I could visualize the quick grasping of the jewel; I could guess how he had measured his position before the lights had been turned off; I could see him bound to the nearest window—and the rest required no imagination, for I had seen him speed across the lawn.

And now, as I stood by the hedge, the cries grew louder; the flash of electric torches illuminated the lawn. In another moment I would be seen, captured, searched. . . .

I went through the hedge, but I didn't go along the walk. Instead, at risk of neck, I went down the cliff and reached the beach. Along its sometimes sandy, sometimes rocky shore, I made my frantic way, to emerge at length upon the main road. In a panic that made my steps unsteady I made my way, a long, long mile it seemed, to my car.

But always I hugged the inside of the walk. If any car should draw up beside me, if any motorcycle paused at the curb, one little flip of the wrist, and the Rakmanoff Ruby would be far out upon the sand. Better that it be forever lost in the incoming tide than that I go to jail.

But no one accosted me and finally, the lights switched on inside my car, I glanced at the thing I held. Its brilliance terrified me. I had stolen for need, in order that the cruelties of life might be fended off. But this jewel had no reason, beyond its sheer existence, for the inspiration to crime. Not to exchange it for money, but to gaze upon it, men had bartered their lives and women their honor.

I switched off the lights and sat in indecision for a moment. The impulse of the moment had made me snatch from its cache the jewel for which Barnard had risked his freedom. I could not explain that impulse, unless it had been born of the desire to make myself invaluable to him. For he had taken the Carteret necklace from me, and somehow, to turn the tables upon him seemed fitting. Tit for tat!

Hours from now—perhaps tomorrow or the next day—Barnard would stroll along that hedge. He would bend over, grope—then he would know that some one had forestalled him, that some one had profited by his theft, exactly as he had profited by mine some weeks ago.

Would he guess? And would his guess bring him the more certainly to Portsmouth? And what would he say when I showed him the ruby?

BUT that scene was in the future some forty-eight hours. The immediate present concerned me more than anything else. For unless I overestimated the abilities of the private detectives who must have been guarding—though futilely—Mrs. McGill's jewel, and the talents of the Newport police, escape from the island on which the summer capital of fashion was situated would not be easy.

Across the road the amusement park still blared its music, still flared its lights. But where my car stood was comparative shadow. I got out; I turned back—breaking a fingernail in the task—the heavy cloth cover of my spare tire. I crammed into the scant place between cover and tire the brilliant stone. Who would think to look there for the Rakmanoff Ruby? Who would think that a tired young writer, plodding toward Boston, could be concerned in so colossal a theft?

Well, I would see whose imagination worked that vividly. Away from Newport I sped. Through long stretches of country that I knew was lovely in the sunlight but that tonight seemed filled with lurking figures of terror, between great estates whose owners' names were internationally known, I drove my coupé.

And at last I descended the long slope that leads to the one bridge that connects Newport with the mainland. Beyond this were roads that led to Fall River, to New Bedford; country by-ways that might lead almost anywhere.

A lantern gleamed peremptorily in the middle of the road. Ahead of me brakes protested screamingly as a car jolted to a stop. I saw its red tail-light flash a warning to those who followed. Sick at heart, my pulses thumping, I too slowed down my car, came to a full stop.

A FLASHLIGHT blinded me. A gruff voice spoke to me.

"Where you going?" it demanded.

"Boston," I replied.

"This time of night?" The voice was mildly incredulous.

"Why not? It's only two hours away," I argued.

"Where you from?" the voice persisted.

Now I could see its owner's face, could see its owner's uniformed body upon the motorcycle which one foot, resting upon the ground, kept upright.

"Aw, what about it, Sarge," protested another voice. "I know she's pretty, and you got plenty 'it,' but this aint getting the McGill dame's jewelry back for her."

The sergeant grinned.

"Good advice, girlie, eh?" he said to me. "Well, you don't look very dangerous. I mean, not like a robber, you don't. You—"

"Aw, can it," said the other voice. "Sarge, here's a coupla more cars. Let's look 'em over."

The sergeant's motorcycle sputtered into life. He gave me a salute that he felt was ravishing. I stepped on the starter, moved, was across the bridge, with pursuit behind me, evaded. Thank heaven for the looks that no one would think hid the heart of a thief!

Portsmouth, Barnard had said. Well, tonight I would sleep in Boston. Day after tomorrow we would meet in the New Hampshire city. And married or no, he loved me. And I would show him the Rakmanoff Ruby. More, I would give it to him. But only after he had agreed to something.

We might not be married, perhaps, and certainly I would be nothing less than wife to him, so far as sex was concerned. But I could be his partner. And I thought he would agree to that.

The first emotion of the wrongdoer is fright. Then, when she "gets away with it" too easily, comes confidence; and so she slips into overconfidence. In the next story Lydia Grey arrives at this dangerous stage of her adventures, and suddenly she confronts, without warning, a situation which she could never have foreseen.

Next month there will appear the third of the "RECKLESS ADVENTURES OF LYDIA GREY"—this one is called "The Private Detective"—by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE.

BORN TO MILLIONS

(Continued from page 77)

by unloading them on John D., Jr. The latter had hardly left Princeton for the Manhattan financial district before, in the largest single transference of private property in business history, the elder Rockefeller presented his fortune to his son!

Were the wise Ben Franklin with us in this generation he would doubtless amend his laws for prosperity. He said, you remember: "The way of wealth is as plain as the road to the market. It depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality." This was before vast inheritances became so popular.

IT is difficult enough for any son to follow his father, but for a son to carry on in the footsteps of a paternal ancestor who has accumulated a private fortune of one billion dollars while revolutionizing an industry, is a job to test the strength of any man. The younger Rockefeller might have followed a young man's inclination to have lots of fun and thus foozle things. Yet, instead of sidestepping his patent obligations he stayed steadily on the job he had inherited.

The affection between father and son is a fact with which all relatives, friends and acquaintances of the Rockefellers are familiar. The two men have never been out of harmony. Yet the reigning Rockefeller has been compelled to make most of his important decisions without the advice of the retired head. The latter believes in coupling character development and responsibility.

In spite of manifold duties in the world of stocks, bonds and major industries, the younger Rockefeller does not call himself a capitalist in his "Who's Who" autobiography. He admits that he is "associated with his father in business enterprises," but describes himself as "Chairman of the Board of the Rockefeller Foundation," after which he mentions a half-dozen mammoth social-service institutions for which he is a trustee, presumably at merely a nominal salary. At fifty-six the reigning Rockefeller proves possession of his father's talents for assembling and disbursing fortunes intelligently and beneficially.

The elder Rockefeller and the elder Ford have written valuable pages in our history while piling up enormous fortunes. The former contributed new ideas in the production and distribution of an illuminating and power-giving commodity. The latter produced and merchandised a style of locomotion which has made life more interesting and profitable for humanity.

Without waiting to go through college, Edsel Ford is following his father's career so closely that he is not only president and treasurer of the Ford Motor Company, but he is also the leading spirit in an aviation development which will find the Ford interests all ready for the horde of motorists who will become air-minded. Edsel has time for sane amusements and for a good deal of non-profit-paying services, but in the management of money, Edsel is serious-minded and practical.

The dean of all our shipping interests is Captain Robert Dollar, now nearing ninety. Under the Captain's personal management his ships form a procession around the world. Few important ports on either hemisphere fail to load freight and passengers on liners which fly the Dollar flag. But Stanley Dollar is just as active as his father—is all set to carry to its ultimate conclusion the task his father has assumed so capably.

The active head of the House of Rockefeller and the sons of Henry Ford and Robert Dollar have had the advantage of paternal training in the fields of endeavor they have inherited. But when John Jacob Astor sank with the *Titanic* on April 15, 1912, his son suddenly became the head of the Astor family in America. This was a big job for Vincent Astor, just finishing at Harvard at twenty-one.

Some appreciation of the load thus thrust on young Astor's shoulders is gained from a brief study of his activities. At thirty-six he is a director of ten major business corporations; is a trustee of the Union Trust Company of New York, and of the New York Public Library; a director of the semi-philanthropic New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital; a member of thirty non-profit-making societies and organizations and of thirty-four clubs in Newport, New York and environs, Paris, Washington and Albany. He wins prizes for growing apples on his country estate near Rhinebeck and is actively interested in the shipping industry.

Incidentally, Vincent Astor is Commodore of the New York Yacht Club and a governor of the Automobile Club of America. During the World War he served creditably in European waters with our navy. He has headed a scientific expedition to the Galapagos Islands, is married and is a real dirt farmer. He is neither an idler nor a dilettante, for the Astor estate has not shrunken under his management, though he has had to go into court and defend the title to two-thirds of it. There is more than one penalty attached to inherited wealth and social prominence. One of these penalties is publicity not always friendly.

AS I write these lines a great deal of publicity has been given the private life of Marshall Field III.

The current head of the Marshall Field family after attending Eton and Cambridge in England returned to his native land and enlisted for the duration of the World War as a buck private. He earned his way on European battlefields to a captaincy; came back to Chicago when the war ended; started two of his buddies in life-insurance by the taking out of a million-dollar policy; and became the head of a brokerage firm, saying: "I would consider it criminal if I did not take advantage of my opportunities to assist in the development of American industry;" became a director in the world's largest wholesale dry-goods house and department-store and a trustee of the Field estate; learned to fly at forty-two—and got the most publicity because he is reputed to be paying his first wife one million dollars annual alimony. Attention to this marital matter transcends attention given his martial and commercial achievements.

Marshall Field III has an income greater than a million dollars yearly, partly because he has acted as the trustee of the

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estate he inherited and partly through wise direction of other lines of business. He is one of American's wealthiest young men and one of its most versatile. Like others of our uncrowned "kings" he follows a king's sport with his racing stable. The stable is not a heavy liability, because in sports as in business matters the current Marshall Field profits by good judgment. Not all scions of wealthy families are so fortunate, especially in business.

After young Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., served several years successfully at newspaper reporting, he took a high dive into tabloid publishing. He came up from the dive a heavy loser because New York City, with its subways and picture-loving population, is about the only profitable field for tabloid papers. But Cornelius should be credited with gumption enough to take a chance when he could have been sitting around and cutting coupons. And, after all, a licking is often good medicine.

One of my successful business friends declares: "A fellow who can take a licking, *and come back after it*, is worth more to me than an unlicked fellow. It took three lickings to start me right." Cornelius, Jr., is in his thirties.

SUCCESS need not be founded on failure, but Americans are famous for resiliency. Nearly every consequential fortune is the net result of early losses. Sometimes these losses are met by the fortune's founder. Sometimes a second generation meets them. Sometimes a third generation is the most conservative. At still other times a family produces a generation of spenders.

In an earlier era of large fortunes John W. Gates was a colorful character. "Bet-you-a-million-Gates" we called him, for John W. could bet a cool million and lose it just as coolly as he could rake in the same amount of winnings. In spite of sporting extravagances John W. Gates left several millions.

Charles G. Gates inherited most of his father's fortune—also his father's sporting proclivities. Everybody who knew "Charley" Gates liked him. He responded by liking everybody. I liked him though he never gave me money. During his short and merry life he gave away piles of it. Yet, when he died of pneumonia when hardly forty, a large Gates fortune was left to relatives. The bulk of it later went to a delightful girl named Dellora Angell, who soon married her youthful small-town sweetheart and lived happily with him ever after.

Many an inheritor has fooled the prophets. Before the Bonanza miner John W. Mackay died, he invested many of his Nevada silver winnings in a communication system which stretched from Europe beneath the Atlantic, across North America to our Pacific shores. The immigrant boy from Ireland had become the head of "the Mackay system" of submarine cables and land telegraph-lines.

The only son of an aggressive father was Clarence H. Mackay, educated in Europe and fond of art, music, grouse-shooting and society. With relatively little commercial training, the remaining male Mackay not only completed the laying of a Mackay cable across the Pacific; he also increased his cable connections with Europe and built up his system on this continent until he controlled thirty-three thousand eight hundred miles of ocean cables and three hundred thousand miles of land lines.

Clarence H. Mackay has, during his seeming transformation, never lacked the extra time and energy to give personal and useful attention to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, State universities, symphony orchestras, the collecting of medieval armor and seasonal grouse-shooting—and to society. He has carried on in his late father's fashion but he has not given up any of his earlier activities.

James Ford Bell, of the "flour Bells," was just coming through the University of Minnesota when I was a Minneapolis newspaper-reporter. "Jimmy" Bell was a good mixer and rather fond of society. Five generations of his family had successfully engaged in the flour business. When his father, a leading Minneapolis merchant-miller, died and left the job of carrying on to "Jimmy," folks wondered whether the son could fill the father's shoes. Life had been easy for Jimmy.

James Ford Bell, who had been "Jimmy," fitted his father's shoes so well that he became president of large and prosperous flour-milling companies in Minneapolis, North Dakota and Montana. He also went on the directorate of national banks, trust companies and trunk line railroads. When the World War created an emergency, James Ford Bell of Minneapolis was drafted by Herbert Hoover as the dollar-a-year chairman of the Milling Division of the United States Food Administration—and found the job not too big for him. As James Ford Bell, still of Minneapolis, he heads a milling concern which is grinding flour from Kentucky to California and Washington. He isn't peeved if you call him "Jimmy."

FORTUNES from oil-fields still weave their romances. The latest romance is tied to the movies. Its real-life hero is Howard Hughes, who came into oil-made millions at twenty-one; turned the management of the Hughes Tool Company over to relatives; perfected himself in sound engineering; earned a pilot's license by flying airplanes, and chose to become a motion-picture producer and director.

He ventured four hundred sixty thousand dollars in "Two Arabian Nights." The film showed a profit of one million dollars. "The Racket" and "The Mating Call" were also produced and directed by Mr. Hughes, expensively but profitably. Then he took a real flyer by spending four million dollars of his patrimony and profits on "Hell's Angels," the greatest air-picture made anywhere. When the "dog-fight" episode became too strenuous for Mr. Hughes' assistant directors, he went aloft and personally obtained the desired effects. To get another effect he built a Zeppelin almost as large as those made in war-time Germany.

Young Mr. Hughes may not get all of his last four million dollars back but he is doing something epochal with his millions, and so far his ventures have not ruined him.

Not long ago the distinguished lawyer and diplomat Mr. James W. Gerard made public a list of sixty-four "rulers" of this nation. These "rulers" were almost exclusively business-men — manufacturers, bankers, distributors, amusement-magnates and purveyors and publishers. Mr. Gerard was adversely criticized because he did not list scientists, artists, writers and educators, since they also create wealth for the nation.

Our high tariff was given by Mr. Gerard as the cause for "rule" by leaders of prosperous and powerful industries—but his critics objected that big business leaders are not all in favor of high tariff and that he erred in saying that big business-men were "too busy to hold political office." Yet in the mass of adverse criticism there was little said against "money power," compared to what would have been said had such a list been published a decade ago.

I believe this change of attitude toward riches is traceable partly to a general agreement with the elder Rockefeller's declaration that, "We are all of us Socialists, in a sense, but the error of socialism is in supposing that you can create by formal enactment what must be a natural development, carried on by men selected by Nature." Outside of the Socialists and Communists, few thinkers will disagree with any one who preaches the doctrine of competition among business firms or individuals.

This change in the general attitude toward money is also traceable to a change in the character of moneyed men and in their philosophy of responsibility to those who have money and those who have not.

Toward those who have hustled for and earned their fortunes there is little popular hostility because most of the self-made moneyed men remember the years when they didn't have money. Hence most of them give generously though quietly.

The "Sam" Vauclain who began as a shop boy at fifty cents a day and retired from the presidency of the Baldwin Locomotive Works with sixty million dollars, is responsible for more benefactions and more cash-I'll-carry charities than he wants the world to know about. He has not forgotten his early days, for his recently published autobiography is dedicated to his old shopmates.

THE August Heckscher who arrived in his young manhood from Germany with five hundred dollars in his belt, and no knowledge of English to fall back on; who made a fortune in New Jersey zinc; lost it at forty-two and made another, gets more of a kick out of celebrating his eighty-second birthday at a summer camp endowed by him for eight million dollars than in being the biggest investor in Manhattan real estate.

Such cases are so numerous that good deeds of self-made men are taken casually. Rich men are not bad if they give away money they made with their own hands and brains. It is against men who come into huge fortunes that hostility is more often manifested. Yet that hostility is disappearing as those born to millions become more public-spirited.

George Washington was one of our landed gentry. He profited by property-investments and his knowledge of engineering. When he led the American Colonies in their revolution he was relatively a millionaire. With all his attacks on "malefactors," President Theodore Roosevelt was so well-fixed financially that he openly regretted that he had missed one great experience, that of being broke and not knowing where his next meal would come from. He got a dollar a word

for making that confession. As a skillful, industrious mining-engineer, Herbert Hoover was wealthy before he became a Presidential candidate and his tenure of office probably is costing him heavily. As politicians were explicitly excluded from Mr. Gerard's list of the rulers of America, Hoover is not upon it.

LET us examine this list from another aspect. Of the sixty-four rulers, twenty were born to or inherited millions before they were well along in life. One of them got his millions from the Rockefeller fortune; two others were made suddenly wealthy through the Morgan money. Another was born into a wealthy Wall Street family; another inherited enormous timber holdings; two others inherited vast mining properties; three others were born to great properties gained through publishing; four others got theirs from the powder industry.

During the half-century spanned by the years of their birth, a probable number of less than a thousand Americans were born to similar wealth; yet twenty from this thousand have so intelligently and industriously developed and upbuilt their properties that they are not now merely rich men but are among the few actual rulers of our world today. During the same half-century some hundred million Americans have been born in more or less humble circumstances. Out of these hundred millions, Mr. Gerard picks forty-four.

Plainly, inherited wealth may be an advantage; but the man born to millions has to make it such. Indeed, constituted as we are, I can not help feeling that the twenty who never *had* to go to work—who in no sense could ever have felt the spur of necessity or want—and yet who went to work with such a will and intelligence that today they are numbered among the three score and four of our most useful citizens, deserve the most credit.

These men help to explain the marked lessening of hostility toward great fortunes today when compared with our late "trust-busting" epoch. Take the changed attitude toward the House of Morgan, for example. The founder of this international banking-house was often feared and hated for the manner in which he used his power. After the first J. Pierpont Morgan had become preëminent in finance, he took into partnership educators and others who, while they became financial experts, influenced the general policy of the house. Into this partnership came Dwight W. Morrow, by way of Amherst College and a New York law firm.

After thirteen years as a Morgan partner, Mr. Morrow resigned from a position yielding him perhaps a million dollars annually, to become our Ambassador to Mexico. As soon as Ambassador Morrow had untangled the diplomatic and financial problems of Mexico he was nominated by a huge popular vote for United States Senator from New Jersey. As I write this, the ex-college student, lawyer and banker is so popular that he is a definite possibility as our next President.

Such progress toward political popularity could not have been made by any "Morgan man" twenty, thirty or forty years ago. It could not be made in this decade were it not for a general change in the attitude, methods and character of those in charge of our financial future. The plain citizen is more inclined to put his trust in moneyed men because the latter are more inclined to play fair with the plain citizen. This inclination is due in part to the fact that more of us are feeling the same currents, financially.

The United States census figures show that our per capita tax has increased from eight hundred seventy dollars in 1880 to approximately three thousand dollars, while our total national wealth has increased from forty-three billion six hundred forty-two million dollars to more than three hundred thirty billion dollars. More than four billion dollars of this wealth is in the hands of religious and charitable organizations. Another eight billion dollars is invested in public and private educational institutions. About two billion dollars has been invested in miscellaneous foundations, community trusts and public trusts.

In spite of the concentration of money in certain hands, as evidenced by the payment of Federal income tax on five million dollars or over by ten individuals in 1930, the true contributors to our governmental machine are the well-known "common people." During a seven-year period of prosperity, from 1917 to 1923, the number of people *receiving* and *enjoying* income on which tax was paid ranged from seven million to eighteen million five hundred thousand. This year the number of persons paying a tax on incomes of less than five thousand dollars will be as large proportionately as before—but there will not be so many paying on incomes of one million dollars or more.

The men of much money have their difficulties but they seldom go in for public office. They prefer to stick to business because they are taught that by saving and accumulating they can have power, through a surplus. This power is not necessarily individual. Money power is not a bad thing for a nation. If we hadn't had money, Germany would have licked us.

Our so-called "rulers" could not prevent the late World War though the late J. Pierpont Morgan eventually stopped the 1907 panic by wise use of his power and resources. He thus became our financial "Pierpontifex Maximus." Other key-men in the world of business have accomplished fairly good feats of financing—but not as dictators of national policies.

GOOD will is the biggest asset in any business. The best customers of business are the people. It is no longer good form or good sense for business-men to attempt to "get the best" of their customers. It is morally sounder, and economically more profitable for "rulers" to guide, when there is opportunity for guidance.

In this era of international trade and interrelated industries, the men who inherit or accumulate riches have to look out for others as well as themselves. They can not disregard the welfare of a nation which makes their possessions possible, and they must not forget their immediate responsibilities to relatives. While living, they must justly distribute surpluses; at death they must so leave their financial affairs that they can not be disarranged, by the Government tax-collectors, for example.

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given during one year to educational institutions and hospitals. Mr. Harkness enjoys his job of distribution, but he intends to leave the residue of his estate so those of his family who survive him will be materially safe and comfortable.

Most men make money primarily for the care of their families. The surpluses are turned back to the public. In several of the more recent years, benefactions from wealthy Americans have aggregated two billion dollars annually. Such sums are not given blindly, nor can the donors dangerously discount the future. The poor are not our only people who have to pay taxes or premiums on life-insurance.

More than three hundred of our citizens carry one million dollars or more of life-insurance. Pierre Du Pont carries seven million dollars; John C. Martin of Philadelphia has six million five hundred forty thousand dollars on his life; William Fox is insured for six million five hundred thousand dollars. Nearly one hundred and fifty men of commercial importance in America carry a round one million dollars on which somebody has to pay premiums. Some of this insurance is in favor of and paid for by corporations, but much of it is individual.

The most successful of our business leaders can not tell what may happen in trade and banking. There are upsets in commerce as well as in sports. Yet the estates of the best worldly managers sometimes suffer because those managers err in judgment.

Less than three years ago Wall Street floated an issue of nine million five hundred thousand dollars in sinking-fund gold-notes so the estate of the late Henry E. Huntington could pay Federal and State taxes on inheritance. Mr. Huntington, pioneer railroad builder, donator of extremely valuable art-collections and distributor of various benefactions, left an estate worth forty-two million dollars, according to appraisers appointed by the Supreme Court of Los Angeles County, California.

Yet after the executors had paid some small bequests and current debts they had to raise seven million five hundred thousand dollars, *pronto*, to meet the Government's demands for immediate payment of the regular tax on inheritance. The Government does not wait for its taxes. If there is not cash on hand the estate executors must raise it by selling something at a sacrifice. In the Huntington case it seemed advisable to raise the tax money by a six-per-cent bond issue secured by future income from the estate. Mr. Huntington could skillfully build railroads and accumulate a fortune, but he did not figure on taxes closely.

Barring the satisfaction in achievement and in the creation of something out of nothing there isn't much fun in making a fortune and even less fun in conserving it if you keep your mind on the big job thus acquired or given you. It is a fortunate thing for our body politic that so many young men who are born to millions can carry on. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Edsel Ford, Stanley Dollar, James Ford Bell, Clarence H. Mackay and others herein mentioned are merely typical.

In almost any great field of commercial endeavor are young men who are born to millions and will know what to do with them when the time comes to make them wholly and solely responsible. Most of that doing will not be foolish. Elsewhere in this land of wealth and pretty steady prosperity other young men, and young women too, are destined to be the *surprised* recipients of enormous legacies. What will they do with *their* millions?

It will be fascinating to see.

IT'S ALL IN THE TIMING

(Continued from page 66)

going to be laying for you and I want you to be especially cagey. They rate a couple of touch-downs better than Claxton and the chances are you'll be in there quite a lot. And don't underestimate them. Benson and Cloverdale aren't in the same class."

"Everything's in the same class," comes back Harold. "I don't care how good Burnside is. It's just a matter of adjusting the timing. As a matter of fact, a first-rate man's easier to evade than a blunderer. The blunderer always has an outside chance of stumbling into my tempo."

"All right," shrugs Garnigle, "but I'd feel a lot better if you put on some padding today. Why risk having the cap kicked off your knee or a shoulder-bone splintered?"

"No danger," asserts Davis. "If Burnside's as fast as you think they are, the lighter I travel the greater the yardage."

And that's them. As I marches onto the field with the team, I pipes Bunny Babson in one of the lower rows of the Claxton section. Harold spots her too, and slips her a wave as he moves over to the side-lines with the rest of the substitutes and second-string men.

IN the first few minutes of play it's in the cards that Burnside's got it over us like a circus top. On the kick-off they run the pigskin back some thirty-five yards and then reel off another thirty with shots off-tackle, skirts of the ends and hammers at center. Claxton finally holds, but it takes everything we've got to prevent a score in the first quarter.

In the second stanza, however, Burnside pushes over seven points and I looks to see Harold pulled into the game; but Garnigle holds his fire until the session's about shot. Then, with the ball on our own forty-yard line, he gives Davis the office. The kid shucks his bathrobe and comes a-running.

There are no signals, no delay. The pill's passed to Harold, but this time he doesn't go back as he had in the other games. Instead, he steers directly for the enemy's right end, stops abruptly, takes a few dance-steps to evade a pair of up-and-coming Burnsides, and darts through a hole at tackle big enough to accommodate a fleet of caterpillar tractors—and Harold's away.

HE'S pretty fast in shorts, but not quite fast enough. He's compelled to stop and shift stride a couple of times to evade tacklers and on Burnside's ten-yard line he gives up and flops. Then happens what Red had feared. Despite the fact that the ball's grounded and the whistle's sounded, a half dozen of the pursuing crew jump on the reclining figure. It looks like murder but when the kid's pulled free he's still got all his legs and arms.

"Hurt?" asks Garnigle anxiously, as I lead Davis to the side-lines.

"No," he grins. "Just dirty. I switches their rhythm and had them pounding each other before I was underfoot long."

"Take a rest," says Red. "We'll need you some more."

On two off-tackle thrusts and a kick we tie the score just as the quarter's ended and Claxton has the hurrah that's been denied 'em these many years. But the hurrah is not for long. At the opening of the second half one of our bright young men cuts loose with a fumble and the next thing I knows Burnside's squatting on our fifteen-yard line and rarin' to go. On the very next play a forward's caught in back of the goal posts and once again we're holding the sickly end of the score, 13-7.

The rest of the quarter and a large part of the fourth is a kicking affair, with little progress by either side. At length Garnigle thinks he sees an opportunity for Harold. We're at about the center of the field when Davis replaces Delaney, amidst the wildest racket from the rooters I've heard in my ten years at Claxton.

Harold receives the pass perfectly, runs back some yards and circles right, almost to the side-line. Follows a quick stop and a dizzy shift that baffles the enemy onslaught. I'm expecting the kid to cut in or retreat for a fresh start, but he does neither. Instead, he suddenly swings towards the Claxton stands and leaps the railing, the ball still under his arm. My next flash is of Davis leaning over Bunny Babson.

With Red raging beside me, I makes a rush for the bleachers. Just as we arrives Harold drops the pigskin in Bunny's lap, gesticulates wildly and dashes up the aisle toward one of the exits.

"What's the matter?" I asks the Babson frill, who's almost in a collapse.

"I don't know," she mumbles. "He said—he said this was the exact moment to ask me something important—"

"Was it?" I comes back dully.

"No, it wasn't," returns Bunny, with a touch of her old spirit. "I wouldn't have had him—"

"What's up?" demands Garnigle, all a puzzle.

"Nothing," says I dryly, "except that Harold thought this was the proper time and place to propose marriage to—"

"What a spot!" gasps Red. "Couldn't you have said 'yes' just—"

"Not very well," replies Miss Babson, all ablush. "I eloped with Dan Grimes yesterday afternoon."

"All the bunk," snarls Garnigle. "The truth is Davis saw he was going to be thrown for a loss and he took the yellow way out."

"Maybe," says I, "but, in any event, somebody did trump his tempo."

"It was Dan," declares Bunny. "Don't you want this football?"

"No!" barks Red, as the screech of the whistle comes to our ears. "Keep it for a wedding-present!"

OVERDUE

(Continued from page 71)

now known to her, even though the money itself was gone. There was also the satisfaction of the smaller apartment, but she did not speak of that to Mac, feeling sure that he would try to convince her again that it wasn't necessary.

IT was with the moving and the necessary settling that she occupied herself for the next few days. She took out the furniture of one bedroom, most of the things from the living-room and enough odd pieces to make the little dining-room attractive and comfortable, leaving her larger dining-room sideboard and table downstairs.

It gave her an extraordinary secret satisfaction to do this, for these belongings, which were their own property without anything left to pay on them, would bring up the rent of the apartment; they were, it seemed to Emily, working for her, helping her toward the goal she longed for—freedom from debt when her child was born.

The agent of the building, who had been hitherto brusque and none too amiable in manner, thawed toward her, became friendly and helpful. And when in a few days he had found her a tenant who paid even more than she anticipated, he seemed as pleased as Emily herself.

Yet all through this change she felt Mac's discontent, even though he was silent, and at last when everything was complete and in order she asked him hopefully:

"Don't you like it at all, Mac? Do you still feel that it's a dump?"

"Oh, no, it's not a dump, and you've fixed it very artfully, you little rascal, but—it makes me feel such a four-flusher, so damned cheap."

"But look at what we'll save. We've rented the other place for almost enough to pay for itself and this, too. And later on, if we want, we can move back and maybe we can sublet this one for something more. It's an idea."

"Are you going into the business of furnishing apartments and subletting them, Mrs. Crayn?"

"I might; I don't know. That's another idea. It looks like a fearfully easy way to make money."

"The hardy perennial topic."

"I'm sorry—but I do want you to enjoy this place, Mac, for I love it. It's so compact and clever and easy to take care of. No sloppy maid hanging around wasting food and soap and gas and electricity."

Mac sighed, and this time there was nothing facetious in his voice. He was truly anxious.

"You will have a cleaning-woman for the heaviest work?" he asked.

"Yes, but the doctor says I don't need to."

"I'll go over and wring that bird's neck. I don't believe he's any good. And I don't feel as if I was taking any care of you at all. But I tell you what I can do." And he brightened. "I'll do the smartest, slickest trading you ever heard of, and hand the proceeds over to you. There'll be no more mere excitement about this stuff. I'm going in to bring home the bacon."

She hesitated before she spoke of her most cherished wish, but he seemed more serious, more in earnest than he had been for a long time.

"Mac," she said finally, "if you do, let's get everything cleared up before the baby's born; let's not owe anybody then. I'd like our child to come into the world with a clean slate—"

He laughed.

"That's only a sentimental idea, darling girl, and not much sense in it, if you don't mind my saying so. What earthly difference can it make to any young one whether its father is in debt or not? You exaggerate these things so much; you put the stress in the wrong place. It might be a darn' sight better for a kid to be born into a family loaded down with debts because the money was being used to make a lot more eventually, and when he got older he'd get the benefit of it, when he needs it. D'you see?"

Emily sighed exasperatedly.

"But that's all up in the air. The money might make a lot more, or it might not. It ought to be a lot better for any child to be born when his parents aren't worried and harassed and bedeviled by that eternal, *'Account Overdue; Please remit at once,'*—that is, if there's anything at all in this prenatal-influence thing.

"But look here, Mac—I'll go fifty-fifty with you. We'll leave the money you borrowed to speculate with out of it,—except what you owe your mother, and that's got to be paid,—but let's clear off all the rest as a sort of hurrah-for-the-newest-Crayn. Will you try it? Even if you don't think it's sane, just do it to please your foolish muddle-headed wife. How about it?"

"And there," declared Mac, "is the one feminine argument that gets a man coming and going. Emily, it's a bet."

She nodded.

"And I'll hold you to it."

Chapter Thirteen

TO Emily the commonplace maples which shaded the streets of her native town were enchanted trees; the streets themselves were ways of far-off magic; the smiles, the greetings, the genuine welcome colored by no less genuine curiosity all combined to give here a sense of eerie change in herself, because home had changed so little. In the cool of the morning the same colored women with tied-up heads swept the same front porches, walks and pavements, their soft chatter trailing back and forth as carelessly as their brooms. A little later the same rattling loose-wheeled hand-cart was pulled up the street by the same short white-haired old man with the morning papers from Baltimore and Richmond and Washington. Fruit- and vegetable-sellers followed, crying their produce: *"A ri-ipe peach—a ri-ipe peach,"* and, *"Aw veg-tubble—aw veg-tubble,"* just as Emily had always heard them call.

The old postman still paused at the gate to read any postcards the mail of the day might contain, exactly as he had

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read the postcards of the town so long as Emily could remember. In her father's house she could see the mark on the pantry door where her ten-year-old height had been recorded; the clocks struck at the same odd intervals; at half-past eight every morning Matie brought in what might have been exactly the same waffles and honey and smothered eggs which were the Rallifer breakfast menu from time immemorial. Matie was as ancient, as capable, as slyly funny as ever. Mrs. Rallifer's ruffled morning gown of white swiss with tiny black dots was the same as last year's, the year before, the years before. Mr. Rallifer's string tie still had one end too long. All about Emily there was nothing to remind her that she had been away for twelve long months; it might instead have been no more than twelve short minutes. Only Emily could not feel the same, no matter how hard she tried. Her marriage, her absence, had made her alien.

YET it was sweet to be here. She sat in a deep chair on the Rallifer front porch and the town flocked to call on her. A chorus of light flat Southern voices exclaimed affectionately that she looked just splendid and how everybody had missed her!

The relations were naturally in the vanguard. Ma'Sue Drayton made a royal progress from Richmond to see her, and brought a silver mug for the expected infant, and promised to return again before Emily went back to New York. Poor Cousin Ada came deprecatingly with a blanket she had crocheted, a thin ugly blue blanket which no one but Cousin Ada could possibly have made. She stayed three days; "because," Mrs. Rallifer said, "she's got to get back in meals the worth of the yarn she put into that blanket."

There were pleasanter visitors than Cousin Ada. Lucy Coleman, dimpling and seraphic in a sheer pinky-lilac frock, confided to Emily that she hadn't made a bit of headway with Johnny Keller—not that she cared, for there was the grandest young doctor in Baltimore who had come down to the Pearces for the Easter dance and had given her a real rush.

"Of course there's really nothing in it," said Lucy. "But he's a perfect lamb, and he keeps right on writing to me whether I answer his letters or not, and he's sent me candy twice, and he's so good-looking I could simply die looking at him. He ought to be in the movies, honestly. But of course, Emily, there's nothing much to good looks in a man, for if you enjoy looking at him you can be pretty sure there's a lot of other girls enjoying looking at him too, and letting him know it. I'd rather have the looks in the family myself, and let my husband do the worrying, instead of having it the other way round."

"You'd better consider Johnny seriously then, and not neglect him," advised Emily.

"If I had a chance, I might," said Lucy frankly. "But he's so set on keeping on being heartbroken about you, it makes it a little difficult."

When Johnny himself drifted in for a while one evening at twilight, Emily understood what Lucy had implied. Johnny was not so gaunt and wild-eyed as he had been a year ago, but he was still steeped in gloom. He had hardly got past the first greeting when he leaned toward Emily and with deep Byronic emphasis inquired:

"Are you truly—*happy*, Emily?"

There was something so stagey in his tone that despite herself Emily was forced to laugh.

"Oh, be yourself, Johnny," she said hilariously. "You can't feel as bad as all that."

Whereupon Johnny could not help relaxing a bit, and admitted, though with reluctance, that there were signs of healing in his wounds. All the same, he insisted, he was faithful. "I may have acquired a certain philosophy of suffering," he said grandly. "But I could never look at any woman but you, Emily, seriously, I mean."

"You've been looking at Lucy pretty seriously, I understand, this past winter," Emily reminded him. "You've been quite a heavy suitor there."

Johnny protested that Lucy might be all very well to dance with and take to the movies, and even to spend an evening with now and then, but as for him, he was a man who loved but once and forever. His nature was constant, and he could not help it.

"Don't you kid yourself, Johnny," said Emily. "You're due to fall in love with a dozen girls yet, and maybe get married two or three times besides, what with all the divorces nowadays."

And she told him Mrs. Crayn's story of the girl who would not get married until she had money enough saved for a divorce.

Johnny did not like this at all. "Your stay up North has made you flippant. You ought not to laugh at a man who has centered on you the devotion of his life. It's not like you, Emily. You never laughed at me before."

But Emily could not be serious. She knew that Johnny's suffering was now only a fixed idea, in spite of all he could say; and though she was glad, she couldn't help being a little sorry too, as a woman is always sorry to lose a lover even when she can't return his love.

MISS ELVIRA MARSHALL also came to see Emily, in silk that was thin and shiny with wear and age, and had darned places on the wrists. But her collar was a scrap of the finest old rose point, pinned by a lovely intaglio amethyst set in massive gold, and her head was as high, her manner as regal as ever. Emily wished that she could tell her about selling the tray; she felt sure that Miss Elvira would understand. But it seemed the better part of wisdom to be silent as to the tray; she could only show Miss Elvira her gratitude in attention and respect such as the old lady enjoyed.

Presently Mrs. Rallifer came fluttering out with tea and cake, and though Miss Elvira took a cup of tea, she would not eat.

"It looks delicious," she said. "But rich sweets don't do me a bit of good any more, much as I love them."

"It's a new recipe," urged Mrs. Rallifer. "I'd so like you to try it. Won't you let me wrap you up a piece and have it with your supper? It can't hurt anybody to eat cake with their meals, you know."

"Just a small piece, then, thank you," said Miss Elvira, and for an instant Emily saw famine in her eyes.

"They say she's sold practically every stick of furniture upstairs except her bed," said Mrs. Rallifer after the guest had gone. "But she won't touch the downstairs things because people would see they were gone. I knew she was hungry—that was why I made her take the cake. I wish I'd dared cut a larger slice, but she'd've resented it. Poor Miss Elvira, if she could live on her pride, she'd be a millionaire. Whenever I look at her I think of what Thomas Jefferson said: 'Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.' All the same, I can understand how she feels."

"Yes, so can I," said Emily.

"You!" said her mother, laughing tolerantly. "You don't know a thing about it. You young folks always think you've got patent rights on the whole world's feelings."

EMILY did not answer—but she saw, as never before, how we may live side by side with another, thinking we know each least thing that is about him, or concerns him, and yet be unaware that he is as much a stranger as if he came yesterday from the Sudan. She wondered what there was of her father, her mother, that she did not know, would never know, and what their secrets from her might be. Perhaps there were many, as vital, as constant to them, as her own struggle with money uncertainties was vital and constant to her. And then she thought of Mac.

How much was she a stranger to Mac, or he to her? After a little she put the question away, not because she had answered it, but because it didn't matter. She was glad that there is something unknowable, impenetrable, given to each of us. It seemed to her perhaps the greatest gift which humanity is granted. It would be vulgar and degrading to have a mind and soul utterly transparent and revealing, even to those dearest and most kind.

And even when she thought, "I will not know my child any more than Mother knows me," it did not dismay her. She wouldn't, she felt, want a child so stupid as to have nothing in reserve, no surprises, no depths.

Again she thought of Mac. Mac had been so good, so dear, accepting the weeks in the little apartment before she came away without more than an occasional humorous grimace. And he had kept his word about the bills—almost. Emily had the satisfaction of knowing that the ermine coat was at last her own, which didn't diminish her hatred of the garment. Also that the butcher, the grocer and the other household-supply people had been paid up to the minute of her leaving. The rent, too.

Moreover, the money Mac had borrowed from his mother had been sent back, with interest, and that was a rock of comfort on which Emily rested. Of the other loans Mac had obtained for his unlucky venture in Vikane she knew nothing. But she did know that all of the old hang-over debts, even the one for their last week in the hotel, had either been

canceled or reduced to amounts which did not frighten her, and she tried to put out of her mind the suspicion that there might be others in existence, still untouched.

FOR Mac's comfort in her absence Emily had recaptured her first maid, the elegant light-brown Rendivoo, and Bette had promised to keep a watchful eye on her labors.

Emily wrote to Mac every day, and he replied as faithfully, not very long letters, but reassuring and loving. It was agreed that he should come down when she felt that her hour was near, and stay for a week or two, and that later he should come back and take her and the child to New York. Bette wrote to her too, at first, but she and Andy had gone off for a month's vacation in Canada and nothing but picture postcards came from her now.

There had been several short letters from Edith Gover, but the last one had said she and Ted were thinking of going abroad, and Emily decided that they must have gone. Mrs. Crayn sent her a regular weekly letter, full of affectionate advice in which there was an undertone of uneasiness.

Emily read one of these to her mother and Mrs. Rallifer sniffed.

"Evidently she doesn't think it's either safe or lucky for a child to be born in the South," she said. "In my opinion it was just that sort of conceit that started the Civil War. I'd like to tell her a thing or two."

"You'd like to tell her that it's neither safe nor lucky for a child to be born north of Mason and Dixon's line, wouldn't you, Mother?"

"I certainly should. And a lot of other things about the North and the stuck-up Northerners!"

"Now, Mother—you know you had a good time in New York!"

"I don't call New York the North. New York's nothing but a grand hodge-podge, and I loved it. I'll bet Mrs. Crayn doesn't. That woman's full of prejudices. I'd never call her the broad-minded, cosmopolitan type."

SO Emily read no more of her mother-in-law's letters aloud, but she replied to them fully and reassuringly. Her first feeling about Mrs. Crayn remained, kind and close; their friendship was not dependent on contact nor demonstration; they understood each other instinctively and unfailingly.

Emily felt that she knew why Mrs. Crayn wrote: "I can't help hoping for a girl," adding immediately, "Though I can sympathize with every woman's wish for a son," so voicing her disappointment with her own son in the wish for a granddaughter, and qualifying the wish conscientiously, lest she be not quite fair to him.

But of all the letters, Mac's were the ones for which Emily waited, the ones she read and re-read. She had hated to leave him, she missed him more than she dared to tell him; she knew that it was her love of him, her missing him, that made her old home seem so unreal, her friends, her people, so phantomlike. She was no longer theirs—she was Mac's, part of him, indivisible. Without him

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of REDBOOK MAGAZINE published monthly at Dayton, Ohio, for October 1st, 1930.
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John D. Hartman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Assistant Treasurer of The McCall Company, publisher of Redbook Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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she was alone, no matter who was with her.

She steeled herself to wait for him and be patient, meaning to send for him only at the last minute.

BUT in the final week of July he telegraphed that he was coming, without being sent for, and he followed his message within a few hours. "I couldn't stand it any longer," he told Emily, with his arms around her. "I'm surprised my hair hasn't turned white. Every second you've been gone I've been thinking about you and worrying myself to death for fear that you weren't as well as you said in your letters. I've been on the point of starting a dozen times, but I thought perhaps you didn't really want me—"

Emily sighed happily.

"And I've been tempted to send for you every day I've been here, I wanted you so. But I thought I oughtn't to be foolish, that there was nothing for you to do here except just to sit around and wait."

"I'd have been with you, though, wouldn't I? That's what was the matter with me, being away from you. And you really are all right, aren't you, darling girl?"

She smiled.

"Mac, if I hadn't been perfectly all right I'd have sent for you on the instant."

"You would, honest?"

"Of course. And I've been worrying about you, wondering if Rendivoo was giving you decent meals, and if the weather was very hot, and all that kind of thing."

"I can't give you much information about that. I suppose the meals were all right, but I don't remember—and nothing short of a flood or a blizzard would have made me think about the weather. Emily, don't ever go away again, will you?"

She shook her head.

"Not unless you come along. I think maybe Edith Gover was right when she said we oughtn't to go away from the people we love even for a little while—that life's too uncertain to chance a separation."

"Did she say that? She's a gloomy soul—but she's got reason to be. I heard that Ted was hitting it up again."

Emily gasped.

"Oh, Mac, that's awful! I thought they'd gone abroad, when I didn't hear from her. Oh, I hope it's not true."

"I believe they did go abroad, but I saw Hardinge on the train one morning going in town and he said somebody he knew had met them over there and that Ted was on the loose. But it may not be true; Hardinge's a he-gossip and most of what he knows isn't so. Don't think about it, darling. You can't do anything about it, whether it's true or not."

"No, of course not. And yet—poor Edith!"

But it was no use, she could not think very much of Edith with Mac beside her, his hand over hers. They spent their time together on the side porch, so that they need not see the daily grist of visitors, and these, respecting the young couple's wish for isolation, soon began to stop for a moment only and a word with Mrs. Rallifer, then went on.

They did not talk very much, in words, Emily and Mac. He seemed more reflective than usual and Emily was lost in endless day-dreaming. Once as she caught him frowning, she asked, "Are you worrying about anything, Mac?"

"Only about you," he said.

"Nothing else the matter? Was everything all right in your—business?" It had always sounded absurd to Emily to call speculation a business, but there seemed no other word.

He hesitated.

"Oh, well, things weren't so good when I left, but then they weren't so bad either. Don't let's think about that."

She was willing to dismiss it; she had not the energy at the moment to go on with the subject, for she divined that he was not at ease about it. But if he was willing to keep silence, so was she, that nothing might spoil this interlude of companionship.

MAC had been there five days when the child was born, a girl, well-shaped and strong, but small. Emily was in pain all night, but at sunrise her daughter arrived, squealing heartily as a sign of sound lungs and vitality, and was handed over to the care of the nurse. Emily promptly dropped off to sleep, and Mac and the Rallifers and Doctor Bailey, exhausted and drooping, sat down to partake of strong coffee prepared by a triumphant Matie.

"Some sense bein' in dis house, now, wid er baby in it," said Matie, bringing cream and sugar. "Cert'n'y hope Miss Em'ly have a dozen. Don' see why you-all look so ser'us and down."

"It's a pretty serious business, you know, Matie," said the doctor.

"Ser'us, nuffin! Ain' we all come int' dis worl' de same way? En whut's more, I looked at dat chile, en she's mark fo' good luck; she's goin' to ride high all her life. You-all oughta be tickle' to deff, 'stid er sittin' dar so solemn. I'm tellin' ye!"

She banged the door as she went out, to emphasize her indignation.

"Matie's awful!" said Mrs. Rallifer. "She rules this house and that's a fact. I suppose we ought to be more cheerful, now that it's over, and Emily and the baby are both all right, but somehow I do feel as if I'd been drawn through a knot-hole. We'd all better try to get some rest."

But Mac went upstairs and sat beside Emily, watching her as she lay, white and still in her sleep, and when at last she woke, he was there.

"Are you all right, darling girl?" he asked anxiously.

Emily yawned luxuriously. "Fine—really. Goodness, but I was tired! I didn't realize having a baby was so fatiguing. Where is the baby—have you seen her? Who does she look like?"

"She looks like a puppy, more than anything I can think of."

"Oh, Mac, you're disgusting. You have no parental pride. Where's the nurse? Let's see her. Puppy indeed! My child—our child, I should say! What are we going to name her?"

"If she gets better-looking we'll name her Emily. If she stays as she is now, we might just as well call her Rover or Spot."

The nurse brought in the infant and heard the last remark. "She's a beautiful child," she exclaimed indignantly. "Perfectly formed, with one of the best-shaped heads I've ever seen. But you're like most young fathers, you expect a pink-and-white cherub instead of a normal human baby."

"There, said Emily, "that puts you in your place! Give her to me, please, Miss Haynes. See her wave her hands and bat her eyes. Isn't that clever? You'd better go take a nap, Mac; you'll feel more amiable when you wake up."

He shook his head.

"I don't want to leave you, Emily. I don't want you out of my sight."

Miss Haynes looked at him more pleasantly. "Why don't you lie down on the lounge over there, then, Mr. Crayn? You could rest there."

He had hardly lain down a moment when Matie came to the door. "Boy brung a tel'gram fo' Miss Em'ly," she said.

"You open it, Mac," said Emily. "And read it to your family."

He sat up sleepily and tore the envelope open.

"It's from your cousin Oscar James," he said, catching sight of the name as he unfolded it. "It's a day-letter. Why—what!" He stared at it unbelievingly.

"What on earth's the matter? Nothing wrong with Cousin Louisa, or Bette—"

"No—no. But—" He hesitated, disturbed.

"But what *is* it?"

"I'm afraid this will give you rather a shock, Emily," he said, and came over to her bed. "But I suppose I'd better tell you; I mean you'd imagine worse things if I didn't. The telegram says that they've had news of the—the sudden death of the Govers. There, don't be startled,—and,"—his voice became eager, pleased,—"that Edith has left you some property—in her will—and the lawyers want to get in touch with you as soon as possible."

He was silent for a few moments, looking at the yellow paper, then added: "It seems too bad to say so, but it's a stroke of luck all right. I wonder how much we'll get."

Chapter Fourteen

THE interlude of peace and quiet and companionship was ended. The child had arrived, and required constant thought and much attendance. Friends and relatives poured in with gifts and good wishes and endless talk.

"It's sure enough lak de last Sunday at camp-meetin' eve'y day!" declared Matie. "En 'at bressed lil' angel gits pearter eve'y minute—en so do Mis' Emily, praise Gawd!"

It was true that Emily's strength was coming quickly back to her; but the news of Edith Gover's death had shocked her spirit—and beyond that there was the way Mac had received it, which filled her with uneasy pain and a certain trepidation.

She lay thinking frequently of it.

"It's so dreadful, Mac," she said to him. "I can't grasp it."

"It's pretty awful, all right," he said.

"But I don't mind telling you it's a life-saver for us."

"But what *do* you mean? You said things weren't so bad."

"I don't see any reason for holding out on you now. I wouldn't say anything before the baby was born because you always get so upset about money—but the fact is that ever since you came down here, I've been up against the rottenest luck I ever had. Everything I touched seemed to drop as if it was weighted, and there's this about me, Emily, I never can operate in a bear market. It does something queer to me; I get lost—I'm afraid to back my hunches. Now you know before you left I played along carefully, and didn't do so badly, but you were so set on spending it all—"

"I only paid up old bills. I don't call that spending, exactly."

"It was the same thing in the end. The money was gone and I had no chance to get enough together to make a turn of any size. But as soon as you left I knew I must do better; I wanted you to have every comfort and care, and I wanted most of all to get out of that grubby little apartment. But everything I put a nickel into was a pup, every one. And it knocked me; I lost my nerve, and finally I made up my mind I'd better get out for a while and see if that wouldn't change my luck."

"I thought you came because you were anxious about me."

"I was, horribly. That was the real trouble. I couldn't keep my head clear when I was so worried about you, and missed you so. But now— Well, I might have known something would turn up—something always does, for me. This money Edith has left us, even if it isn't very much, will be enough to get going on again. My idea is that I'd better run up to New York right away and find out all about it—"

"Oh, no, Mac, no! When you go, I want to go too."

"But you're not strong enough to travel yet. Now I've long-distanced Oscar and he says the lawyers—they're Toland and Toland—won't give him any information; but of course they will to me. I want to know how much—"

Emily interrupted. "I want to know how and where Edith died and whether she sent me any word. There's something dreadful behind all this. Did Cousin Oscar say it was—not accidental? Oh, I know that it must have been—chosen by them."

"Don't get all worked up, darling. It was not accidental. They took sleeping-powders. It's in the papers."

"I want to see the papers. I must see them—right away. Get them for me, please, Mac."

HE brought the papers from his room and Emily read. The account was brief, cabled from London with the decent reserve of English journalism. The Govers had left letters with directions for the hotel management, the police, the American consul, then had quietly waited for the end.

There was the simple dignity of utter despair in the shortness, the definiteness of their letters. Nowhere was there a trace of emotion save in one brief sentence:

"We find life unlivable and cannot go on with it."

Emily, reading, knew that Edith had written this, and tears dripped down her cheeks in pity and affection and understanding. "Oh, poor girl!" she wept. "Poor, poor Edith!"

"Don't, Emily," begged Mac, "don't. It doesn't help her. The whole thing is too bad. They must simply have been insane."

"No, they weren't insane. There wasn't anything left for either of them if he'd gone to drinking again. I know just what they felt."

"I wonder how she came to leave us something. Gosh, I *must* find out how much it is. I hope it's worth getting. I tell you what, I'll wire Toland and Toland and say you can't go to New York for a couple of weeks, but that you'd like further information. If it's a good big amount they might send a man down here to see you. And if it's nothing but a few thousand—"

"Mac, please don't talk about it. I can't bear to hear you. I don't want Edith's money. I wanted her to live and get some happiness out of life."

"Yes, but you see she *didn't* live and so—"

Emily's expression stopped him. He shrugged his shoulders. "I'll go send that wire," he said, and went out.

"Money does something to him," thought Emily. "It does something awful. And to me too." She realized that she did not know if they had enough to pay the nurse and the doctor or even for their return journey. If the market had gone against Mac as steadily as he said, and as badly, he might be absolutely broke. She wondered if she might ask her father to lend them something, and keep it a secret. She winced at the thought.

MISS HAYNES, bringing in young Emily, looked at her accusingly. "You're all upset and nervous, and that's very bad for the baby, Mrs. Crayn."

"I am upset dreadfully, about the death of my friend," said Emily. There was something about Miss Haynes' inquisitive little eyes that suggested she thought there'd been a husband-and-wife quarrel. And she was visibly disappointed to find it merely a natural grief.

"Well, you must try not to brood. Nerves'll make a nursing baby sick. You've got to think about her all the time."

Emily took the child and held her, small and warm and helpless, so helpless. Miss Haynes' words beat into her inmost consciousness.

This little new life, this fruit of her body, was dependent on her not only for the commonplace of shelter and food and covering, but for the health of her body, the well-being of her spirit, the very atmosphere of her soul. This child was her responsibility, her cherished care; she must not shirk or evade or slight the least thing for her protection. Emily held her little daughter close and vowed herself to this task.

"Everything must always be right for you," she whispered to the small Emily, "and I've got to see to it that it is. That's my job. Here you are, nothing but a scrap of flesh and bones—but a liv-

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ing child, *my* child. And I'll take care of you, I'll take care of you!"

Miss Haynes had taken the baby away and Mrs. Rallifer was sitting with Emily when Mac came back again, gay and elated.

"I decided to phone, it's so much more satisfactory. They're a stiff and snooty lot, those lawyers, but I explained about you and young Emily and after a bit they sort of unbent. They're going to send some one to see you, just as I thought. He's to take the night train and will be here in the morning, and by that it's evident that the legacy's pretty big. I shouldn't wonder if we'd got all Edith had. How much was she worth, d'you imagine, Emily?"

"I don't know and I don't like to think about it." His high mood stabbed her afresh. "After all, they were our friends, Mac."

"Yes, but we'd only known them a year and you can't pretend to actually grieve about Ted Gover, can you? Why, I don't believe we ever saw him sober but once, and that was at our house at dinner that last time. And as for Edith Gover, she was always so draped in gloom I was scared of her."

"But I knew her very well and saw her a lot while you were in town. And I liked her better than anyone else. You liked her, too, didn't you, Mother?"

"Yes, I certainly did, she was mighty sweet to me. But I can see what Mac means, for she was tragic-looking. She must have been right fond of you, Emily, to remember you in her will."

"I wish I could have helped her," said Emily. "But there wasn't anything—and now, I can't even try."

SOME one called and Mrs. Rallifer left the room. Emily seized the moment to speak to Mac about their present bills. But he put her off: "Now don't begin to worry about that, darling girl," he said amiably. "Whoever the lawyers send will have to advance us what we need. We'll get out of this all right."

"But haven't you got anything yourself, Mac? Did you come down here absolutely broke?"

"Not far from it." He put his hand in his pocket. "There's my roll, darling. Let me see, thirty-five—no, thirty-seven dollars and sixty cents. So now you don't blame me for registering a slight feeling of pleasure that rescue is in sight, do you? It's downright amazing how I always get a lucky break just when I'm going down for the third time, and never from any source where I could expect it."

"But Mac, suppose this man won't advance us anything. There's the doctor, and Miss Haynes, and I want to give Matie a good tip, and our tickets to New York—"

"Angel, you're always hunting trouble. We can stand off the doctor, and I can wire a touch to Tory to get back on. But I won't need to; Toland and Toland will come across—see if they don't." He sat beside her and put his arms around her. "Don't be so blue, Emily, everything's all right."

She leaned against him, comforted, even though she knew everything wasn't all right or near it.

"I can't help feeling blue," she murmured. "Edith—"

"Yes, I know. I'm afraid I wasn't as sympathetic as I ought to have been. It's a shaking sort of thing to have one of your friends find that life isn't worth living and to give it up. Emily—we've got a lot, you and I."

"Yes. Oh, yes, Mac."

HE said no more about money, nor did she, but put the thought of it away from her until tomorrow. Perhaps, as Mac anticipated, the lawyer would advance them enough for their immediate needs, and if he would not, or could not, then would be time enough to worry. The day went by as usual, with people running in and out to see and admire young Emily, or to sit and gossip with the Rallifers. The doctor came and said that Emily might go downstairs the next day for an hour or two on the porch. Lucy Coleman brought one of her Baltimore beau's letters to read and giggle over.

But somehow Emily could not quite come out of the shadow that was upon her, no matter how she tried. It was not only sorrow for Edith; there was a faint persistent nagging that between herself and Mac conflict was beginning. Not once, she noticed, had he spoken of the legacy as hers, but always as "ours," with the obvious implication that he expected to take and use it as he pleased. "And if he does that," thought Emily, "I'll have to go on as I've done this first year—insecure, unsettled, giving a grand party one week and having crackers and tea for lunch the next, wearing my ermine coat when I need to have my shoes resoled, standing off collectors, agonizing about pennies, never knowing whether we're millionaires or paupers. And young Emily'll be let in for the same thing. Oh, I don't know what to do, it's so mixed up!"

Morning did not dispel her foreboding; she was still depressed and restless. Mac too she saw, was restless, but he was eager and talkative while she felt that she could hardly bear to speak. Almost unwillingly she dressed and went downstairs, trying to respond to the family's rejoicing, but not with much success. She was glad when Mr. Clendon appeared, obviously a supernumerary of his firm, but impersonal and efficient.

He wasted no time at all; there were, he said, some papers for Mrs. Crayn to sign, and Toland and Toland thought it best for some one to see her at once. Mrs. Gover had made her will just before sailing.

"That was after I'd gone South," Emily thought.

"The will," said Mr. Clendon, "is undoubtedly valid. We anticipate no trouble with it, since Mrs. Gover had only a very few and very distant relatives, who are themselves wealthy. The amount of her estate is substantial." He looked down at a document in his hand and Mac fidgeted hopefully.

Mr. Clendon cleared his throat. "You naturally want to know the amount," he said. "And I have computed that after taxes, fees and so forth are paid, your share, one-fourth, will be a little more than a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, all of which is in easily negotiable stocks and bonds. Not a very large amount, of course, but still substantial. Mr. Gover was far wealthier than his wife, but his money goes back to his family, who are numerous and in some cases, needy."

"It seems enormous to me," said Emily. "I never dreamed—and if you feel that I ought to turn it over to Mrs. Gover's relatives, even though they are well off, I'll gladly do it. I had no claim of any sort on Mrs. Gover. She was my dear friend—"

"Don't be wild, Emily," broke in Mac. "Of course you won't turn it over to her family."

"Mrs. Gover has left one-half of her fortune to her relatives," said Mr. Clendon, "and the remainder, after the bequest to you, to various charities and causes in which she was interested. She clearly wished you to have this, and I know she would be disappointed if you didn't accept it. She said as much at the time when the will was drawn. I remember it very well."

He sighed and became humanly plaintive. "It will complicate matters very much for us," he said, "if you should refuse to accept."

"But Mrs. Crayn isn't going to refuse to accept," said Mac. "Good Lord—we couldn't afford to do it!"

Mr. Clendon slewed a cold eye in Mac's direction, then ignored him. "Now, Mrs. Crayn," he said, "if you will be so good as to read these papers and sign—" He handed Emily a pen.

"We can have an advance on the cash now, I suppose?" asked Mac, not in the least dashed by Mr. Clendon's cool aloofness.

"Do you wish an advance, Mrs. Crayn?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," said Emily, before Mac could speak. "I'd like four hundred dollars."

"Emily, you're funny—we need a couple of thousand at least."

"I'd like four hundred dollars," said Emily. "And no more."

"But Emily, for heaven's sake, consider—"

"Four hundred dollars is all I need," repeated Emily. "And I won't take any more."

"I shall be pleased to advance you that amount and will make you out a check," said Mr. Clendon, still neither seeing nor hearing Mac. "Ah, thanks!"—he took the signed paper—"and now, if I am to get that noon train back—very fortunate that you have such good through service here. And I will see you in New York as soon as you return, Mrs. Crayn. Please let me know when to expect you."

"I hope to be back in a week or ten days," said Emily. "Good-by and thank you very much."

WHEN Mr. Clendon had gone she stiffened herself to hear Mac's protest. But it did not come.

"You were pretty foxy, after all," he said, "to ask for only four hundred—he might have balked at giving us anything much, and after all it's only a question of time when we have it all. But Emily—you won't be able to go home in a week or ten days, will you?"

"Yes, I think so. And we might take Miss Haynes with us, if she'll go. That would make it easier for me."

"Oh, fine idea! Now, darling girl, just hand over that check to me and I'll get old Bart Hale on the phone and double it before we're ready to leave."

It was the first skirmish of the battle she knew must come. She could not look at Mac, but her voice was firm. "No," she said. "I won't take any chances with this money. It'll just about pay the doctor and Miss Haynes and get us all back to New York. If you were to lose it we'd be in an awful jam."

"But I won't lose it, Emily!" he protested. "You haven't got a bit of confidence in me."

"It isn't that, but I feel almost superstitious about this money, Mac. It's a trust—"

"My gosh, the lawyer didn't say it was left in trust, did he? I didn't hear that! That'd be a mess; we'd get nothing but the income." He was startled and dismayed.

Something flitted through Emily's mind at the word "trust," an undefined gleam of promise.

"No, I didn't mean that; I meant Edith wanted me to have this money so that I needn't worry. She knew how hard up we were last spring, and how many bills we had and she offered to help me then, but I wouldn't take it. So when she made up her mind to do this dreadful thing if Ted didn't brace up, I'm sure she thought of me and wanted to make things easier for me. No, I couldn't speculate with this money, Mac—I wouldn't dare."

"But Emily—look here, you know, after all, I've got to have capital if I'm to get anywhere, and I can—"

"Don't, Mac. I can't argue. I'm not up to it."

MAC looked at her strangely, and fell into a serious thoughtful silence. But presently he brightened. Emily was still weak—that was it—weak and emotional about Edith's death. She was nothing but a child in business matters, anyway. Once they got back home and had the whole legacy, he'd explain to her, quietly and carefully, how he was going to use it as a basis for that spectacular glittering success he knew was in his grasp, given the right start.

Already grandiose schemes were running through his mind. First of all he must rent an office, a sizable, prosperous-looking office, well-furnished, in the best part of the financial district. He could see just the sort of an office he ought to have. Two rooms—a big one for himself, a small one for a combination clerk and stenographer, some bright young chap who could run errands, answer the phone, keep his accounts. Then he'd begin to operate, not with ten- to fifty-share lots, but in the thousands. With a hundred and twenty-five grand in his pocket he'd be sitting mighty pretty for a killing. He'd run it up to a million before the end of the year.

It was easy to look back and count what he might have made during the last few months if he had only had capital, if his little buys had been big ones. He ignored the times he had lost; his bad deals were out of the picture. He read the financial pages, he filled sheets of paper with calculations, some of which represented the past, but more the future. Still, he said nothing of all this to Emily. Time enough when they had reached New York and he was ready to get going.

But Emily felt, without being told, how completely he was centering his thoughts on their coming fortune, how he was counting on it as his own. She knew no details of his schemes. She only knew he was making them—yet she asked nothing, for she did not want to know, she was not strong enough to face the moment when she would tell him that she intended to keep this money as a safeguard for herself and her child. Slowly but very surely her purpose was shaping in her mind, and growing firmer with every touch of baby Emily's helpless little body. She was so quiet and grave that her mother remarked it.

"I believe you hate to leave home, Emily," said Mrs. Rallifer. "And dear knows I hate to have you go. How I'm going to miss that sweetie-lamb baby! Couldn't you stay a little longer, a couple of weeks, maybe, and let Mac come back for you?"

"If I stay longer I'll only want to stay longer still, and you know with all the business of that money Edith left me to be settled, it wouldn't be very satisfactory."

"Have you made up your minds yet, you and Mac, what you'll do with it?" her mother asked.

"No, we can't, really, until we get it. Is there anything you'd like, Mother? I'd adore to give you something extravagant you've been hankering for."

Mrs. Rallifer considered. "I'd love a real up-to-date vanity-case, Emily. I never felt I could afford one, you know, all full of rouge and powder and lipstick and maybe perfume, something just *silly*, but terribly nice-looking, too. And I do wish you'd remember poor Ada now and and then."

Emily hugged her.

"I'll send Ada something and I'll buy you the trickiest vanity-case I can find. But is that all you want?"

"Every single thing! Except I want you to ask me back to New York this winter."

"If you don't come I'll send a policeman for you."

"Well, pick out a good-looking one," said Mrs. Rallifer frivolously.

COUSIN LOUISA JAMES had written several times to insist that Emily, Mac, young Emily and the nurse, should come to her house for the first weeks of their return, since the three-room apartment was too small for their comfort, and the tenants of the larger apartment would not move out until late in September. With some hesitation Emily had accepted this invitation; it would be much more comfortable than going to a hotel, and as Caroline was away there was ample room in Cousin Louisa's house. Moreover, Emily knew that they would not have been asked unless sincerely wanted. Even so, Emily's reluctance to leave increased as the day came nearer, while Mac burned with impatience to go which he could scarcely conceal. He had everything all planned, he was on fire to get started; it was time wasted to stick around down here loafing when he could be doing great things in the market, and showing everybody that he could be a shrewd and canny wizard of finance. At the train, as he told the Rallifers good-by, he could not keep from exclaiming: "The next time we come, it'll be in our private car," and Emily, listening, felt the intense earnest-

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ness that underlay the joking boast. "I ought to tell him—I ought to have it out with him," she thought. "But I can't, I just can't. I simply haven't the courage."

ON the train she took young Emily and held her for a much longer time than Miss Haynes approved, while she tried to clear her thoughts. Never, in all her life, she felt sure, would she again have so much money at her disposal, and that it was at her disposal Mr. Clendon had made sufficiently plain. She looked back over the past year with its anxieties and humiliations, its feverish uncertainties, and as young Emily stirred in her arms and blinked sleepy unseeing eyes, she felt once more the overwhelming need of safety, of independence of such uncertainties for the child, and for herself. But how to gain this independence, how to assure it, even with the money?

If she could only trust Mac! At the word *trust* she remembered vaguely his dismayed exclamation, "If it's in trust we'd only get the income," and she wondered what the income would be, and began to do sums in her head. Her little bond had brought her five dollars a year, a thousand dollars would have brought her fifty. And therefore a hundred and twenty-five thousand would bring her—five fives are twenty-five and two to carry, five twos are ten, and one to carry, five ones are five, and one to carry makes six—why, it would be over six thousand dollars! Six thousand dollars a year would be five hundred dollars a month—the amount, ironically enough, of the allowance she had asked from Mac to pay everything, even the old bills. Why, it was a fortune, she thought in amazement. She needn't bother about anything ever again, with five hundred dollars a month!

And then she looked across the aisle at Mac, so alive, so confident, so handsome, and her heart failed her. He would never, never consent to buy bonds with that money and live on the income! He would laugh at her if she suggested it. Her helplessness against him swept over her and she felt, too, his helplessness against his own nature. For their child, for herself, and for Mac too, she must find some bar against his irresponsibility to keep it from making havoc with all their lives. Yet she could see no way. It was almost comic to wish that she had been brought up with some practical training in handling money, when there had never, since her birth, been any money in the Rallifer family to handle. But she knew her ignorance, and she knew also that she could not resist for very long any determination of Mac's that went against her own. Well, then, she must temporize, she must delay. It was a depressing outlook.

Once arrived, surrounded by the admiration and delight of the James family and Bette and Andrew, who met the train *en masse*, all demanding at once to see young Emily, all exclaiming with pleasure, welcoming, affectionate, Emily's depression fell away. This too was home, and these were home people, in a way, and she loved them.

And there was no denying the fact that the James' house was a miracle of luxury compared to the Rallifer dwelling. The mere plethora of bathrooms brought a sense of ease and convenience, while the electric devices softened Miss Haynes' starchy superiority to an incredible degree. For the first few days Emily rested and basked in a delicious inertia, while the entire household paid tribute to her and young Emily.

"The loveliest baby I ever saw!" was Cousin Louisa's constant rapture. "And the very best. I don't believe she *ever* cries."

Mac dashed off to the city every morning and returned in the evening in the perfect commuter manner. He was having the time of his life looking at offices, choosing furniture, tasting the sweet of spending lavishly and importantly—on credit.

He did not tell Emily what he was doing, but he urged her repeatedly to get in touch with Toland and Toland.

"I'm not up to it yet," she said. "Really, I don't believe I could stand a day in town."

"But they'll send old Clendon out here to see you. You don't need to go in town."

"I'd rather go in there. I'll be stronger very soon."

She knew that he was eager to get hold of the money; she could feel his will imposed against hers, forcing her to give it to him.

They were, indeed, like two antagonists who stand away, each measuring the other with an oblique glance, neither quite ready to open battle. But of the two, only Mac never doubted the outcome, though he was sensitive enough to Emily's silent opposition to keep still about his schemes in her presence. When they were complete, she'd be convinced without any special plea from him.

Nor did he talk of his offices and his proposed investments to Oscar James or to Andy, or any of the other regulars on the suburban train. That too was on account of Emily—they'd certainly spill whatever he said to her. But to Tory, and to Barton Hale, he explained joyously, and he even hunted up some of the men he'd known in the title and surety company and took them to lunch, and dazzled them with his fine prospects. He hoped they'd go back and tell that old swine Van Deman that he'd done him a favor the day he fired him! Everything that was boyish and buoyant and sanguine in him grew and flourished on the glorious excitement of his good fortune. He was on the crest of the wave.

FINALLY he showed impatience with Emily's slowness.

"Now see here, darling girl," he said one day, "if you're not going to see the lawyers very soon, I'll have to go in for you. We can't go on like this. It's ridiculous. All that money lying there not doing a lick of work!"

Emily looked at him curiously. His color was high, his eyes shone with excitement. She knew that, whatever came, she must act.

"I'll call them up tomorrow and go in town the day after," she said. "I'm feeling a lot better."

"I'll go along with you, so that they don't put anything over on you."

She made an effort to think. "If you don't mind, I'd rather go alone. I won't let them put anything over on me."

He looked amazed.

"Of course I'm going with you—I wouldn't dream of letting you go alone. You might find that you're not as strong as you think, and besides, I want to be right there on the spot to see what's going on. It's hardly possible that they'll try any phony business, a reputable firm like that, but still there are ever so many little catches and corners that you'd never see."

Emily sighed. "Cousin Louisa's waiting for us to play bridge," she said.

IN the morning when he kissed her good-by he reminded her: "Don't forget to call up our dear old friend Clendon and make that appointment for us to see him tomorrow."

"No, I won't forget."

"That's a good girl." He kissed her again, and went off, complacent, confident. Emily watched him go down the street and hated the secret compulsion he had put upon her. "If I only knew what to do," she thought. "If I only knew what to do."

But there seemed to be nothing. At last she went to the downstairs telephone and called the lawyers. Yes, Mr. Clendon was there. Mr. Clendon was very glad to hear from Mrs. Crayn. Yes, he could see her tomorrow, at any time she wanted to come in town. She said she would come at eleven. And then, suddenly, instead of saying good-by, she asked, desperately: "Mr. Clendon, isn't there some way that I could put this money where I couldn't possibly use any of it—and just have the income? Where I couldn't touch it, even if I wanted to ever so much? Where *nobody* could touch it?"

Mr. Clendon's dry voice, slightly surprised, explained that there were trust arrangements, irrevocable—Emily snatched at the word.

"That's what I want," she said, "an irrevocable trust. Mr. Clendon, I'm coming in town right away, today, to see you. I'll put that money into an irrevocable trust now, this minute!"

Mr. Clendon, still more surprised, demurred that such haste was not usual, that it would be rather difficult to move so quickly.

"But not impossible?" begged Emily. "I must do it now—today! Go ahead and get things ready as quickly as you can and I'll put on my hat and be there on the first train I can get."

She would not give herself time to think, to reflect. She ran upstairs, hurried into her clothes for town. At last she would be safe, safe. Irrevocable! That was what she needed, what she had been seeking. A magic word!

She came home early in the afternoon, tired and worn. The thing she had desired was accomplished, and being done, she had begun to feel the daring of it and to dread the moment when she must tell Mac. Would he be frightfully disappointed? Would he be angry? But in the end he must see the justice of it, for it was her own money, she was privileged to do with it whatever she wanted. Mr. Clendon had approved her course, in a muffled way, though he had not approved the precipitancy of it, more from a dislike of being hustled than from any fear that she might later regret. And here was young Emily—looking at her child, Emily felt amply justified.

Nevertheless she was glad that Cousin Oscar and Cousin Louisa were going out to dinner, and when Mac asked her, "Did you call up Clendon today?" she merely said yes, and let the explanation wait. She didn't want the waitress to hear. After dinner, when they were in the living-room, she knew that she must tell. Her heart beat like a drum, and her throat was strangely dry, but she spoke as easily as she could.

"Mac," she began, "you asked me if I called up Mr. Clendon today. Well, I did, and I went in to see him. And I put the money Edith left me into an irrevocable trust fund."

He stared at her without comprehension, and his blank silence steadied her to explain.

"I thought it best. We've been married for a year and ever since the first few weeks we've been swamped by debts and bills we couldn't pay. We've had no fixed income; I never knew at the first of the month whether we'd be able to give a party or whether I'd have to stand off the butcher and grocer. We couldn't go on like that. I might have stood it for myself, but not for young Emily. But this way we'll have a good income—"

Mac had been listening; now at last he had taken it in, and he interrupted violently.

"But, Emily, Emily, you can't do this, you can't! I've rented offices! I'm all set to go into business in a big way; I've made all my arrangements. You can't let me down; it's simply insane."

"But Mac, you didn't tell me. And besides—*it's not your money.*"

HIS face was white; he hardly knew what he was saying.

He rose to his feet. "How mean, how rotten of you! You went behind my back and plotted and planned with that sneaking little Clendon! You're so short-sighted and stupid you'd rather tie up the money in a little measly yearly dribble than make a big smashing fortune with it. Emily, I can't believe it of you! To cheat me, to trick me—"

"Mac, don't be angry. Look at it from my side. We couldn't go on living with bills simply flooding in on us and collectors hounding us. It's not right. There's no peace in life, no dignity, no decency. Now we'll be free from all that, and you can speculate as you like, if you can't find any better way to earn anything." She did not mean it for a taunt, it slipped out without intention, but it struck him like a whip.

"That's what you think of me, then! I see. You want us to live on your safe and sure income while I struggle along on a shoestring. You don't care— My God, if you knew anything about money, about work, about business, this would be funny! Emily, you've got to change your plan, you've got to see old Clendon tomorrow and tell him that we're going to use that money—"

"I won't do it." Her own temper was rising. She faced him hardily.

"Then I'll do it. I'll show the old idiot that—"

"You can't do a thing. I've fixed everything and it can't be changed. I wouldn't let it be changed, even if it could. All my childhood and girlhood I lived under the shadow of one kind of debt, and this one year of our marriage I've lived under another shadow of debt, a worse and blacker kind, too. And my child sha'n't do it. Every time I touch young Emily, or nurse her, I swear to myself that she sha'n't go through that sort of mess. And Edith Gover's generosity has made it possible that she sha'n't."

His tone changed to pleading.

"But, Emily, you don't understand. I've gone ahead, I tell you, and rented offices, I've furnished them, I've engaged a secretary, I'm all set to do something big. Everybody knows it—"

"Who, for instance?"

"Everybody I know downtown. You can't intend to humiliate me and make me out a cheap four-flusher to all of them—you don't know what it means. I'll be kidded to death—I'll never be able to look one of them in the face again. You don't mind that, I suppose."

"I don't see why your friends will think any more of you for spending my money than for not spending it."

"No, you don't see anything. You've got nothing but narrow-minded hick ideas; you'd like to live forever in a bum little apartment like any petty clerk."

They had both flung caution aside. They were enemies, not lovers; they hated each other, and spoke their hate with furious spite, as only lovers in blind anger can speak.

"I'd rather live in a bum little apartment and pay my bills than be a dead-beat in a house on Fifth Avenue," said Emily, and then, with sharp intent: *"You're not honest."*

"So that's what you think of me, is it? I'm not honest."

"No, you're not honest. You don't want to be."

He blazed and flamed. "Have it your own way," he said impulsively. "You've let me down for fair—you've made a monkey out of me! Well . . . . this is a grand little revelation of how you feel about our married life! And since you find it so distasteful to your fine high principles of honesty, we'll end it right here and now. And I hope you'll have a marvelous time paying your picayune bills with your picayune legacy, since that's your idea of perfect happiness."

He walked out of the room. She heard him pause in the hallway to pick up his hat: then the door slammed behind him.

This is the day of easy debt, and this novel of debt's consequences continues to follow the pattern of the life lived around us, as Emily stands by her resolution—the same resolution that is made by millions of wives today—and Mac stubbornly persists in his determination. The culmination, which comes in the next number, is one that is reached also in many and many an American home today.

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MAID OF MANHATTAN

(Continued from page 29)

. She was looking at him the way she had looked at me, only the gaze had more intensity. Oliver was my best friend.

Life is like that, I thought. I hoped the play would be bitter. It had been written by a Russian and that made me glad.

The lights went out. The orchestra dawdled into the mysterious regions under the stage. The curtain went up. There was a squalid interior and a corpse. And Oliver with Bernice down in front. I hugged myself and wondered how many old-fashioned cocktails I would encompass that night before my own lights went out. We young were that way in those far-off days three or four years ago. We thought in terms of endless beaches, raw whisky and the acid-sweet consolation to be found in the brown beauty of native women. And I actually know three men now who have addresses beyond Tahiti and to whom no one writes. We had feelings.

BETWEEN the first and second act he parked her with me in the lobby.

"He's such a nice boy," Bernice said to me.

"He is," I answered, with that old Spartan smirk.

"He isn't anybody. That's what I like about him."

I thought of the Blue Book and the old cannonading up above Ohio. "No," I said, sacrificing my loyalty to him in loyal agreement with her.

"Just a cub reporter,"

"Just a cub."

"Well—the bell's ringing."

"Here he comes."

"Well—so long."

"So long."

I turned back to duty and the theater, but I could not go in right away, I told myself. Somewhere in the magic darkness she and he would be sitting side by side. It wouldn't matter if I missed a little of the second act. I crossed the street and had a cocktail. . . . Or even all of the second act. I had another. . . . . Or the third act. I could pick up my story for the critic from the morning papers.

I had several more in succession. There were lots of people I knew in that speak-easy and I consoled myself with a gorgeous blonde girl who had just come up from Florida, the break of the real-estate boom leaving much to be desired in that State. If you don't have the fare to Tahiti because of loaded dice and bootleg prices, you can do pretty well just off Broadway.

There was a sandwich place across from the office and we used to eat lunch there when we were in a hurry or when an ambitious contributor with *patê de fois gras* money in his jeans wasn't available. Mathewson was sitting on one of those revolving wicker stools drinking coffee. He had a black eye. We touched a few subjects such as the craze for marathon dancing; then he went away.

Kenneth dropped in, a little grease-paint sticking to his sideburns.

"Rehearsing again," I said in that *Watson*-baiting tone.

Vanity smeared by neatness. "You saw my picture in the *World*, eh?"

I passed it up. He began to eat with that singular caution with which all actors attack food. Perhaps it's a thing born of their doldrums.

"Hear about the fight between Bliss Norman and Mathewson?" he asked.

"I saw the hallmark," I said.

"In Charlie's penthouse. Broke the spinet and the ladder-back chair, and"—he added as if it were irrelevant—"it broke Norman's nose."

"And blackened Mathewson's eye. The conventional blood-drawing of the duel *à la manniere Americaine*. A draw, I take it?"

"Yeah."

"Well, they were pretty evenly matched. And living in the city without any wolves to shoot or cave-men to steer away from your wife, fills a man with repressed rancor."

"It was about Bernice."

"Naturally," I said.

"What are you so damn' snooty about?"

"Who? Me?"

Kenneth swallowed his last cup of coffee. "I tender the latest and you're all upstage. I'm breezing. Come back and see Kenneth in his new show—after you've been up to Lake Placid for the vacation you need so badly."

Oliver took her to the Beaux Arts Ball. I was fooling around in one of those balconies in the Astor ballroom and he wandered in.

"Where's Bernice?" I asked.

"Oh, she's gone out for a drink with Norman and Mathewson."

"What! I thought they were fighting over her. Screaming meemies and all that."

"She brought them together."

I looked at my friend. I grieved a minute. "And you've been let out."

"Oh, no. I told her to go ahead. Wanted to come up and talk to you. Where have you been for the last month?"

It didn't make any sense to me. "The idea I had was that the thing to do for Bernice was to shield her from the ugly world," I said.

"Sure. They are. It's a making-up drink."

I SAID I'd been sick, when we were forced to talk about me and I had to go into considerable detail. I made it a kind of walking grippe. Just enough pep to get to the office; none left over for my friends; early bed, and all that. Sorry I hadn't seen him. And I hoped secretly that Oliver would never meet the blonde from Florida. If he did, and if she talked liberally, he'd wonder why she hadn't caught the grippe. She interested me in a big way.

People confide in me. I'm aware that everyone labors under the same delusion. With me, it's different. Big bankers tell me what they are going to do in the market next week. Office-boys furtively show me pictures of their girls. Women in trouble or love or both usually wind up asking me how to get to Reno or the City Hall or some other less conventional place. People tell me about the time when they stole an automobile at college and left it wrecked, somewhere around Madison, Connecticut. And they ask me what to do with their wives when the wives get restless. There must be a touch of priest in my face.

Jerry Singer did. I was having dinner at a beer palace on Third Avenue. Rare steak with onions, pickles, cheese, fried potatoes, pie and schooners of needle beer. Music by some local lads who stood up in one corner and blew horns. Heavy tables and chairs and thick smoke. Kitchen in the front room. The sort of place where you used to expect to see Henry Mencken. I was alone. Mathewson had met the blonde and dated her up. Imagine! It is a wonder to me even to this day that I wasn't drinking vodka. Or laudanum. I knew places. I was overwhelmed, I guess. No resilience.

JERRY was odd man at a fivesome and he chivvied over to my lonesome band of drained glass mugs. We talked about the horses. He had been putting up some of his client's money on the flesh. A broker—a sentimental broker—a usually tipsy broker. By one of those trick contradictions, the smartest of the younger market operators—rich as plum pudding.

"A funny thing happened at the office today," he said after we'd eyed down the entries and track chatter from the Sunny South in sort of wistful unison. At those words some old memory channel tugged a nerve, but the number didn't quite flash. The words, I might have said, were familiar.

"Yes?"

"A girl."

Then I recalled the clatter of the predatory cubs and Morton's similar statement.

"Ah?" I said, separating my hands to a distance of a foot and then holding up two fingers to the passing waiter.

"The prettiest, sweetest little kid you ever saw. Came into my office and asked to see me. She wouldn't have made the grade, but I saw her first. And what do you think she wanted?"

"A seat on the Exchange?" I said.

He grunted. "She wanted to buy stock."

I looked surprised. "Well, well—and she went to a broker's office to do it. How unusual!"

He quelled me with a little neo-profanity. "You don't understand. It was so naïve and yet so pitiful." He put on a face that a painter would love to see made by a rich dowager standing before one of his oils. "She wanted to buy stock. She had just two hundred dollars."

"Easy picking, what?" I leered.

But he ignored me now. He was thinking about her. Dreaming. "She was so lovely. And so damned innocent. She wanted me to take her money and make more out of it. Lots more. She said that she had read it could be done. And she didn't have a job. The prettiest dress. She made it herself. I'm something of a connoisseur. My wife goes to Patou and Vionnet every year. Little hand-made tucks under the collar—".

"Under the collar!" What a leer I had then!

"I just lifted it up—reverently, almost. Oh, there was nothing of *that* about her!"

"And then you took her money?"

He banged the mug on the table so hard that half the beer flew up in the air. "By heaven,"—the crime is on his head,—"by heaven—I did take it. And I'm going to

run it into five figures if it's the last thing I do!"

"And date her up?"

"Perhaps. To set her going in the right way. She needs some one who knows New York to give her a hand."

"Ah!"

A dirty scowl came on his face. "And to think of it—just to think of it! She might have gone to some one else—some one who would steal her pitiful little two hundred, or take advantage of her! When I think of that den of thieves on the Street, I get sick at my stomach."

"Her name wasn't—" I began, and bit my lip. Something deep within my bitter soul caused that lip-biting. Caution is the word.

He raved on. "Black hair, bobbed. Black eyes. Little. Curvy."

I didn't need to ask after that.

I RAN into Oliver a few nights later on Sixth Avenue. He was standing inside one of those shooting galleries meditatively knocking clay pipes to smithereens. Bernice wasn't with him. I just happened to recognize his overcoat as I went by the place. And the whole thing looked ominous.

I patted his shoulder. "Practising?"

Lo and behold—he was bland. "No. Amusing myself. These dumps are a secret vice of mine. Fourteen out of fifteen," he said.

"What?"

"Pipes."

"Opium?"

"Clay."

"Preparing to shoot some one?"

"Not that I know of."

"Going to Chicago?"

"Don't be banal."

I apologized. "Where's Bernice these days?"

"Oh—around. I see her a good deal."

"Is the whole town still chaperoning her?"

"What do you mean?"

I explained. He grinned. "I'd heard something of it. Yes, I presume so. Jerry Singer is taking her on a prophylactic tour of Harlem to-night."

"Doesn't jealousy belabor you?"

"Oh, no," Oliver said; and I ducked into the night elevator that went up to the composing-room, wondering what particular hell the make-up department had fixed for our young magazine that night. Plenty. I had to dictate three fillers to the linotyper.

Norman and Mathewson didn't stay friendly very long in spite of the hooch and *hochs* of the Beaux Arts night. Word filtered around Manhattan—a place where word filters as mysteriously as on the Congo or in the Balkan courts—that Bernice had badgered and tantalized Bliss Norman into giving her a lead on the contemplated road tour. Mathewson and Morton went separately to the producer and tried to persuade him against the plan. Norman gave them the fish eye.

"You priggish idiots want to ruin the girl's chances?" he said with undue self-righteousness.

They had to fall back on the unfitting environment of the stock company.

"Why—I'm going myself!" Norman said.

Morton didn't have the nerve to make innuendoes about that, but Mathewson did. He got his other eye blacked. A shiner, I would say, of the first magnitude, although I didn't see it until the next day. Only a woman like Bernice could conjure such championing from the rock-ribbed auricles of Manhattan's males. It was the eyes, I believe. Sometimes on desolate nights when the rain beats on the panes, when the wind screams ghoul-wakes through the nude November trees, and when the salt-water spray from the Sound is deluged over the Boston Post Road—I think of those eyes still. To have and not to have, they said. Always to be wanted. Your hard-bitten realist couldn't bend over those obsidian pools a minute without starting to think of the mystery and the riddle of womankind.

So she was going on the road. Morton was being told every day by his doctor that a nervous breakdown could be expected at the touch of a feather. Mathewson was teetering on the brink of signing the motion-picture contract which subsequently made him rich and happy in Hollywood, where women are different. I, in my own poor way, was flying the inverted ensign. A few other writers and editors and what not, as well as Jerry Singer, were about to supplicate law to save the girl and had already supplicated divinity with new-found hope and no result.

It was as tense around Times Square as I've ever seen it.

All the men I knew were unmanned by this dark goddess, this virginal Circe in our midst. At the Pawnee you could come upon little groups talking about Bernice earnestly at times when no one had ever been in a restaurant before. When she appeared, such a welter of compassion rose up in the room that a hungry man would not dare to touch his food for fear of dropping a fork and being murdered as a barbarian. The silence of once roaring speak-easies was broken only by the sound of froth rising on beer. It was downright maudlin. You could almost catch the undercurrent in the editorials in the papers. You felt as if every one on Fifth Avenue had started to walk slower in anticipation of a dead march behind Bernice's deceased virtue.

THEN the thing broke. They always do. The farmer always scratches the gilt off his gold-brick sooner or later. I might have known it. But that is what we were all saying, after we had caught our breath and returned to normalcy. Jerry Singer started the avalanche; by dint of I know not what legerdemain he had increased Bernice's two hundred dollars to fourteen thousand. He must have sliced margins to the bone. But I believe the act was *bona fide;* I believe he used her money and added nothing himself. He was very proud. He gave her a check for ten thousand dollars and kept the rest for further germination. He took her to dinner, and champagne—to which she was regrettably becoming partial—was poured.

He said afterward that enthusiasm got the best of him. He thought her story ought to go to the papers, and her picture. She had given one to him. Norman had sent her to Schell, and Schell had done the lens and silver nitrate proud. In the heat of his exuberance Jerry dictated a little story about Manhattan's latest magic, a poor-girl-rich-girl sort of thing, and he

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had pushed it on to the papers with the photograph. I saw it myself, on the third page of a morning paper, on the second page of an evening paper. I thought transiently that she deserved it, that she was getting out of my class; and I had an extra eye-opener on the strength of it.

Happy little bit of publicity, you'd say. Twenty-four hours elapsed. Then came the rumors, and the rumors proved to be true. Four other brokers had invested four other pairs of hundred-dollar bills for the same innocent and altogether enchanting young lady—and their profits, now in her hands, ranged from three to seventeen thousand per!

It was a hectic day. The four brokers, of course, did not send *their* stories to the press. We learned bit by bit. And the news took us differently. Morton came in wreathed in smiles.

"Did you hear about Bernice?" he said in awed tones.

"I did," said I.

"I did,"—from Mathewson.

"Isn't she marvelous? Wasn't that cute? So naïve—"

"Well—" I said.

Then Mathewson: "The she-devil! Kidding us all the time. How slick she was! I'm through. I never want to see this town again. I've signed for Hollywood and I'm off day after tomorrow."

I had to separate them. Mathewson began to wonder if she really had executed the coup out of simplicity, and to regret his hasty signing of the movie contract. I didn't know.

After dinner it occurred to me to amble over to Oliver's and see how he was taking it all.

Bernice was sitting on his davenport. She removed the coat of her tailored suit. There was a cigarette between her red lips, her hair was generously mussed—and Oliver was not far away. Possibly two millimeters.

"Oh—hello!" I murmured.

They weren't embarrassed. Oliver said, "Meet the bride."

They helped me from the floor, dusted me off, and put me in the Morris chair—spiritually speaking.

Oliver interpolated to cover the pause: "We'd have been married sooner—only Bernice insisted on winding up her business."

"I see." There might have been a trace of alarm in my voice. I'd never thought of Oliver as a money-marrier.

"No," Oliver answered. "You do not. It's this way. Bernice's mother and her grandmother, who live in Chicago—as well as a number of their friends—put their little all, their life-savings, in stocks—with the assistance of some kindly New York brokers. The various brokers soured—I might even hint that they anticipated finding water and lactic acid in the issues they sold the old ladies. The money was lost. Bernice took down their names and came to New York to retrieve what she could. A matter of sentiment. There were five brokers to be—ah—taught a lesson. She was successful; yesterday the predetermined sum was arrived at." He beamed upon what I realized was his wife.

A cog stuck in my head, just as the tears began to flow. "I thought—that is, I used to think that you came from Seattle." The words were to the lady.

"I did," she replied. "I'd been there for nearly a year. I got a job in Chicago and we had a long run in Seattle."

"Long run?" I whispered.

"Yes. My job was with a stock company."

Through the haze I saw Oliver nodding in agreement. He didn't grin; he was a gentleman. He pushed me a little farther toward Destiny: "She was in stock," he reiterated. "I read about it a long time ago. Saw her picture in the Seattle papers. Recognized her at once."

"Saw her picture?"

"Yes," he said. "Down at the office, in the morgue. Of course, I didn't tell any one—no reason. By the way—I'm graduating from the morgue tomorrow."

I rallied the old spunk. "Under the circumstances—most appropriate."

In my pocket was a pay-check. I went out, after a discreet interval, and spent it all on a present for Bernice—and a flock of drinks.

ALL QUIET ON THE MID-WESTERN FRONT

(Continued from page 34)

Not one raid in all this activity for one moment curtailed the activities of the Capone gang. It thrived as never before. But gang exultation is always violent.

Up in the North Side gang's headquarters, "Bugs" Moran's crumbling organization began to talk of what they would do if Lingle, officially, and the Capone gang, unofficially, failed to lay off. Lingle had better look out.

Lingle? Capone's powerful friend and aid threatened? There was but one way to answer that. Something definite!

In their stress and trouble, the North Side gang had hi-jacked six van-loads of Capone liquor in a month and they finally got a boatload of "Old Log Cabin" whisky, in January, 1929, that was the largest single consignment ever hi-jacked from the Capone gang. This, apart from their threats.

Then things happened.

ON the morning of St. Valentine's Day, February 14, 1929, four men, two of them wearing police uniforms, arrived at the shipping headquarters of the "Bugs" Moran gang—a garage on North Clark Street. They had arrived in what appeared to be a police-car, with a blackened gong on the running-board.

One group of passers-by saw them enter—but soon passed on. Other witnesses saw the four men come out again, about eight minutes after they had entered. There was never a clew to how the tragic horror within the garage was accomplished. An hour later a truckman entered to find seven of the toughest muscle-men of the Moran gang lying dead in a forty-foot pool of blood. They had been literally shot to pieces with machine-guns.

But they had missed Moran. Two days later, with the Capone gang out of town for the nonce and not even a minor gang "punk" to be found, the police located Moran, the usually silent.

They questioned him for an hour and got nothing. He seldom answered.

"So you aint got no idea," said a detective for the thousandth time.

"Aw, shut up!" roared Moran. "You know that only the Capone gang kills like that."

And he said no more then, or later.

THE top muscle of the Moran gang was Moran. *Was*—because the gang evaporated after it had killed Lingle, and his enemies now supply booze, women and chance on the old Moran stand. The brains that supplemented Moran's toughness belonged to one Jack Zuta, for twenty years a pander in Chicago.

He did the thinking for the Moran gang, and the only error credited to him in four years of mental domination of the gang—troubled as it was by the curse of Lingle—was his belief that by bumping off Lingle everything would be all right! He was wrong. He is in his grave for that colossal mistake, and his gang is no more.

A month after the death of Lingle, the police got hold of Zuta. He was a dead man, he told them, and he was right. They took him to the detective bureau for questioning and with twenty policemen around him his eyes rolled with fear, and he insisted on selecting where he would stand, to avoid windows and doors. Police headquarters, and in fact the Chicago City Hall, is in Capone territory. Oh, yes, that's acknowledged.

Zuta told them nothing. Sweat poured from him as he asked how they were ever going to get him back to his own territory in safety. Police protection? It's useless when gangs are hot.

He wouldn't go back in a squad car because his enemies would get him; but when he learned that Lieut. George Barker had his own closed car at the back of the detective bureau, he begged him to run him back to safety. After considerable hesitancy they started, with Zuta lying prone on the floor of the tonneau.

As Barker's car turned the corner of Quincy and State Streets, with Zuta constantly jabbering in fear, a sedan crashed into the Barker expedition and bullets smashed all the glass in it, two passing through Barker's clothing. The sedan swung around and sped west, and away. Zuta vanished in the excitement, for a stray shot had killed Elbert Lusander, motorman of a crowded State Street car, who fell dead as he turned off the power with his last conscious gesture. Olaf Svenst, an employee of the Standard Club, and another passer-by, lay desperately wounded in the street. The incident was closed except that Zuta, the cause of it, had got away. Not for long, however.

Reported hiding in Kentucky, Zuta in reality went by easy and secret stages to the Lakeview Hotel, Upper Nemahbin Lake, near Delafield, Wisconsin. He made it in safety, for a month went by and he was unmolested. He regained his morale and on July 31 was in such good humor that he went over to the dance-hall adjoining the hotel and danced three dances—or to be exact, two and a half.

ZUTA had put a handful of nickels on the mechanical piano.

"Every time she stops," he called, "the man nearest to the machine puts in another one. The dances are on Goodman,"—for

that was the name he had registered under —the late J. H. Goodman, of Aurora.

He began his third dance as five men walked up to the ticket-taker of the dance-hall, struck him once over the head, and threw him into one of their two cars with a guard. Four of the gangsters, one carrying a machine-gun, entered the dance-hall.

Zuta had just passed the door with his partner when two of the men took him by the shoulders. He slid from their hands to the floor as he recognized them. Quickly they dragged him through the dancers, one of them with drawn revolver herding the twenty other terrified persons present into a corner.

Zuta, held erect before the piano he had so recently provided fodder for, seemed but half-conscious as one of the men ten feet away aimed the machine-gun.

"O. K.," said the gunner. The two men holding Zuta gave him a last jerk upward and moved away from him as machine-gun bullets made a line across the piano front with a tinkle of glass and chords. Zuta fell to the floor. Re-sighting, the machine-gunner sprayed him for a moment, as he lay there.

"Don't come out of this place," said the man who covered the dancers—and he fell in behind the three others with a last flourish of his automatic toward the horror-stricken onlookers.

A moment later the still-dazed ticket-taker was thrown out of the gangster's car and two machines roared out into the highway and away.

In the month during which Zuta hid, there developed records which showed that Lingle had bank deposits of more than sixty thousand dollars in the last year of his life, while making sixty-five dollars a week as a reporter. He had built a thirty-thousand-dollar summer home, and maintained four stock-trading accounts, one of which, jointly maintained with Commissioner Russell, reached a peak of one hundred thousand dollars. And his additional losses at the race tracks were known to be consistent and heavy.

BUT all of those records, amazing as they were, were eclipsed in interest when compared with records kept by the cringing Zuta. By the merest chance in the world were they ever unearthed—and what woe and corruption and information they revealed!

A few months before Zuta's death a raid—one of those raids—was made on an office of the Moran gang. Pat Roche, an investigator of the State Attorney's office and the chief factor in the entire Chicago government to do anything effective in the hopeless fight on the gangs, heard of that raid and went over there. One of the gangsters threw a ledger out of the window and Roche recovered it.

It took time to make any head or tail of its contents—but finally, just before the Zuta killing, he deciphered enough to indicate that it, among other things, recorded the names under which Zuta maintained safety-deposit boxes. With Zuta's death these were rooted out.

News from the gangland Front, indeed!

The disclosures came in serial form, as one by one the secret safe-deposit boxes were located and opened. After the fourth gave up its contents, the citizens of Chicago and vicinity saw before them in the newspapers the facsimile of the following note upon the official letter-head of the Police Department of the City of Evanston, Wm. O. Freeman, Chief of Police.

"Dear Jack:

"I am temporarily in need of four 'C's' for a couple of months. Can you let me have it? The bearer does not know what it is, so put it in envelope, and seal it and address it to me.

Your old pal,

BILL FREEMAN."

"P.S. Will let you know the night of the party so be sure and come."

This from headquarters of police at Evanston, just north of Chicago, and the "wealthiest American suburb."

Would Zuta, the "brains" of a Chicago gang, give a neighboring police-chief four hundred dollars?

NATURALLY, explanations were demanded; and the one given to the city, in the same editions of the newspapers, contained two paragraphs highly significant of conditions today—one indicative of the difficulty in which an honest police official finds himself on present police salaries; and the other of the rôle of "friend in need" which the gangster plays.

For Freeman had been so exceptionally efficient in the Chicago police force that Evanston had selected him for chief; and, being honest, had so little put by that, when he had to move from Chicago to Evanston, and had to face a loss of some four hundred dollars on a lease because of the move, he found himself in financial difficulties.

To quote the published statement: "I was unable to pay. I knew of no one to whom to turn, when I chanced to meet Jack Zuta in the Sherman Hotel.

"At that time Zuta had no police record . . . . . I had seen Zuta many times in the offices of high elected officials, and, as far as I knew, he never was considered a criminal . . . . He sent me three hundred dollars instead of four hundred dollars, and I have since repaid in several payments all but ten dollars of the original loan."

The Evanston city council and the mayor investigated the matter and found that it was, in fact, a legitimate loan—and maintained Freeman as chief of police.

Next in Zuta's mass of revealing papers was this, signed by the Sheriff of Cook County, Charles E. Graydon:

"To all members of the department: The bearer, J. Zuta, is extended the courtesy of all departments."

But the detail would be tedious; sufficient to say that one hundred and forty-five places had paid tribute of sixteen million dollars to various powers, according to these records—admittedly but a fragment of the total Zuta records. His gang, nearly beaten to earth by various forces, was making four hundred thousand dollars a week in its worst days just prior to the Lingle killing, when business was so unsatisfactory that the Lingle murder became, in Zuta's mind, unavoidable.

To put the summation in the briefest possible form, and to avoid all kinds of pitfalls, it may be said that the papers of Zuta contained the names of fifty politicians, including police officials, judges, commissioners, lawyers of standing, thugs and killers. Everyone had a good excuse,

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"The murder of this reporter (Lingle) made a breach in the wall which criminality has so long maintained about its operations here. Some time, however, there will be a hole found or made," prophesied the Chicago Tribune before the existence of the Zuta boxes was suspected.

Patrick Roche is doing his best to widen the breaches—if they can be called such—which already are made. Can they be repaired in time from the "inside?"

The pronouncement of the recent grand jury is not encouraging: "Inquiry has convinced this grand jury of the existence of a three corner alliance between the Chicago police department, the corrupt politicians and the criminal element."

They are picking up a select list of "public enemies" on vagrancy charges. Al Capone's name, on that famous list of the proscribed, leads all the rest; and someone has had the temerity to swear out a warrant for him.

Contemporaneously, Mr. Capone (with six body guards) calmly and appreciatively attends a football game in Cicero. The body guards, as everyone knows, are guards against other gangs, not against the police. Cicero is just outside Chicago's city limits.

So, in general, all is quiet on the Mid-Western Front.

The Eastern front supplies, in its turn, a few exceedingly active sectors: One in New Jersey where Prohibition officers raid a brewery and capture the crew, only to be counter-attacked by gangsters, the prisoners taken away—and the most energetic and uncompromising of the officers shot down in cold blood before the eyes of the others.

Another in New York where judge after judge is under fire—and a justice of the Supreme Court of the State has disappeared under exceedingly sensational circumstances.

Of the astonishing developments of the Eastern front, especially in judicial circles, I shall write later.

(Another of Mr. Sullivan's intensely interesting articles on this up-to-the-minute subject will appear in an early issue.)

THE VEILED WOMAN

(Continued from page 82)

inch to the Anglo-Scotch Petroleum Company.

McEntee went to the door.

"Suicidal!" was his parting shot.

Nor had he been mistaken. For, within the next ten days, events happened with dramatic suddenness.

The Anglo-Scotch people accepted the challenge. They instituted proceedings in the Turkish courts, and, on that Monday when Fathma had dined with Gordon Lee Davies, Patrick Norton had cabled a message which, decoded, read:

"Have advance information that Turkish supreme court will decide in favor of Anglo-Scotch."

Thus quickly had the house of cards, the house of gold, tumbled about John Perrington's ears. At first—for McEntee was right: John was young and an idealist—he had refused to believe.

"Why," he had said to the lawyer, "how can the judges—how can any judge, Turkish or American—be guilty of such a thing—such an unjust decision?"

McEntee smiled sourly.

"I wouldn't call it unjust," he rejoined.

"But—my oil-leases are in order—"

"John," the other interrupted, "right and wrong, just and unjust, are only a shuffle of words and phrases, a game in which one matches platitudes dealing with a legal precedent of the State of Indiana against bromides dealing with a legal precedent of the State of New Jersey. That's what I wager the Turkish judges are doing. They've unearthed a neat little legal precedent of their own, and you'll find their official skirts as pure and white as driven snow!"

"I shall complain to Washington. I have some pull there—"

"And Washington will tell you promptly to go and chase yourself!"

After a pause, McEntee continued:

"How much money is there at stake?"

"You mean—the money which I invested?"

"No. That part is lost. I mean the losses which you guaranteed to your directors, when you insisted on—"

"Almost two million dollars—and I've sunk every cent of my private fortune in that oil scheme."

"You can ask your mother for help."

"Impossible!"

"Her wealth is enormous."

"So is her stubbornness."

"A quality which you inherited?"

"Shouldn't wonder. Anyway, she was against the Turkish venture from the very start. You know what she's like: typical, old-fashioned D. A. R.—quotes Washington at you—George Washington—opposed to all 'foreign entanglements'. No, I can't ask her. She'd tell me to paddle my own canoe. And she's right. It's up to me."

"Well, there's one thing you can do."

"What?"

"You can file a voluntary petition in bankruptcy."

"You seem to forget," came the chilly reply, "that my name is Perrington."

"I was only jesting."

A short silence. Then: "What do you propose to do, John?"

"I must earn the money—myself; and pay back the debt myself."

"Sounds easy, Horatio Alger! Only—how are you going to do it?"

John rose.

"I've been a fool," he said, "and I've been licked good and proper. But I won't stay licked. I'm going straight back—"

"Straight back—where?"

"To Turkey—to see what I can do."

Something like admiration had come into the lawyer's cold, gray Scotch eyes.

"Good idea," he had admitted. "Tell you what I'll do. I know Sir Arthur Ackroyd quite well—the president of the Anglo-Scotch. He's in Constantinople just now—and I'll give you a letter to him. And I'll talk to your directors—I'll persuade or bully them to hold their horses."

"Thanks, old man!"

THIRTY-SIX hours later, John had taken ship for Europe, to connect at Paris with the Orient Express for Constantinople. He had sent a telegram to his mother, curtly stating why he was going.

But he had not written to Fathma, for two reasons.

One was that he had been ashamed to confess his failure. The other was that somehow, indirectly, he held her partly responsible for this failure since, he remembered, it had been her quarrels with Miranda Standing which had caused Shukri Yar's financial mission in New York to come to nothing; since, due to the latter's lack of success, the Anglo-Scotch Petroleum Company had stepped into the breach, had arranged loans and had put the Turks under a load of obligation and gratitude.

Duncan McEntee had lived up to his word. He had called a meeting of the directors, and they had abided by his decision. They would give John Perrington all the time he needed.

At first they had kept quiet about it. But, presently, quite a little gossip had drifted up and down Wall Street; and, since the name of Perrington spelled news, the press had played it up with rather sensational headlines. And so Fathma had read it in the Evening *Mail*; and had at once called up Gordon Lee Davies by long-distance.

"Gordon," she told him, when she heard his "Hello" over the wire, "I need your help."

"Anything, child!"

"I am going to Turkey—"

"Running away from John?"

"No. Running after him."

"Eh?"

"Have you seen an evening paper?"

"This is Bar Harbor—not New York."

"Well, then—listen!" In a few words she related what had occurred; went on: "Will you find out when the next ship leaves?"

"Yes. Want me to see about your ticket?"

"Please!"

"And about the passport, I reckon?"

"And—I need some money—"

"I'll fix up everything, honey. Don't you give it another thought."

"I like you, Gordon!" cried Fathma. "I like you—lots!"

She put back the receiver, while Shirley Frisby, who had listened to the telephone-conversation, broke into laughter and demanded:

"Why did you ask Gordon—instead of your mother-in-law?"

"Oh—I don't know—"

"I do know," rejoined the other. "You asked Gordon because he is a man—and you a woman. Western woman and Eastern—Christian and Moslem—we're all alike when we're in trouble. We forget all our proud boasts—forget about equal rights and economic independence and the rest of the feminist bilge and we make a bee-line for the first honest-to-God man!"

"We have a proverb at home," commented Fathma, "which says that the fly knows the face of the milk-seller."

Within the next forty-eight hours—for the Virginian was true to his promise—she was in possession of ticket, passport, and a generous letter of credit. Her ship, a liner, direct for Constantinople, sailed on Saturday.

With Shirley Frisby she went to the

pier. She was happier than she had been in many weeks; and was yet more happy when, by the side of Gordon Lee Davies, she saw her mother-in-law, looking amazingly youthful in a fawn-colored *trotteuse*, and her little son.

Fathma picked him up and hugged him; then she turned to the older woman.

"It was nice of you to come, dear," she said. "Nice to bring Hendrick. I did so want to kiss him good-by!"

"Good-by, nothing!" was the elder Mrs. Perrington's abrupt rejoinder. "I've already arranged with the purser to put a crib in your stateroom."

"Oh—"

"Yes. You're going to take Hendrick straight along with you. And if you need money, well, John is on his own and serves him right. But Hendrick's hardly old enough to shift for himself—"

"You're a darling."

"I'm not. I'm a selfish old woman—and as vain as a peacock. To have everybody in Bar Harbor point me out as a grandmother isn't my idea of a good time!"

She smiled at Fathma, who smiled back. They kissed.

"Tell John for me," the older woman went on, "that I'm proud of him—that I believe in him—that I'm sure he'll make good. And tell yourself from me that it's up to you to help him—to stand by his side—"

"I know that without being told," Fathma replied rather stiffly.

And the older woman laughed heartily, while the ship's officers began to hurry the last passengers aboard and the last visitors ashore. And so, presently, the liner was under way. Another half hour, and the ragged, grotesque skyline of lower Manhattan faded into the purple welter of evening; Sandy Hook curved fantastically, then raced away into the North—while in her stateroom Fathma, her son in her arms, was crooning to him an ancient Turkish nursery rhyme.

JOHN PERRINGTON reached Constantinople several days before his wife did.

He took a wheezy, second-hand car, and drove to his hotel in Pera, across the Sultana Valideh Bridge.

Life rolled across the bridge, the same life as always. Life of the Orient, in vivid streaks, if perhaps a little less vivid than formerly under the press and drive of Kemal Pasha's innovations. Life of the Occident jutting in with prosy, machine-clouted efficiency. A Tartar dressed in sheep-skins, jostling a tweed-clad English clerk; an Albanian in his starched, pleated white petticoat and a brace of antiquated, silver-mounted horse pistols in his scarlet sash, disputing the right of way with a straw-hatted, bespectacled Hamburg drummer; an Anatolian caravan leader astride his gayly caparisoned donkey, threading pompously two long strings of dromedaries, that shied and grunted protestingly as a high-power French automobile shot by with raucous horn and skidding tires.

The Orient, thought John Perrington, satisfied with its dusty, well-worn, ancestral ways; unwilling to be bustled and joggled and shoved on to a higher standard of living, in spite of Kemal Pasha's bullying decrees. The Occident, vain, self-sufficient, proud of its pinchbeck, pioneering glow.

John telephoned to Sir Arthur Ackroyd just as soon as he had reached his hotel.

Sir Arthur was unable to see him. Sir Arthur had nothing to say about the American oil-leases. The Turkish supreme court had rendered its decision. . . .

Oh, Mr. Perrington had a letter of introduction from Mr. Duncan McEntee?

Very well. Sir Arthur would see him, around noon. He would give Mr. Perrington fifteen minutes—not another second—although Sir Arthur quite failed to comprehend what possible good such an interview could do.

SO, at noon sharp, John presented himself at the headquarters of the Anglo-Scotch Petroleum Company and was ushered into the presence of Sir Arthur Ackroyd.

The latter was a Yorkshireman, nicknamed the "Last of the Nabobs" by certain of the older business-men in the City of London. For, almost eighty years of age and reputed immensely wealthy, he was a survival of that picaresque, commercial era when traffic and barter in the far lands was still a clanking, swaggering adventure, a spirited gamble with Fate, a high-hearted, two-fisted romance; when yellow men and gold still disputed the eternal Asian trade-balance with white men and blood; when on the other side of Suez, a merchant-prince was still a swashbuckler upon the blue hills and the gray waters, and not a swag-bellied, dollar-coining, asthmatic automaton, safely ensconced behind a mahogany desk, a pile of ledgers, a steel filing-cabinet, and an army of immaculate, college-bred private secretaries.

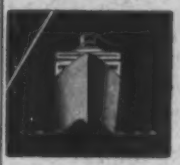
Today his life was prosy enough, but there were sketchy, phantasmal tales of his earlier life, his first rise to affluence—tales of the motley, swinging, forgotten days when Malay Rajah and Gulf Arab sheik and European adventurer met behind tightly closed rattan shutters, the velvet punka flopping lazily overhead, and dipped their noses in the same cup of honeyed, spiced brandy, and winked at one another as Greek is said to wink at Greek, and played hide-and-seek with His Britannic Majesty's red-coated soldiers and black-coated judges and nosing, inquisitive gunboats—tales quite incredible when you looked at Sir Arthur—so old and gnarled and bent, thus tales that were frankly doubted and ridiculed by the cocksure younger financial generation of London and Paris.

Yet, usually, these young gentlemen would not laugh for long; for their sense of humor, not to mention their greed, overcoming their discretion, heedless of the warnings of older, sadder and wiser men who had passed through the same mill, pitting their brains and energies and bank-accounts against those of Sir Arthur, they would discover that the latter, superannuated fossil or not, was still efficient when it came to business.

When Sir Arthur faced John Perrington, there was no finesse about the man. He read McEntee's letter. Then in broad Yorkshire accents—which he affected, so his enemies claimed, to prove that he was a self-made man, he demanded:

"Fight me, me lad, would ye? Wouldn't take the fair compromise I offered ye?"

"Northern Prince"
"Eastern Prince"
"Southern Prince"
"Western Prince"



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"Nothing fair about it!" John flared up.

"What of it? Ye bloody well lost, me lad! Thought ye could beat me at my own game, eh?" Again the shrill cackle. "I may be old, but I'm wonnerful shrewd."

He made the boast with such evident sincerity, such a naïvely childlike conceit and self-satisfaction that momentarily, the American forgot his grievance. He laughed loudly—and this astonished the other.

"Whom may ye be laughin' at?" he asked abruptly.

John's reply was tactless:

"At you, Sir Arthur!"

"Ye are, are ye?"

"I'm afraid so."

The older man shook a finger at him.

"Hm," he declared, "ye're an arrogant pup—and ye have little respect for your elders and betters! Still"—and a wintry smile curled his thin lips—"I like ye. At least ye have a measure o' pluck, lad." He paused; went on briskly: "And now—Duncan McEntee writes as ye want to talk with me."

"Yes."

"Talk about what?"

"My oil-leases."

"*My* oil-leases, ye'll be meanin'!"

"You heard me the first time."

"I did." Sir Arthur rose. "And if I were twenty years younger—"

"Well," exclaimed John, who was beginning to enjoy himself, thinking how different this amazing old man was from his uncle Lothrop Standing and other New York financiers of his acquaintance, "what would you do—if you were twenty years younger?"

"I'd hand ye a crack in the jaw—and throw ye out o' the window!"

"Is that so?"

"Aye!"

"And what do you imagine I'd be doing all the time?"

THE gnarled, bent old man straightened up a bit.

"Ye may be tall and strong and broad," he replied. "But"—and his Yorkshire accent grew more pronounced and truculent—"when I was your age I was taller'n you by five inches—maybe six—and a sight wider in the shoulders—and fuller in the chest—and as quick as greased lightnin' on my pins. And great muscles I had—and great fists—and ye couldn't have stood up against me for more'n ten minutes!"

"Perhaps you're right," admitted John; and Sir Arthur slapped him on the back.

"I repeat," he continued, "I've taken a likin' to ye. And do ye know why? Because ye're not afraid of me—comin' to my office as bold as ye please, ye arrogant young pup, and givin' me the insult straight to my face! And, too, because it's a fine, clean, bright pair of eyes ye have—wi' a look in them as says: 'I will!' "

He interrupted himself; then asked:

"Will ye lunch wi' me?"

"It's the least you can do—invite me to lunch—since you've swiped all I owned."

Sir Arthur cackled. He picked up hat and stick.

"Come on!" he said. "I'll blow ye to the finest meal that money can buy—and by-'n'-by we'll talk business."

And business he talked, an hour later, over cognac and black coffee and blacker cigars—business, from an angle that was new to John.

Not business in terms of Wall Street, where security must always be gilt-edged, and where two and two total a prosy, everyday four, but business in terms of careless, reckless romance. Business of the far lands, where security is based less on engraved bond- and stock-certificates than on high imagining, and where two and two make five—or five hundred—if, occasionally, nothing at all.

FLUENTLY he spoke—fervently—at times brutally; his hard, rough North-country voice exploding in spasmodic bursts and crescendos that spread about the restaurant so that people at neighboring tables looked up curiously and exchanged glances and gliding whispers:

"That's Sir Arthur Ackroyd!"

"The Near East," Sir Arthur was telling John, "—it's the place for a keen lad!"

And he described the Near East, Turkey, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia; described it not as a land tired and weary with its past, storied glories, its former achievements, its dead civilization, but as a new land—to be awakened, developed, and made to pay—in millions.

"Millions, Perrington!" he insisted, banging the table with his fist.

For this amazing old man was still young in spirit, young in ambition to conquer and carry on.

He was interested not only in petroleum, "But also,"—and, then, seeing the curious watching faces at the neighboring tables, he lowered his voice—"motor roads, lad!"

"Motor roads?"

"Yes. A grand, smooth motor road to start here, in Constantinople, at the gates of Europe—to cut through the very heart of the Near East—to reach the Middle East—and some day, maybe, to reach the Far East. . . . China, eh? A modern motor road that'll parallel the old overland road which, hundreds and hundreds of years ago, connected East and West, Asia and Europe—"

He described this old overland road. A sort of caravan-trail it was today in the few places where it still existed—forgotten, neglected, wiped over by the hand of time, but a monument, even in its decay, to the dead centuries of barter and traffic.

With burning words he pictured it, giving in the telling a quick-moving, fantastic, motley history of Asian trade that made John gasp, peopling the corners of the restaurant with Oriental merchant-adventures of the ghostly past, limning them into the coiling shadows.

"Are ye with me, lad?" he asked at last.

"*With* you?"

"Aye! Will ye work for me? Will ye help me—in the future of this land?"

"Yes!" said John.

Strangely, he liked this man; liked and admired him in spite of what had happened. He stretched forth an impulsive hand. The other grasped it and went on:

"Ye're hired, Perrington."

"In what capacity?"

"I don't know yet. I'll have to watch ye first—and find out what ye can do. But if ye're as able as I think ye are, and,"—with a little cackle,—"as you yourself think ye are—well,"—shamelessly—"I'll see to it that ye make as much money as I took away from ye."

"You'd better!" laughed John. "For I'm head over heels in debt."

"Which is a mighty good drivin'-power for a young chap's ambition." Sir Arthur paid the waiter. Both men rose and turned toward the door. "I'm off to Angora this afternoon to have a talk with Kemal Pasha. I'll be gone a week. As soon as I return I'll have a desk waitin' for ye." He was silent, pondering; then went on: "I've an idea that maybe I can use ye here in Turkey part of the time—and part of the time in America. I've interests there too, ye know. Will that suit ye?"

"You bet!"

"All right. Come to my office a week from today—ready to take off your coat and pitch in." He smiled. "I like ye, lad. I like ye fine!"

They shook hands, and John went to his hotel. He was excited, stirred, thrilled.

Yes, he told himself, Sir Arthur was right: the future lay here, in this ancient land which was hardly scratched. He would make his way here, would pile up a great fortune. Why not? He was an American, a pioneer. A pioneer as much, here in the ancient East, as his people had been in the new raw West of his own country, digging and slashing and burning their strong, stubborn way into the matted wilderness, carving out fields to be tilled and uplands to be grazed, prospecting the thousand hills for precious ore, building roads, towns, schools, churches. His enthusiasm flamed high and keen. . . . And then his enthusiasm flagged, died, when he entered his room; when he unpacked his trunk; when, from the top tray, he took Fathma's photograph and looked at it. His love, his longing, his bitterness, returned to him with a blinding rush. . . .

What good was future, success, money—what good was life, without her by his side?

He slumped into a chair, lit a cigarette. He brooded.

Then suddenly he jumped up.

He would call up Shukri Yar, would ask his advice. Shukri Yar, though of the East by birth, could see things from a Western angle. He would surely be able to help—might write to his sister, influence her—

So John telephoned, to be told that his brother-in-law had gone to Moscow on an official Government mission and would not be back before the end of the month. He shrugged his shoulders. He left the hotel, went for a long, aimless stroll.

LATER on he dined. Then he returned to his room, stepped out on the narrow balcony, and sat down.

The sky was rosy-red and pallid gold, dipping at the horizon's edge into livid purple, shading to the West into glittering heliotrope. Against it, etched black and deeper black, the minaret of a far mosque rose like a plume of smoke, immobile in the still air.

He looked at the street. It was almost deserted. Few men passed. Once he saw a woman—an old-fashioned Turkish woman, wearing a face-veil. . . . And he thought of Fathma; she too was hidden by the veil. . . . Her life was hidden, her reactions, her very soul. . . .

Then the silence was broken as suddenly the high-pitched laugh of some English spinster drifted up from the hotel

patio below, striking John's ear-drums with an almost physical shock. Came a burst of speech—the hectic, bilious futile talk of Europeans in the Orient, in French, English, Italian, Russian, German.

He left the balcony. He went to bed. And in the long hours of this particular night—here, in Constantinople, where he had met his wife, fallen in love with and married her, where now he was alone—he reached, perhaps, the acme of unhappiness.

Chapter Twenty-four

NUMBNESS followed upon misery—this night, and the next day and the next and the next. Again sharp, agonizing unhappiness followed upon numbness.

These two contradictory emotions, the numbness and the unhappiness, alternated with a kind of maddening rhythm, as in his mind he lived over the past months since his marriage, from beginning to end; as he recalled every word Fathma had uttered and every gesture she had made; as he traced everything from its first origin to the present climax; as he looked for an answer to the questions and doubts that were lacerating his soul—and found no answer, except the single, stark fact that he had lost her.

Once, under the spell of his devotion to Fathma, he had loved this land, because it had been part and parcel of her racial and religious inheritance.

But he loved it no longer. Almost he hated it. Better his old life, the sane and safe American life, framed by codified laws, codified habits, codified prejudices, codified respectability.

He would go back there; he would beg his mother to help him. She would pay his debts. She could easily afford it. And then he would start life over from the beginning—in the proper, prosy American way.

Yes—he would notify Sir Arthur that he had changed his mind, he decided one day toward the end of the week, on one of his lonely, aimless strolls, late in the evening. And he went to his hotel.

He entered his room. It was dark in there. Then, out of the dark, somebody rushed up to him, threw soft arms about his neck, pressed soft lips against his. . . .

"Fathma!" he whispered.

He spoke no other word. Nor did she.

He held her close. And it was again, on that night, as it had been the first time when she had been his. He felt again the magic of her beauty, her perfume, her touch, with the blurred indistinctness of overwhelming desire; yet felt it not as desire, but as a necessity, a truth.

His being closed about hers like a wall. There was no outside world—there was only he and she. Only a man and a woman: two human forces leaping forth to mingle and make one—just as the first time they had belonged to each other. . . .

And it was quite a while later—John had switched on the light—that they exchanged words; but these words were curiously banal.

"Why," she said, "I have never seen this necktie on you!"

"Don't you like it, Fathma?"

"Oh—it is nice enough."

"Nice *enough?* I got it at Charvet's—on the Avenue—"

"Too sober—black and gray."

"Well—I'm a business-man."

"All the same, I shall buy you another tie tomorrow—something a bit more lively and gay."

"No Turkish atrocity, please!"

They smiled at each other. Behind the commonplace sentences, their hidden emotions were sweet and strong.

"You have grown thinner," she said presently.

"Have I?"

"Yes. But it is becoming to you. You are really quite handsome."

"Atlantic City bathing-beauty—with a dash of Ziegfeld—that's me!"

"Turn round a little, dear."

He obeyed, and she continued:

"Hendrick seems more like you every day."

"I think he looks more like you."

"Oh, no! He has your nose, John."

"But your eyes—your dark eyes, darling. He *does* look like you."

"Suppose we take a good look at him," she suggested, "and compare notes—and find out who is right."

"How? By television—across the Mediterranean and the Atlantic?"

"Not at all. You see"—she pointed—"I took the room next door. Hendrick is in there. I brought him along."

They went to the next room and looked at their son. He was asleep; and they sat by the side of his bed, whispering to each other.

They did not speak of the past unhappy weeks, except once when John, the Westerner, given to dissecting emotion and motive, cause and effect, mentioned the subject; said something about "talking it out."

Fathma shook her head.

"No need to talk it out; dear," she replied, "since we have *felt* it out—lived it out!"

Later on he told her about Sir Arthur Ackroyd and his plans for the future.

"Sir Arthur has an idea he'll fix it so that I can live half the year here in Constantinople and the other half in New York—half the time in your country and half in mine. Good, don't you think?"

"Splendid!"

"And I'll work hard! I'll make a fortune!"

"You care for money, John?"

"For success, achievement. I'm an American. Oh, you'll be proud of me!"

"Proud of you—" she echoed slowly.

SHE was silent, seemed to ponder; and he said:

"Penny for your thoughts!"

"Pride!" she answered. "Pride is good. And yet—let us promise each other one thing."

"What?"

"That never again must we let our pride take issue with our love, nor our love with our pride."

"Never again!"

She sighed.

"I hate my pride," she went on. "I am afraid of it. But it is in my blood. I am like my father. I—I have been thinking about my father, John—"

"Oh—"

"Tell me, John—have you forgiven him?"

"Forgiven him?" He was honestly puzzled. "What for?"

"He—he tried to kill you—"

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"Well—I'm still alive."

"Then—you *have* forgiven him?"

"Of course, Fathma!"

He smiled. And he thought:

"The confounded little Moslem—with her 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth'—and imagining I'm like her!"

Aloud he repeated:

"Of course I have forgiven him."

"And you would not mind if I go to him, and beg him to also forgive?"

"I'll go with you, dear—right now—this very instant! It's late, I know. But it isn't far across the bridge. We can reach your old house—near Seraglio Point, isn't it?—by midnight."

"He does not live there any longer."

"Doesn't he?"

"Oh, I forgot—you don't know!"

And she told him what Shukri Yar had written her: How Mustaffa Ali Pasha, through his unbending haughtiness, had lost all—and was now living with the old negress Gurma, in a miserable hut beyond the Bosporus.

"Gee, I'm sorry!" said John. "Well—we'll look him up tomorrow."

"You think he will—"

"See you? Talk to you? Make up? You bet!"

"I am not sure."

"We'll take little Hendrick along—our son—his grandson. . . . there's one argument he won't be able to resist! And—by-and-by, not at once—with a little tact—we'll persuade him to live with us and—"

"I love you, John," she interrupted. "You—you are great-hearted!"

"Go on! Don't make me blush!"

Early the next day, they crossed the Bosporus. A passing peasant pointed out the sterile orchard, the ramshackle house where Mustaffa Ali Pasha lived.

They saw him from the distance.

HE was sitting in front of his hut, silent, immobile, trying not to think, trying not to feel, sensing a sort of peace stealing over him—peace of not thinking, not feeling, almost not living—peace of this stony countryside, this desert—silence in the desert—silence in his tortured soul.

Numbed, his soul; inert; torpid. Yet, though numbed, inert, torpid, still suffused by vague, hurting memories—memories of his greatness in the land, during the days of the Sultans—memories of his fame.

And memories also of his daughter—haunting, echoing memories. . . . .

The patter of little hard heels tapping the stone flags. A curly head, tinged with ruddy gold. A strong, sturdy, small body—his daughter—and her childish laughter, years ago, when Gurma had told her ancient fairy tales: of the flea who tried to lighten the camel's load by jumping down; of Oguun, the patron Saint of little babes, whose fingers and toes were made of sugar-cane and whose heart was a monstrous ball of pink sweetmeat baked in far China. . . .

Other memories.

Neighbor's children, allowed to come in. Awed at first at the Pasha's great somber palace, but soon forgetting their awe—romping, leaping, dancing, shouting, playing games.

And Fathma the leader of the games. Always the leader.

Of course.

Was she not his daughter—blood of his blood and bone of his bone?

And her laughter, gurgling, throaty: *"Hai! Hai! Hai!"*

He remembered her laughter; he seemed to hear it drifting across the distance: childish laughter—silvery, tinkling—shivering the silence in the desert—shivering the silence in his soul.

So near the laughter—so terribly distinct. . . .

He looked up. He saw, approaching him, between a man and a woman, a small, toddling boy.

The next second, he recognized the man—recognized the woman. . . .

And—the child—

Surely—surely his grandson. . . .

He jumped up. He swept Fathma into his arms. He did not speak. He only cried, as old men cry, with high-pitched, broken, rather ludicrous sobs. And then from the hut Gurma came rushing out, like a tiny black whirlwind; and her voice, as she saw, as she understood, rose loud and shrill and triumphant:

"Wah-wah! Now let us indeed praise the Lord Allah, the King of the Day of Judgment. . . .

So it happened.

So they lived on.

So it was with them, hereafter, very much as with the rest of this enormous world: births and deaths, joys and sorrow, small strife and great love.

THE END

MURDER IN ROOM 700

(Continued from page 61)

"What do you know about tablet things?" she murmured with a ghost of raillery.

"Had an ache in my leg left over from a cut during the war, and my physician fixed me up with stuff that would give me sleep but no bad habits." He grinned. "Now I'm going to phone; then tell you all that's happened."

CAREFULLY he went over each detail and she listened intently, as if memorizing every word.

"You think it's LaSalle?" she asked.

"It may be. I can tell better when I've seen him. Not that I'm psychic,"—his eyes twinkled fleetly into hers,—"but I trust a good deal to my own impressions."

The extent to which he had trusted to them that day was quite apparent to them both.

"He may have been suspicious of Topsy—she may have been out with some other man and he thought she was going with Darrow," he said bluntly. "So LaSalle might have fixed himself a disguise of whiskers and hung about the entrance, until they had come in. Then it would have been easy for him to follow them, and return to his own room and destroy the disguise. It's perfectly possible."

She nodded comprehendingly.

"But what about LaSalle's alibi—at the Jigsaw?"

"Sustained by Topsy? I don't give a hoot in Hades for it. Or for the Jigsaw's corroboration—though a jury might take that into account."

"Then you may be on the right track already—"

"I may—but one never knows. Then I had Renfew meet me for a spot of dinner before I came here. He had a horrid cold, poor chap, but I wanted to talk to him out of the apartment to get a line on Dervish. But I got nothing there. Renfew knew nothing of Phil's real life. He could only suggest that Phil often called a Stuyvesant number—"

"That's mine," Mrs. Channing murmured.

"And he corroborated Dervish's statement that Dervish was back in the apartment at a little after nine that night. And he says Dervish was about the rest of the night."

"But why would it be Dervish—what possible motive—"

"I think Dervish is out of the picture," Ryder admitted. "I don't know why I feel a little distrustful of him—too darn' perfect, perhaps. He's bound to have a weak spot. But there's no motive for his doing himself out of a good job. There is, however, with LaSalle."

He looked at his watch. "I must start soon. But I want to ask you another thing. Why didn't you tell me you had planned at first for a pick-up dinner at Phil's flat?"

"At the flat?"

"Yes. Dervish told me Phil had ordered some stuff for the ice-box and, till Renfew came back, was planning to stay in."

"Oh, that! Why, I—I didn't think it was of any importance."

"The exact details are of extreme importance," he insisted. "For instance—please think back. When did he tell you he wanted you to go to the hotel instead of his apartment?"

SHE closed her eyes as if she was thinking, but he had a curious conviction that she was shutting out his gaze.

"Why is it important?" she wanted to know.

"Because if he phoned you and mentioned the hotel some one might have overheard and known where to look for you. If he only told you at the restaurant—"

She was silent a long time. Then she said in a curiously flat voice, "I don't remember."

"Good God, can't you recall a thing like that?"

"Not—not positively. I think—I feel sure—it must have been at the restaurant. But I can't swear to it."

Ryder stared at her in baffled perplexity.

Of course her nerves were playing her tricks. She must feel utterly done in. But he would have thought that a woman would have remembered that!

"One more thing," he said. "Can you think of any way the Fane woman could have got a hold over Phil? She got that thousand out of him for herself. . . . What about it? Had they been involved—could he have been bribing her to keep her from telling you?"

"I think he may have led her to think he cared for her," she said gravely, "but

I am sure that was years ago. I know, when I spoke of her, not long since, he blurted out that he was sick to death of the little fool. I remember his words. . . . Yes, it's quite possible that he did pay her to keep their old association hidden. She may have guessed it was especially important to him just now. . . . That's possible."

She spoke consideringly, a little absently, as if her thoughts were circling far afield.

"That would explain the check." He frowned. "But I don't see that it gets us any farther along on the real problem, unless—unless you think she was so infatuated that she'd follow him to the hotel and kill him for having let some one supplant her."

For the moment, in his absorption with the problem, the man had forgotten that he was talking to the supplanter. Then her quick, distressed breathing reminded him.

"I *can't* think it—I don't see how any woman—or any man could have done that! But it was done!"

"It was done, and we've got to find the one who did it. I hate to keep dragging you over these things," he said, gruff-sounding in his sympathy, "knowing how you feel about Phil—"

"How *I* feel about Phil?"

"Yes," he said soothingly. He added, curiously against the grain, for words of sentiment came hard: "How you loved him."

"Loved him?" Some cord of restraint snapped in her. Her words came in a tumultuous crescendo. "Oh, I think I hate him, I hate him! *Safe as a saint, Jinny dear!*" she cried out mockingly; then she put her head down into her muffling hands and choked with tearing sobs.

He could only sit and watch her. She would be better, he thought, for having given way. She was under a ghastly strain. Her words meant nothing but tortured nerves—and a blind fury against Phil's lack of stability. . . . A woman must have her resentment against a man who rushed her into that sort of thing, who played on her feeling for him against her other feelings. She must feel sick with humiliation at her plight. He had let her in for shame and danger. . . . Of course he had not known. . . . And she had loved him and lost him forever. His dead face must be haunting her. . . .

She choked back her sobs, not eased by them, as he had hoped, but strangling her emotion in fierce shame of it, fighting desperately back to self-control.

"I won't do that again!"

"You go to bed," he advised very gently. "Those tablets have come—I saw the maid put the package on the hall table. Take two of them now. Let me see you do it. I'll get the water."

HE left her wiping her tear-stained face, and went down the hall toward where he judged the kitchen was. He was light on his feet and moved silently. A swing door opened inward on a butler's pantry; he was within this when the sound of voices from beyond the second door made him hold himself motionless.

A man was talking—evidently to the maid. A quiet, softly persuasive voice was saying:

"You'll never be without one, once you've used it. I'll show you how it works in a moment."

Ryder knew that quiet, persuasive voice. Benson! So Devlin had sent him here, instead of to the theater. Devlin, then, had had his own suspicions of this widow whom Ryder was protecting, this friend to whom Philip Darrow had left all his fortune.

"Listen to this, now," said the mild voice. It added casually: "You need something to take your mind off what's happened. The elevator-boy was telling me this Darrow that's been killed was a great friend of the family."

THERE was the sound of quick-stepping feet as Ellen went from table to sink.

"People are always talking," she said crisply. "I'm surprised he let you up here to sell anything. He's careful about peddlers in this building."

"Oh, I didn't tell him I was selling," the voice admitted humbly. "But a man's got to make a living. I'm buying my little girl a dress with this overtime work. . . . Sure, people'll talk. It's big excitement—when a well-known fellow like that, a big writer, gets bumped off! And leading a double life always makes a big noise when it comes out. . . . It must have been an awful shock to his society friends. Did they telephone to your lady?"

"She never knew a word about it till she saw it in the paper she brought in with her in the morning," said the girl excitedly.

"In the morning? I thought she was at the theater—the elevator-boy was telling me that."

"She got in from that. Then the phone rang and she went out to a sick friend. She wasn't back till morning. She came in as smiling as you please, poor lady—not that it's such a loss to her at that," said the girl darkly.

"That's what I say. A married man's got no call to be hanging about—"

"And I've got no call to be standing about talking—"

"You're going to let me show you the new alarm, aren't you? My little girl will feel pretty disappointed if I don't sell enough for that new dress."

Ah, the persuasiveness of Benson's conciliatory voice. How natural-seeming his harmless garrulity!

"It begins just as soft," he was saying. "You'd hardly notice it. No shock, nothing to make you jump—just that soft buzz-z-z. I'll let you listen to it in a moment. Then if you don't come to at that, it gets just a little louder—not much, but a little, all the time—but you get awake before it has a chance to rouse the whole house the way an ordinary alarm does. . . . And you say you never knew it till you saw it in the papers? What time was that, now?"

"Oh, after seven. . . . How much did you say—"

"I'll set it off for you now. It won't disturb anybody, will it, if I let it ring to its loudest? Who's her company?"

"Oh, just the man that came this morning," said the inadvertent girl.

"What sort of looking fellow was this Darrow? Handsome, like the papers said?"

"He was that."

"Never looked as if he was under the shadow of death, I suppose. Well, we never know. Did he look worried when you saw him last?"

"Worried?" From the skeptic tone Ryder could imagine the toss of Ellen's head. "Not him! He was as smiling as you please when he—" She broke off abruptly.

"When did you see him—toward the last?"

"Look here, I've got these glasses to put away and a date to keep. If you want to show me your little clock—"

"Mrs. Channing wants a glass of water," said Ryder, pushing through the door.

He glanced over at the shabby little man placing his alarm-clock so carefully on the table. Very deferentially the man looked up and said, "Good evening." Steady actor, that Benson! Ryder wanted to wring his neck.

"I don't think Mrs. Channing needs any clocks tonight," he said sharply.

"Oh, all right. But this young lady here—" Benson glanced at the girl, who plainly resented any infringement on her rights.

"She won't be having any, either," said Ryder and stood there while, without a sign of recognition, save a meekly rebuking look from the mild, near-sighted blue eyes, Benson repacked his clocks in a little bag and left the kitchen by the service door.

RYDER took the tray with the glass of water from the maid and returned to Virginia. He watched her take the tablets.

Then he said: "Devlin's pet detective was out in the kitchen trying to sell your maid a new alarm-clock. He was questioning her and I overheard her tell him that you were out to the theater, then came back, answered the phone, and went out again to spend the night with a sick friend. . . . How about that coming back? You never mentioned that."

He stood inexorably over her, staring down on the still, tensing mask of her face. She shut her eyes away from him, as if in their dark depths were sudden alarms flying to cover. They were expressionless when she looked up.

"What else did you hear?"

"Nothing more. But I want to know about this return."

"Is that so very important?"

"If you think the truth is important," he said savagely.

"Don't be angry with me," she said with bewildering gentleness. "I know it seems very upsetting to you. But it was just that—that I had forgotten something I needed—and came back here for it."

"You and Phil together?"

"No. He waited at the restaurant. I took a taxi over and back. The phone that Ellen heard was Phil phoning to know why I was so long. Then I told Ellen I was going to a sick friend and went out."

"How could you return to him? I thought you didn't know the name of the restaurant?"

"I didn't. Phil put me in the taxi and told the man to take me to my address, then bring me back. I didn't pay any attention to the place."

"What was it you went for?"

"My bag."

"But you told me—that when you went

out, *alone*, you said—you were carrying your bag."

"I wasn't thinking of when I started for the theater," she said faintly. "I went out alone each time. The details didn't seem so important."

"Where was your child during all this time?"

"I told you she'd left for a house-party on Long Island. The Sargents' party. But after I left the second time she came back with a headache. I had thought she would be away all night."

"Then you hadn't made up your mind to go to the hotel when you first left the house?"

She looked down at her clasped hands. "N-no—I suppose not. No, I only told Ellen I was going to the theater."

"Is there anything else," Ryder wanted harshly to know, "that you thought was unimportant and therefore failed to tell me?"

"Nothing—nothing."

He looked down at her bent head in sharp and bitter bewilderment. He did not know what to make of her. She must realize the seriousness of every detail! With her life at stake, her child's security involved, it seemed unthinkable for her to be inaccurate about details—when he was groping so desperately for clues to save her.

BUT women were inconsequential. And this matter of the return might have sincerely seemed to her unimportant.

"There are just two ways—barring LaSalle's knowledge—in which you and Phil could have been discovered at that hotel," he summed up for her. "Either he was overheard telephoning, naming the hotel, or the restaurant where he was to meet you—or he was followed from his house to the restaurant and then to the hotel. The spy must have been puzzled when you left the restaurant, but evidently kept Phil in sight and saw your return. . . . It would help a great deal if I knew definitely what had been said over the phone."

"That I can't tell you," she said in a troubled voice. "I simply can't trust my memory."

"Then we will have to keep both suppositions in mind. It's extraordinary you don't recall if he named the particular hotel," Ryder could not forbear telling her.

She was silent.

"I hardly think Phil would be so rash as to name it over the phone," Ryder went on, thinking aloud. "He may have thrown out suggestions. . . . What I have to think is, that either he named the restaurant to you and the spy took up the trail there, or he was followed from the house. He certainly must have been shadowed, for the man to enter the hotel so quickly after you."

"It looks like it."

"And there are two kinds of jealousy that could have prompted the murder. A woman's jealous anger against Phil—and that includes Topsy Minn and Florence Fane—or a man's against him. And that includes Raymond LaSalle, assuming he supposed Topsy to be there—or any unknown man who might have been in love with you and furious against Phil."

"That last you can leave out," she said quickly. She had evidently been thinking it over. He remembered her surprise and secret reflection that morning.

"There is no one in love with you?"

"No one likely to go to such extremes," she answered with a faintly ironic smile.

"I think you owe me complete frankness as to any possible man."

"I do. And I have thought about it," she confessed. "There are two or three good friends who might like to be something more—but there is no desperate wooer. But aren't you forgetting Luigi?"

"Luigi has a possible motive of another sort. But I can't understand why he should go to so much trouble to track Phil and shoot him down when he was with another woman. He could easily have arranged less dangerous opportunities. He would not have wanted the woman as witness to his crime."

"Unless he thought that woman was Florence Fane and wanted revenge on her too."

"That's a thought. I won't forget it. I'm having Luigi shadowed. As soon as I left Florence Fane, I phoned Headquarters to get his address and keep him covered. . . . Now you get to bed or you won't be in time for those tablets to get in their good work."

He left her, torn between the strange strength of his compassion for her and the pulling of a new uneasiness.

He wished he had not thought of something. He wished his imagination had not suggested that she had quarreled with Phil at the restaurant—returned for a revolver, and gone on to the hotel with Philip.

He knew perfectly well that he ought to have Ellen sounded out on the presence of a thirty-two revolver in that apartment. But he would *not* distrust Mrs. Channing. In spite of those curious reticences of hers, those lapses of memory, he did not distrust her. There was something about her, that indefinable quality of character, that compelled belief.

Or was it her charm that constrained him? Was he believing in her sincerity only because she had a nun's brow and dark, troubling eyes and a low, moving voice?

He had always been a man rather impervious to women. He had been caught once by glamour, in the adolescence of his early college years, and the resultant long engagement, with the glamour sunk in satiety, had been a galling fetter. Too responsible a nature to slough off lightly any duty, even to a pretty, pettish girl, he had floundered along until increasing exasperation and a deepened knowledge of his own nature had made him snap away at last.

EVER since then he had taken his liberty seriously and women rather lightly. He was careful with them—as with creatures capable of taking hurt—but more careful with himself. Even the war, following closely on his graduation from law school, had not swept him off his feet about them. He had gone in at once for the Royal Flying Corps, and his continued existence had been a sustained miracle. Only one bad smash had threatened him—the accident that had given him the wound in the leg he had mentioned to Mrs. Channing.

After the war he had returned to New York, and started in a law office, and after an exceptional success in prosecutions, he had left his firm to accept that position of Assistant District Attorney, on whose responsibilities Darrow had so often rallied him.

He reflected now, as he drove to the theater, that after all, for all his thirty-eight years, for all his thunderings at the bar, his examinations of witnesses, and those fleeting brushes of sentiment whose consequences he so promptly and expeditiously evaded, he was probably curiously innocent of actual knowledge of women.

And now he had staked himself, his entire career, on his belief in one whom he had known but for a few hours.

What, he wondered, had she meant by that outcry of hers: *"Safe as a saint, Jinny dear"?*

Phil had undoubtedly promised her that—safe from harm in his hidden rooms. And then his death had exposed her to this terrible publicity. But she could not hold his death against him—poor Phil! Still, women's nerves were unaccountable.

And it was unaccountable she had been so confused about their plans. Well, that had no bearing on her innocence of the murder. She was under a terrific strain——and naturally any woman would hate to bring out all those details—her hesitations—Phil's persuasions—and her going back for the bag. . . .

He ought to cross-examine the maid, the doorman. And yet he would not. If he believed her, he believed her—on that belief he had staked himself.

But a woman, desperate for her life, would not scruple to lie. She had lied, before. . . . Oh, God, he thought desperately, it had to be LaSalle! And he had to know at once!

Chapter Seven

SERGEANT DEVLIN was waiting for him at the stage door and together they strolled into the wings and leaned against the scenery to watch LaSalle and Lester in their singing and dancing act. Lester was a brisk little girl with amazing blonde hair; LaSalle was a good-looking boy, with a gleaming smile he turned frequently on an audience that seemed to like it, and a very neat and lively pair of feet.

"I got news," the detective reported, a touch of excitement stirring his ordinarily casual voice. "LaSalle was seen coming in the Eastgate at nine-thirty last night—he wasn't seen going out. The Jigsaw won't fix the time he came in there. . . . They say Topsy Minn was there first, waiting for him."

"Yes?"

"I got it figured out," the other went on, his cynical glance on the young actor now intent on delivering the wise-cracks whose cues the little Lester was giving him. "He may have been about the hotel and got a glimpse of Ryder getting in the elevator with some dame. He thinks that's Topsy. Maybe he didn't like to show any interest before the clerk, so he fixes up some disguise—he's an actor, you know—and walks up to the doorman with his phony questions about who has come in. He knows Darrow's room number."

"But the doorman said the man came in immediately after Darrow."

"Well, the man may be wrong about that 'immediate.' Anyway, this boy is quick—look at him changing there in the wings."

"So make hay—while your baby's sunshine smiles on you," shrilled Miss Lester, her checked overalls and suddenly donned sunbonnet monopolizing the spotlight.

"Hates it, don't she?" chuckled Devlin, and Ryder wondered anew at the man's power of detachment. He himself was tense with excitement as he felt the chase narrowing down.

"Then," the detective proceeded, "he went around the side way; went up in the elevator, all in his disguise, got out the little thirty-two, saw to the silencer, and went down to shoot Darrow full of holes. . . . Now either he saw the woman or he did not. I figure not—that hand on the bedroom knob might mean she was hiding there when he broke in. Anyway, he goes out to get himself an alibi and rushes to the Jigsaw and there sits Topsy Minn. . . . So now she's protecting him. We know she wasn't the dame in the room because that woman was seen coming out after one o'clock—and Topsy's got her alibi for all that time. Besides I got her finger-prints tonight. They don't agree—nor Fane's either."

He fitted an unlighted cigarette carelessly in the corner of his long, loose lips. "Anything against that theory—except that I invented it?" he negligently wanted to know.

"Not a thing," Ryder returned. He reminded himself that LaSalle could not possibly identify Virginia Channing. If they got the murderer, they would have no reason to track down that unknown woman. . . .

"Or else," said Devlin, "it wasn't this guy at all, but the jane who got away."

LaSalle was in the spotlight now, urging loudly, through his nose, his need for lo-o-oving; Lester ran on, in lacy peignoir and frilly cap to tell him she was his—and then, the peignoir abandoned, they finished with a busy little dance that brought them almost as many curtain-calls as they took.

Off into the wings they ran at last, this time on the side where the two men were waiting.

"Just a moment, brother." Devlin put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "You're wanted."

Ryder could see nothing but surprise in the look that LaSalle gave them.

"What's the big idea?"

"We're coming down to tell you. The manager is putting the other fellows into another room so we can have yours to yourself. Lead on."

ON his heels they followed down the spiral iron staircase into the subterranean depths, turned into one of the cubicles and shut the door.

"Say, what is this?" LaSalle demanded uneasily.

"I'm Sergeant Devlin from the Homicide Bureau and this is Mr. Ryder, the Assistant District Attorney. And we want to know all about how you bumped off Philip Darrow."

LaSalle's hand stopped in the act of lifting a cigarette to his mouth. He stared from one to the other.

"Are you eggs crazy?"

"Thought Topsy Minn was in that room, didn't you?"

"Like hell I did! Why, we was out together!"

"Yeah—afterwards. No, we got you dead to rights, boy. You were seen at the hotel that night. . . . Checked out next noon, didn't you?"

"Sure I checked out! No rule against leaving a hotel, is there?"

"No, but there's lots about killing a man you're jealous of."

"I didn't do any killing, I tell you," said the actor heatedly. "Why should I? I hadn't a thing against Darrow—"

"Except he was sweet on your girl. And you'd warned him to lay off."

"That's a lie. I never said a thing to Darrow."

"Well, you did to her! And she's come clean. . . . How she waited for you at the Jigsaw and you told her to say it was nine-thirty o'clock when you come in—"

"I can prove it by the waiters—"

"You were seen at the Eastgate at nine-thirty."

LaSalle hesitated. Then, "I just ran in for a minute. I wanted to get some more jack before I met Topsy."

"You met Topsy a little after ten-thirty."

"It was earlier! I got witnesses!"

"No, *we* have," Devlin taunted. "Topsy's come clean."

"She never! Why, if there *was* anything to tell she'd never snitch—"

"You come down to Headquarters and we'll read you her story."

LASALLE looked about at Ryder, standing silently regarding him. His full-blooded, rather common-looking good looks were slackening into terror.

"You're sweating under your grease-paint," Devlin's cynical voice reminded him. "Wipe it off and come along."

"I want a lawyer—"

"You'll get a lawyer when we're through with you. . . . Better stop lying, fella," Devlin advised with an easy shift to a confidential tone, "and get it over with. Otherwise we'll all be against you. We got it on you, anyway."

"I tell you I—"

"Get into your street clothes and come along."

"All right," said LaSalle furiously. "I'm coming."

With an actor's quickness he hurried into his clothes and between the two men left the building and entered a taxi.

All the way down Devlin hammered at him.

"What did you do with the gun?"

"I never had a gun."

"You got a good defense—you thought it was your wife. Sure, you got a swell case before any jury. . . . Any fellow would go off his nut when he thought his wife was crazy about another man."

Even *in extremis* LaSalle remembered the unfortunate possibilities of Lester's jealousy.

"I never said I was married," he answered cautiously.

"You'd better say so—before the jury. It will help a lot. . . . You are married, aren't you?"

"Maybe I am—maybe not," the young actor informed him noncommittally.

Inspector Ascher, according to arrange-

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ment, was waiting at the office, and for an hour the three officials plied LaSalle with questions. But nothing could shake his denials.

He admitted checking out of the Eastgate because he didn't want to be mixed up with the thing. Topsy had told him to do that.

Devlin pounced again and again on that, but in vain.

"You *knew* you'd be suspected—your jealousy of Topsy would make you suspected—"

"I didn't have to be jealous of Topsy. I knew where she was all the time."

That was all they could get out of him.

"Lock him up," said Devlin disgustedly. "Maybe he'll tell the truth in the morning."

"I won't say a thing more till I've seen a lawyer," LaSalle blustered as he was led away.

Devlin stood up and stretched his long, loose-jointed frame. "I could do with some sleep myself," he yawned. "Three o'clock this morning this thing broke, didn't it? And now it's midnight. . . . Well, we got this guy locked up. That's something."

"You think he did it?" Ryder asked slowly.

Devlin gave him one of his slant, swift-stabbing looks.

"Him—or the wife. . . . I'd feel better to get him identified, positively."

MORNING brought no identification, however. The chamber-maid and elevator-boy were positive they had seen LaSalle in the hotel at about nine-thirty that evening. But Jim, the doorman, confronted with the hotel's former guest, could only say uncertainly that he didn't believe the fellow could fix himself up with whiskers so he wouldn't recognize him—and then again he might.

But Jim stuck to his story that the mysterious stranger had inquired about Mr. Deering just after Deering went in. He was sure he had looked to see if Deering had gone up. Of course a few minutes *might* have elapsed—he couldn't say. But it was just after or thereabouts.

All that was sure was that LaSalle had been in the hotel about nine-thirty. He might, or might not, have had any connection with the mysterious stranger. It wasn't necessary that he had—opportunity for the crime was furnished by the fact that he was at the hotel at all; but opportunity was hardly enough evidence on which to charge him with the murder.

A search of his new rooms, conducted by the enterprising Devlin, produced no evidence. No blood-stained garments, no false whiskers, no revolver.

"Naturally he's got rid of everything," said Devlin bitterly. He gave the impression that Ryder had been so preoccupied with other things that he had procrastinated in running down LaSalle.

In the meantime LaSalle, under surveillance, was allowed to go down to the theater to fulfill his contract there—Devlin wanted no publicity-making suits for damages later. He hoped, too, to pick up something on LaSalle, from watching him, and perhaps overhearing something.

There was no difficulty in hearing what Topsy Minn had to say. That young lady was raising Cain. Her vivid testimony before the judge at the preliminary hearing was remembered by listeners for many a day.

"Say, he wasn't worrying about me and Darrow," she asseverated vigorously. "I wasn't running off anywhere. He knew it."

Her report of LaSalle's confidence in her so much contradicted the account she had given Ryder the day before that he had to offer his testimony and produce the letter, regretful as he was to see it given to the papers. It could not implicate Topsy herself, for she produced alibis for her evening. People she had talked to in the Jigsaw testified she was there before ten.

But the letter did suggest an affair with Darrow and substantiate the theory of LaSalle's jealousy.

The headlines that Tuesday afternoon bristled with sensation:

ACTOR ARRESTED

MYSTERY WOMAN STILL ELUDES POLICE NET TIGHTENING ABOUT JEALOUS ACTOR

Ryder telephoned Virginia Channing hopeful reassurances, carefully framed for any ears that might be listening on the line. But he was far from hopeful himself.

The evidence was not even circumstantial. Unless something turned up, they hadn't enough yet on which to found an indictment.

Of course LaSalle might break. They were hammering at him steadily. And Devlin was rounding up his associates. Some one might know something.

And there was still Luigi Crimonti, the musician who had threatened Darrow by telephone. From the preliminary hearing before the judge, Ryder hurried to an interview with him, to come away practically convinced of Luigi's innocence.

The man was an excitable little Italian who told a story of playing at a friend's party all Sunday evening, and produced unnumbered friends to substantiate it. He made no secret of his animosity against Darrow. "That song made a fortune—his fortune," he insisted belligerently; but he stuck to his alibi.

HIS friends stuck to it too. Ryder spent hours examining them and at nine that Tuesday night returned to the office for a conference with his two colleagues.

"I think the fellow's telling the truth," he reiterated at the end of their talk. "At any rate he's got enough witnesses to man the *Mayflower*."

"Then it's LaSalle—or the jane," Devlin summed up. "Gee, I'm sore that Keever's finger-prints of all the actorines didn't fit. I certainly want that jane. . . . Either she did it or she saw who did it. . . . And either we charge LaSalle in the morning or we'll have to let him go. . . . Which is it going to be?"

"We haven't got enough for an indictment," Ryder told him.

Devlin shot a guarded glance at Ascher. "I guess we'll have to concentrate on the jane."

The telephone-bell on the table jingled, and Ascher picked it up, spoke, listened, then looked across at Ryder.

"Well, Ryder, here's another friend of yours in trouble. They picked up a body on the sidewalk—suicide, the cop thinks—with a card that says in case of accident notify Philip Darrow, and gives an address. The poor boob's been trying to notify Darrow—didn't remember that he was the famous fellow that's bumped off. So much for publicity." He chuckled genially.

"Who is it?" said Ryder, with a sharp stab of apprehension. "Not—a woman?"

"No—it's some old fellow, he says—not a thing on him but the card. One of Darrow's ham actors, maybe, out of luck. Says he was soused too. What do you think?"

"I think I'd better go see who it is," said Ryder, rising. "Probably is some old actor—nobody I'd know—but it's my business to find out. Tell them I'll be right down."

Ascher transmitted the message. "He says can they take the body over to the morgue—the medical examiner is all through; or do you want it taken to the station-house?"

"Why, no, the morgue. I probably won't know the chap." Ryder stretched his big shoulders a little wearily. "Tell the officer who found him to wait."

He did not hear, as he left the office, that Devlin lifted the receiver, and called quickly a Stuyvesant number.

Chapter Eight

RYDER always loathed a visit to that dark block of buildings stretching along the river at Twenty-ninth. The amazing casualness of the place was a gruesome note to one entering—on his own feet—through the receiving-room.

"This way, Tom! A floater? Over here." And from another stretcher-bearer to his load, "Whoa, there, Sallie—wait till I let you off!"

The receiving-room, Ryder felt, was not a place where one cultivated the more sensitive emotions. In the war the whole state of things had inured to horror. You expected nothing else. But it was a shock here to step from a lighted taxi into a room where chatting youths balanced a stretcher while pausing to borrow cigarettes. And a businesslike man pulled off covering blankets and methodically noted grisly details.

Ryder's taxi had been slower than the patrol-wagon, and the body he sought had been already ensconced in the identification chamber.

The attendant hurried ahead to pull out the particular receptacle of the latest comer and Ryder walked slowly after him; then what he saw held him speechless with astoundment.

He was staring into the stiff, forbidding face of Dervish!

He could not credit it. The little man he had last seen yesterday afternoon, polishing the silver in Darrow's apartment, and turning on Ryder that resentful, vaguely accusing look of injury at his last words.

Dervish dead! Found on the street by a policeman at nine o'clock that night on East Sixty——th Street.

The policeman who had brought the body in was waiting to make his report to Ryder. He had thought the case exceptional because of Darrow's name.

"He was lying on the sidewalk close to the houses there. I thought he was a drunk, when I bent over him, there was

such a smell of liquor coming off him. I started to haul him up, but he just hung limp. Then I thought he'd been hit on the head. I didn't see the bullet-hole over his heart at first, for there isn't much light there—it was just back from the corner." Then he added: "Ever see him before, sir?"

"Oh, yes," said Ryder slowly. "He's Darrow's houseman. . . . Let's see the clothes."

He found that a small hole had been drilled neatly through the coat, waistcoat, and underwear just over the heart. The stiff bloodstains were hardly dry. On the coat were powder-marks. Examining it, Ryder got a rich smell of liquor from it. He sniffed curiously, then looked down at that still face of Dervish, and bent closely above that. When he straightened, he looked more puzzled than ever.

"Here's the gun," the officer said. "It was at his feet."

THE revolver was a small caliber, a thirty-two. A silencer projected from the muzzle. A thirty-two! The same caliber that had been used against Darrow. . . . Master, then man. . . .

"I suppose you've handled this?"

"Well, yes, sir, but careful-like. I knew about them prints."

"Tell me again just where he was found."

Again the officer went through the recital.

"See anyone as you got up to him?" Ryder inquired.

"Not a soul on the street."

"Any sign of a struggle? How was he lying?"

"Slumped in a heap. Nothing like the look of a fight. Looks like he killed himself, don't it, sir?"

"You never can tell." Ryder was sniffing the coat again.

"Here's the papers he was holding in his hand. Not a thing in them—we went through them with the other stuff. Here's the lot, sir."

Attentively Ryder noted the turn-out of the pockets—the old-fashioned English gold watch with initials, the change-purse with its contents, a linen handkerchief, a stub of pencil, a knife, a bunch of keys, a wallet. In the wallet had been found the card asking to have Darrow notified in case of accident. It was a worn card, apparently carried for some time.

Ryder turned to the papers. A long white envelope—no distinguishing marks. Within was a bulky fold of stiff white paper, ordinary typewriter bond. Not a line on anything. The envelope had been slit for examination. The flap was tightly sealed, with tape paper for additional security.

Everything had been handled, but there was hope of a few prints beside those of the attendants. Keever would have to take all of these, to check up. Carefully Ryder stowed the collection in a box to take with him. The envelope was crumpled in the middle where Dervish's dead hand had gripped it.

"You say he was holding this?" Ryder inquired.

"Yes sir. Had it in his hand."

"Which hand?"

The officer rubbed his gray head. "Well, now," he said slowly, "the right, I think."

"Take any pictures of where you found the body lying?"

"No, sir—I'd hauled it out of position, getting it up when I thought it was a bum. But I marked the spot all right. Yes sir, those papers were in the right hand. They didn't pry them out till the medical examiner looked him over."

Once more Ryder stooped and drew the shroud more decorously about the lean turkey-throat of the little Englishman. He felt the affront that Dervish's bitter pride would feel in lying there, exposed to the common view.

"Take him to Sill's mortuary," he ordered. "Tell them I'm responsible for everything. I'll be round in the morning. . . . Now phone Headquarters to ask Mr. Keever for some of his men to be there to take prints for me as soon as I can get back."

In the taxi he pondered. Two murders, within forty-eight hours. Sunday night—Tuesday night. . . . With the same weapon? By the same hand?

This could be no coincidence. Whoever had shot Darrow down had fired that other shot into Dervish's heart.

BACK at the Criminal Courts Building, his box under his arm, he took the private elevator to the District Attorney's rooms; then hearing sounds through the opened doors, he walked rapidly toward Ascher's office.

Devlin met him at the threshold. His expression was of mingled defiance and covert triumph.

"You're just in time, Mr. Attorney. Since none of the ladies at the theater matched those prints, we've sent for a friend of yours to come down and have hers taken."

"You've sent—"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Mrs. Channing? . . . . I told you," —Ryder's voice was hot with anger— "I told you not to annoy that lady. I am accountable for her. She is utterly out of this."

"Sure, I know. She was at the theater with friends—the Garlands. Only the Garlands don't know it. I wirelessed them and got the answer back this afternoon."

"Rot! They gave the tickets to a cousin—it was all in the family," lied Ryder stoutly.

But terror gripped him.

"No need to get hot and bothered over a little matter of routine, is there? Anyway, the lady's here now. We won't detain her but a moment," Devlin said and gave way before the charge of Ryder's entrance.

VIRGINIA CHANNING was at the table, across from Inspector Ascher and beside Keever who was arranging, with business-like deftness, a dark, thin roll of printer's ink on a smooth glass before her.

At Ryder's sudden appearance she looked up and gave him a gallant smile, the smile of one at the journey's end, who faces the ultimate disaster with hopeless courage.

Everything that was in him went out to her. Helpless to help!

"Virginia," he exclaimed, "I never knew of this—"

"It doesn't matter, does it?" she gave back quietly with stiff lips.

"Just spread out your fingers, Mrs. Channing." Keever had coated his glass with a thin enough film of ink, and now he put his hand over hers, grasping the thumb delicately.

"Just roll it like this—lightly," his intent voice counseled. "Toward the little finger. . . . That's it. Now roll it like that—lightly—on this glazed paper here. Fine!"

With enthusiasm he surveyed the resultant print. His eyes never lifted above her hands, the black glass and the white paper.

"Now the index the same way—roll always toward the little finger. Easy, now."

Delicately he directed the downward pressure and roll, first on ink, then on paper, of each of her digits in turn; then of her hands.

And Ryder had to watch, in utter helplessness, the obedience of that still woman, so defenseless, so utterly undone. He was in agony of spirit.

"That's excellent, Mrs. Channing!" Unconscious of irony, Keever was surveying the damp, completed prints with admiring eyes. "Those pores are dandy," he commented.

"Couldn't be any better," Devlin concurred.

From across the table he whipped the pile of photographs of the prints from the hotel room and outspread them like cards before them.

For a frantic moment Ryder thought of launching himself upon them and destroying them— But that was insanity. There were negatives.

"Here we are." Devlin's voice was sharply eager. "Now, just to inform ourselves—by a comparison—"

If you go to a great penitentiary you will find that the majority of the "trusties"—the men allowed unusual privileges—are murderers. That is because murder characteristically is a crime of passion, committed by an otherwise reputable person, under the stress of motives and conditions which are not likely to reach that individual again. In this sense, "anyone" can commit a murder.

MRS. BRADLEY follows, in the succeeding installment, the actual paths which lead a man—or a woman—to commit the great capital offense.

The Giant and the Pygmy

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EITHER from your own personal experience or from observation you know how miserable one can feel when suffering from a cold.

Of course you know some of the causes—chilling drafts, wet feet, over-fatigue, balky digestion, or an invading germ. You know it is harder to fight a cold when you are run-down. Keep yourself fit.

For the sake of your own personal comfort you want to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time. For your own personal safety and that of your friends you *ought* to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time.

There are many different kinds of colds—hard to distinguish one from the other. All of them are threats and one leads to another.

The original cold, if not promptly cured, breaks down resistance and is sometimes followed by a second cold more stubborn and oftentimes more treacherous than the first. The mucous membrane of the nose and throat is so weakened by Cold No. 1 that the way is opened for dangerous germs to enter.

Cold No. 1 is the Pygmy that crawls through the keyhole and unlocks the door for Cold No. 2, the Giant. In fact, to carry the picture further, the Pygmy Cold, which may be nothing worse than snuffles, a slight cough, a bit of an ache or a pain, may be followed by any one of several Giant Colds—influenza, pneumonia or tuberculosis.

Take no chances the next time that symptoms of catching a cold are shown by you or someone in your family. Consult your doctor and dispose of the Pygmy quickly, before he can open the door for the Giant. At such a time a skilful doctor is your best ally and you will be wise in following faithfully his orders.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail free, its booklet, "Just a Cold? Or"—to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department 1230-R.

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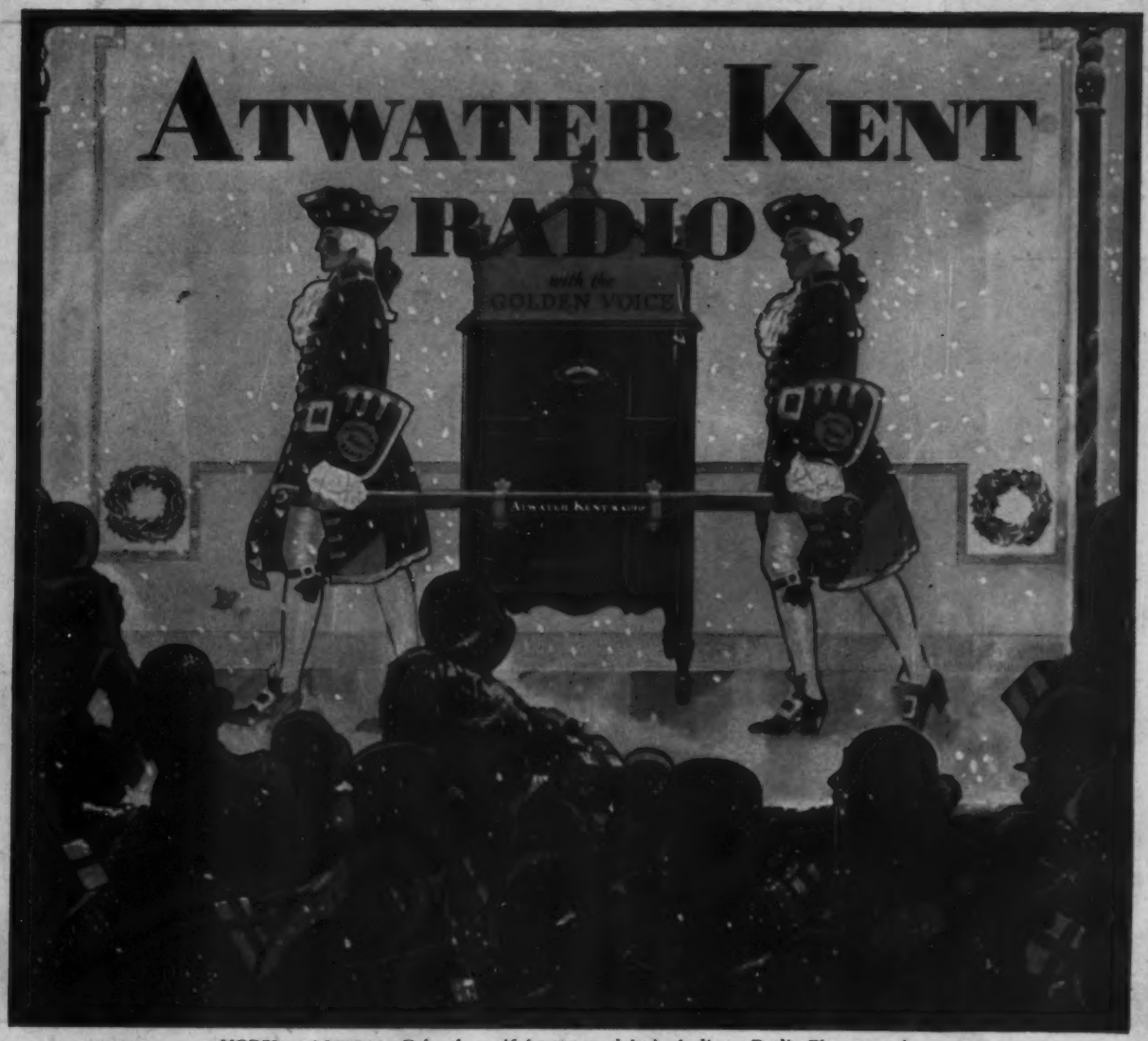

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